

# Alive

He carries the bullet shell with him,  
wherever he goes.

As a reminder that he almost died,  
as a reminder that this time  
it was not his time to die.

As a reminder it's not up to us  
to choose when we should die.

Because life can leave without a warning,  
breath can be sucked dry.

Sometimes I think about the roads that he takes  
and the outcomes that break,  
and I understand next time may be his last.  
I think he understands this too.

What is blowing up stuff and  
boys' games with boys' toys on our land  
is one hundred times more serious on another's shore.

I held the shell in my hand  
and felt each bump and mark.

I felt the chaos that came with living,  
I felt the heartbreak that comes with dying  
and I understand how sometimes  
it's really just so hard to tell the difference.

