

Clearly

Charging through smoke, through gunfire. The battle raging like a flood. My chest tight, hands clinging to my rifle. My finger on the trigger, ready to unleash my fury. A soft sound freezes me, barely audible over the din. I look left, two targets. I raise my rifle, then my eyes open: in my sights is not the enemy, but a young man desperately shaking a corpse, sobbing. His grief finds me like a bullet. I stop, the battle flowing round me like a river. For the first time, I see clearly.