

## American Soldier

by Kylee Armstrong

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I say thank you for your service  
but you feel like it isn't justified  
because how can they say thank you  
when you weren't one of the ones to go fight?  
How can you be depressed and distressed  
when you were the one sending young soldiers to die?  
Twenty years of your life  
and you were dismissed on an injury you sustained on American soil.  
You sent others in your spot to Afghanistan  
and now thinking of those men leave your head in disorder.

How can you explain to your little girl  
that sometimes you just want to give up  
and that mom locks up your medicine  
because sometimes you feel like life is too tough?  
You don't want to be honored for your service  
because you feel as if it doesn't add up.  
How can they call you a disabled veteran  
when the injuries you sustained were just a matter of misluck?

Maybe one day when you look back,  
you'll realize that your service  
and your injuries are still those of an honorable airman.  
Your achievements in the military are still valid,  
even if they never involved a war.  
Maybe one day the PTSD will pass,  
you will realize how much your little girl looks up to your  
accomplishments  
because in my eyes you will always be a hero.