

A Forgotten Hero

Evening, please find a space in your heart to help a brother out. Yes, that's me. Wait. What? Who do you think you are? Look, I don't care, I'm not moving. I fought another man for this space. This plot of land right here is mine. I'm tired of moving from one area to the next. Yeah it gets cold and it's not well kept, but this you won't take from me. You've taken enough, I've given enough. Enough of my time, of my heart, of my life.

And yet look where I am. Me, a national hero, on the streets with nothing, no one. Maybe not you in particular, but you, America, I owe you nothing more. But I've yet to complain. I work with what I've been dealt and I am just as worthy of a home as you are. I deserve respect. Now if you'd excuse me, you're interfering with my earnings. "Spare change, Spare change. Please help me out. Everything is appreciated."

Listen man, I already told you I'm not moving. Im *peacefully* and *respectfully* saying no. Do you think your badge scares me? I have a badge, too. I have a uniform, too. Look here youngin, I fought in wars before you were born. I've killed men and my spirit so that this country can be what it is now. I've nearly died for the likes of you. And after all that, do you know what I came home to? Nothing, not a damn thing. The only thing this country welcomed me with was judgement, pills, and therapy. Do any of those things pay the bills, huh? And I bet they'll do the same thing to you.

Sure you're a cop and I'm a veteran, but we're all the same to you. They'll use you to "keep the people safe", while putting yourself at risk. When you get too old, they'll slap a PTSD label on your files, keeping you from getting a job or a home and ship you to rehab. I mean sure, I drank more when I got back from the war, but that was the only thing that got the nightmares to stop. The nightmares, oh the nightmares, they were awful. Reliving that night was much worse than the real thing. Each time I'd have the nightmares, I'd find three different things I could've done to save my friends. My friends, Dave and Bobby, we were the three musketeers from the day we were born. We grew up together. We were brothers. We all decided to enlist straight out of high school and do what we could to save the world. We were stupid and naive but we were supposed to be in it together. Womb to Tomb and Birth to Earth. I watched my best friends step on a landmine, and instantly they were gone! I didn't have time to be sad, I just marched on! Don't make the mistake we did. I'm in no way trying to distract you. I'm just giving you some insight, man to man. What? This is not loitering because I don't have anywhere else to go. Do you think I chose to live like this? Private property? Ha, this land is just as much private as this country is free and as just the law is. If you want me to move, you'll have to move me yourself. NO!HELP! HELP! Unjust world calls for execution of a hero! You there, help me, you fool! You think because you're dressed in a fancy suit that you're better than me. Don't you

know that I risked my life so that you can walk around with that coffee in your hand. Do something meaningful for once, you robots. JUSTICE! I'm calling justice. Hey kid, don't ever join the army, this is what it'll get you!