

Alberta Doctors' Digest

Warriors

Warriors wither in peace;

Swords rust in silence

Waters go blue without blood

Armies starve without violence

This serenity, this love

This is not a world for a survivor

Here they feel abandoned

Like a world-class navigator without a driver

Hard trains and thorny paths

Pain and suffering is their truth

They grew up in kill or die

Not a Yolo youth

They are no different;

There's nothing wrong with them

They usually come in handy during crisis

A true friend, a hidden gem

It's just that they don't know what love is

They never got to know

They were born in war

They matured; they didn't grow

Perfectionists, empaths,
Hyper-attenuated senses
They will seem to be prepared for everything
Hyperactive defenses

Let me tell you how they look like
They look like just about anyone, me or you
And when you recognize one
Give them the hug long due

They still have that child inside of them
They are still looking for love
They will look contained but are fragile
So maybe wear an empathetic glove

Please o please, I beg you
Let them into your homes
They are not as strong as they look
Coz strength was tortured into their bones

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