

The Dream that was Yesterday
(Reflections of a Seasoned Soldier)

by Rachel Pei

Last light lingers on the age-worn porch,
full of warmth from times of old
with a blossoming not known for ages,
filling worlds of what was before.

And underneath closed eyelids comes a breath,
just a breath.
And a thousand thoughts of yesterday
come back to me again.

Yesterday
was once today, once a waiting dream,
a wisp of something pure and sweet.
Days long gone, though passing by
the soft dirt road we used to tread
takes me back for a ride.
Old tinkling bells and silver shells
stay, laughing among the reeds.
All of this,
within a boyhood dream.

Yesterday,
drenched deep in darkness,
floods me with anguish once more.
Deafening shots and cries of torment
drown the harsh commander's tone.
Friend and foe both in this nightmare,
amid the thickness of the fumes.
Men, once with hope of glory,
now in an abyss of living tombs.

Yesterday,
with all its horrors,
brings me back and back again.
Fear still not satiated
haunts the mind until the end.
It gropes in the dormant hours,
knocking on the same old door.
Last of all to live and fight,
I live to tell of the dream that was yesterday.

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