

## **ONE FALCON DOWN**

My name is incidental. I could have been anybody's brother or child.  
I rode the Marine reserves to Nazariah when the occupation ran wild.  
They never talked about IEDs or suicide bombers in basic training.  
Just 9/11 and mushroom clouds. Someone, somewhere, owes me some explaining.  
Daddy, there are no words for what we've done.  
Momma, I can no longer be your son.  
Ten thousand miles removed from my Sunday school you see me now.  
See me now, I'm one falcon down.

Two men in a cell, both my age. They could have been my drinking friends.  
Orders came from high above to give them each a premature end.  
I wore their tags thereafter rather than toss them aside in the scorching sand.  
They were my cross when I came home. In my condition there are five demons for every man.  
Daddy, make the monsters go away.  
Momma, make the bad movie go away.  
No one hears the sounds that startle me.  
Sleep finally comes with the final ambush of one falcon down.

I've come to a river of flame in a land of stones.  
All those who died before me from all sides stand there alone.  
Silent and staring, waiting for one,  
The one who gave the order, the one who won't atone,  
The one who lit the match, the one who's flying blind.  
We are waiting in the darkness where they'll punish his kind,  
To make him face the question Dad asks to this day, Why? Why?  
He won't escape us then. He can only dodge us now.  
Do me one last honor. Let no one follow me and we will be only  
One falcon down.

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