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The warrior's code poem

Poem - 21 October 2018, 05:51 My fist is on the table, my mouth is on the ground, I am finished with all my battles, and now I am ready for war: For I am not only a voice now, that is alone out there, for I have heard your dreams, they have reflected my own; A family home full of laughter and a world full of peace, where the worries are no longer, because love has found a way to increase: To come through a warm heart, and to hold a strong hand, will help us to remember the legends in the storybooks that our ancestors lent; For hope continues to rise, from somewhere deep in the depths, where love can do impossible things, and so we can win; A warrior through and through that is who you are, you will fight back, you will dream dreams, you will even desire a distant star; Remember every dream that is stolen from you, another will grow in its place, better than the one you knew; So yes, you will stand again, and yes, you will be strong, because I know that you still have love in your heart and you can't do anything wrong with that. CHECK OUT: Song: Tonight, Tonight By HOT CHELLE RAE On youtube. It could just encourage you. (Or not!) Like 0 Pin's 0 Acceptance Comfort Encouragement Love Peace Log in or Become a member to comment. Have you seen a baby, with his tiny little clothes, small little feet, and his tiny little... So, we sail this ship through the unknown; And I'm glad I don't have to do it alone.... Sunrays plunge in and burst; Outstretched tribes are waiting for his golden joy; Trees, blown.... I followed your sapphire seductive eyes But you just went another mile Still I ran to get... Walking alone, only me alone. Destination unknown, I will know when I will get there. Come around the corner like a wild dumping cause in packing heavy left balls in your Chevy criminal... As a former Combat Infantryman with the 7th Infantry Division of the U.S. Army in Korea, Paul is a purple heart medal holder and a life member of both the Military Order of the Purple Heart (MOPH) and the Disabled American Veteran (DAV) As a war veteran wounded in one of the American wars, I offer to speak for those who can't. If the mouths of my fallen combat friends did not stop with dust, they would testify that life revolves around honor. In war, it is understood that you give your word of honor to do your duty to stand and fight instead of running away and leaving your friends. If you keep your word, even though you desperately want to escape the screaming hell all around, you deserve credit. The of honor under fire changes who you are. The blast furnace of battle burns impurities that encrust your soul. The white-hot forge of battle hammers you into a purified, hardened warrior who is ready to die instead of breaking your word to friends – your honor. Fighting is scary, but exciting. You never feel as alive as when you are fired without result. You never feel like this as with shooting back - with result. You never feel love as pure as that that has been burned into your heart by friends who are willing to die to keep their word for you. And they do. The greatest sadness of your life is to see friends fall. The biggest surprise of your life is to survive the war. Although they still live from the outside, you are dead inside – shot through the heart with nonsensical guilt for life while friends died. The biggest lie of your life torments you that you would have something more, something different to save it. Their faces are the tombstones in your weeping eyes; their souls shine the true camaraderie they seek for the rest of their lives, but never find. You are now living a different world. They will always do it. In your world, it's about waking up night after night screaming, back in battle. In your world, it's about your best friend bleeding to death in your arms and hemin in pain to kill him. In your world, it's about shooting so many enemies that the weapon turns red and goes out of place for the enemy to grab you. In your world, it's about fighting hand-to-hand for another breath of life. You never talk about your world: those who have seen struggle do not talk about it. Those who talk about it have not seen a fight. You come home, but a ferocious spirit of the one who went to war so carefree. But homeland no longer exists. This world shattered like a mirror when you were first fired. The shattered glass of everything you knew fell at your feet and revealed what was behind the mirror – grinning death – and you're there face to face, nose to nose! The shock was so great that the boy you died from died of fear: a stranger who slipped into your body replaced him – a MAN from the warrior's world. In this wild place, you give your word of honor to dance with death instead of running away. This suicidal waltz is called Doing your duty. You have done your duty, survived the dance and returned home. But not all of you have returned to the civilian world. Your heart and mind are still in the warrior's world, as far away from the civilian world as Mars. They will always be in the warrior's world: they will never go – they are buried there. In this distant, holy house of honor, life is about keeping your word. Back in the civilian world, however, people