

HOPE

I saw flash then I saw flame, I didn't know they were the same
Was I up or was I down
Oh my God, I'm on the ground
Held my friend's hand as he died, took his last breath, closed his eyes
Some will say it's a sacrifice

It's not fair. As I'm stuck here in this chair. It's not fair.
The booze and pills helped for a while, but I still could never smile
I smell the death and hear the screams
And feel the pain in all my dreams

It's not fair. As I sit here in this chair. It's not fair
We followed rules, and followed regs
But still, I'm here, without legs

The taste of steel in my mouth
I then decided to take it out
I throw the gun way down the hall, pick up the phone
And made the call

Is someone there? As I sit here in this chair
Is someone there?
A voice on the other end said
Hello, my brother, hello my friend
I've been waiting for your call
I know what you're feeling, and I do care
For I am, too, stuck in a chair

Written by Jeff D., U.S. Army Veteran



**Veterans
Crisis Line**
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available to support you.**