**The Great War**

**Anonymous**

Walking through an empty battlefield full of land mines hidden under parched earth;

I’m very cautious about where I place my feet.

For a week now, I haven’t set one off and it scares me,

I’m holding my breath; I left my gas mask on the other side of the trench.

Last week, I was too confident about my foot placements,

There was an explosion every time I least expected it.

It makes me so mad he breaks the alliance of father and daughter so easily;

My father won’t even admit there’s something wrong with him.

Last week, I stepped on too many land mines; every time I came home from a night out with my friends.

I looked forward to the weekends, but at the same time, they are no man’s land

And I’m hurdling out of control, trying to dodge the bullets.

They are either filled with him blowing up about somebody not putting away that one dish

Or him passive aggressively hiding in the trench.

Hour after hour, your piercing words pour out of you without needing to reload.

You let your grenade go off in your hand;

You would rather be a suicide bomber than let someone else have the last word.

But this week has been terribly quiet and I feel the presence of a vulture circling above me,

Just waiting for me to trip onto one of those land mines.

And it scares me.