have no idea that life is about keeping your word of honor. They think life revolves around ball games, backyards, barbecues, babies and business. Your meritorious honor under fire: Your blood sacrifice; Your loss of serenity /peace of mind in the Blast furnace of battle: they bought and paid for their freedom to indulge in this kind of soft civil thinking. The distance between the two worlds is to Mars from Earth. That's why when you come home, you feel like an outsider, a visitor from another planet. You are. Friends are trying to bridge the gaping gap between you. It is useless. You can also look up and try to talk to a Martian, like to talk to you. Words fall between you like bricks. The services with warriors who died and proved that their word made pre-war friends seem too untested to be trusted – so they are now mere acquaintances. The brutal truth is that the merit in the white-hot forge of battle hammered the soft civilian into a hardened warrior accustomed to dancing the suicidal waltz Doing your duty with death. This unspeakable, indescribable, life-changing experience has picked you up like a whirlwind and hurled you so far away from home that when you come back, you feel like a stranger in your hometown, a visitor from another world, alone in a lot of those you once knew. The only time you don't feel alone is when with another combat veteran. Only he understands that keeping your word, your honor, as you face death face to face, gives meaning and purpose to life. Only he understands that your fearsome but exciting dance with death has made your old world of backyards, barbecues and ball games deadly boring. Only he understands that your way of being through battle-damaged emotions is not unusual, but the usual and you are OK: you are NORMAL for what you have been through – repeat NORMAL! There are countless hidden costs of combat that warriors pay. One of them is adrenaline addiction. Most combat veterans– including this writer– believe that the war was the pinnacle of our lives, and emotionally life has gone downhill ever since. That's because we adrenaline junkies came home. That was not our idea; we have our duty in combat situations such as: Crouching in a foxhole waiting for attacking enemy soldiers to shoot close enough for you; embrace the ground, wait for the signal to jump and attack the enemy; Sneakon on a combat patrol in no man's land, looking for a shootout; Suddenly realizing that you are walking in the middle of a minefield. Circumstances like these soar your feelings of life far beyond civilian life: you have never felt so frightened – but so enthusiastic. You've never seen the sky so blue, grass so green, air-breathing so sweet, etc., because waltzes with death make you feel stratospheric vibrancy, from fullness to edge with adrenaline – pressed and overrun! This unforgettable experience of being sky-high on liveliness/adrenaline is the reason you basically come home thrill-crazy – that is, to use a slang expression, you're doing things now that you once thought were crazy to do to achieve. To put it another way, after the indescribable, life-changing thrill of being fired up without result – you now have a compulsive, compelling longing for a similar deep stirring of your thoughts or emotions – read: thrill/excitement/liveliness from danger. (This is a description of addicts after QUESTION: Do you know that you suffer from adrenaline poisoning and have become an adrenaline addict/junkie? ANSWER: No, you don't, because if you're stretched out 24/7, day by day, month after month, it becomes the new normal. You don't think there's anything wrong with being constantly high on adrenaline because it's not unusual, it's the usual thing – the usual everyday state you're in when you're fighting for your life. Then you come home, where the addictive, euphoric rush of liveliness/adrenaline hardly occurs in the normal course of events. You miss being sky high on it and find it normal boring. You are hungry for your fix of thrill/excitement/danger as an addict hungers for his fix of heroin. What happens then often? Fast – hand me the bottle, drug, motorcycle, fast car, thrill drive, drag race, speedboat, airplane, parachute, extreme sports, climbing, big game hunting, fistfight, knife fight, gun fight, etc. Being poisoned by adrenaline is bad enough, but it gets worse. Another of the myriad hidden costs of the fight is the dirty little secret that no one is talking about – that is, most combat veterans, including this writer, come home, unable to feel our feelings. It works like that. In combat, it is understood that you are giving your word of honour so as not to be deterred from your fear of doing your duty. To keep your word, you need to turn off your fear bedun/off. But the numb-heb/shutdown mechanism does not work like a narrow, narrow rifle shot; it works like a wide, spreading shotgun. So when you cheat your fear, you're scaring virtually all other feelings. The more fight, the more fear you must not feel. You can be so stunned /shut down inside that you don't feel much of everything. You become an emotionally dead man who walks and feels next to nothing for anyone (if you let yourself be held up in the battle of mourning for fallen friends, you can join them). This