

## Fear

It sneaks into my mind every day.  
I repeat to myself "I'm ok," but  
I'm not; and I struggle to sleep  
Till dawn is beginning it's creep.

This is nothing like I've ever known  
Living life in this deadly war zone.  
Where the enemy is silent, unseen.  
It's evil. It's deadly. It's mean.

I pretend I'm in total control  
That I'm calm, "in the zone". What a fool.  
Because really I'm only this way  
When I'm home. Close the door. Stay away.

But outside it creeps up on me  
The fear and the dread, when I see  
Other people, who, keen to survive,  
Rush on by, stay apart, stay alive.

And then there are those who don't care,  
Stroll along with a picnic to share.  
Are they really so blind to the truth?  
Or is it the ignorance of youth?

At work an old lady in tears.  
What she's lived through in her 90 years  
Has never prepared her to wait,  
And to hope, trust in fate.

So when this is all over next year,  
And my life isn't governed by fear,  
When we're free to sit down on the beach,  
When a cuddle is not out of reach.  
When we wander the country at will,  
Will we stop? Appreciate the thrill  
Of freedom? But still giving a thought  
To the long painful battle we fought?

Well we probably will for a while,  
But then, in our usual style  
We'll move on. And it's probably best.  
Let our minds and our hearts have some rest.  
But we'll never forget this year's spring,  
When, above and beyond anything  
We learned, all that matters in life.  
The love between husband and wife.  
That family and friends are what count.  
That nothing can ever amount  
To much, without health, without time  
To spend, making memories that I'm  
Going to treasure for ever with those  
Who've enjoyed what I try to compose.  
So keep going, you've got this, dear friends.  
We will meet in the future. The End.

**Carolyn Nash**