condition is known as battle hardened, which means you can feel hard feelings like hatred and anger, but not soft, tender feelings (which is bad news for loved ones). The good news is that they can read Writer's Note (1), Towards Accepting a Combat Vets Way of Being for a full discussion of this topic). In summary, the reason why the onslaught of alcohol, drugs, adrenaline, etc. is so attractive is so compelling, because you can feel something that is a step up from the terrible numbness of feeling nothing. Although you are an emotionally dead man who usually goes through life alone, you are not lonely. You have a constant companion from the battle—death. It is close behind it, a little to the left. Death whispers in your ear; Nothing is important outside of my touch, and I have not touched you... But! Death never leaves you - it Your best friend, your most trusted advisor and your smartest teacher. Death teaches you that every day above the earth is a beautiful day. Death teaches you to feel happy on good days. And bad days – well, it doesn't exist. Death teaches you that every day of life is enough for itself. Death teaches you that you can shift his touch by earning serenity. Another of the countless hidden costs of the fight is the loss of serenity/soul peace. Before the fight, you were perhaps quite balanced – that is.; not hot-tempered, but somehow cool – maybe even had more or less rest. After the fight, however, many vets – including this writer – are super-impatient, annoyed, dissatisfied, annoyed; Are intensely awakened to bouts of anger at the slightest irritation. QUESTION: Are you aware that you have changed? Do you see this negative change in yourself? ANSWER: The bad news is that you most likely won't see it because it's the human state to see negative changes in yourself that can be quite obvious to others. That's why you may not know that the fight has changed your mind. So when a loved one (or stranger) respectfully suggests that one may have changed – and perhaps not for the better – then one can very often be annoyed and perceive as the enemy. If you're one of those vets with a new pattern of instant anger, the bad news is that this is a dead gift that you're suffering from battle-related restlessness, commonly referred to as PTSD. If you're one of those vets who wonders why you're struggling to maintain successful relationships, don't be surprised. It is extremely difficult to do when: you suffer from adrenaline poisoning and the only worthy people in your book are those who are addicted to thrills; You cannot feel your soft, tender feelings; Your mind is troubled and you are immediately angry about not much. The good news is that serenity/peace of the Spirit can be regained through much prayer and acceptance. Acceptance is the key to serenity. This simple sentence contains a wide field of understanding. Acceptance is a step out of denial and acceptance/allows your suppressed painful battle memories, and suppressed disappointments that are relived/suffered/shared by other combat veterans – and thus escaped. Every time you perform this dreaded but necessary act of courage/despair, the pain and tears become less than the time before; tormenting battle demons hiding in the darkness of your intestines are thrown into the healing sunlight of awareness and disappear in the process; The less demonizing battle demons, the more composure they earned. Serenity is, unfortunately, rather an indistinct quality, but it is experienced as an immense feeling of contentment, peace of mind, fulfillment and contentment deep within you: the knowledge that you have done your duty under fire, no matter what it costs. Costs. To keep your word to do so, and thus to prove to yourself, whether others know it or not, that you are a warrior, a man of honor who deserves respect; From gratitude to the Higher Power/Your Creator for sparing you. It is an iron law of nature that such serenity prolongs the lifespan to the maximum. It is also an iron law of nature that in order to keep your composure, you must continue to keep your word of honor in civilian life, otherwise bad things can happen. It works like that. Unlike civilians who are not trained to keep their word, their honor – the importance of doing your duty and keeping your word of honor has been drilled so deep into you by the military that it has become more important than life itself, as evidenced by the fact that you were willing to die to keep it. So if you throw away something important in civilian life, it is only natural to feel a sense of self-betrayal, loss of honor, unworthiness, etc. These toxic feelings, when you devastate your workout, can become so powerful that they destroy your self-esteem; Your life can crash into the living death of self-hatred, and you can think of suicide to end the horror you have made of your life. The lesson: Unlike untrained civilians, veterans must keep their word, their honor/self-respect in the civilian world, so that their hard training does not trigger tragic times. Through the dusty centuries it has always been so. It will always be, because what is involved in the soul of a person facing death never changes. ©Copyright 2013 by Paul R. Allen Allen

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