

Nickolas Maynard

## Thoughts of Home

Warm summer days cross my mind  
like thinning clouds, bleeding into the teal blue sky  
blending of the basics  
the simple, the content  
primary colors fusing together, painting  
my soul a million hues and shades  
my body is the extension of my spirit  
pure, tainted, torn, confused,  
human  
tangible entities written in stone, marking history  
with their impressions, like ripples in the ponds of time,  
they fade away, yet sometimes remembered  
on those glorious days.

## A Soldier's Shame

Conquering what seemed harmless  
attempting what has become  
inept, overwhelming sense  
of grief, despair, lost hope  
to only feel and know  
what was forgotten, left  
struggling to reminisce  
in the cold shadows of regression  
foreign eyes piercing mine  
as I sleep  
urging me to awaken and pace  
the world for the rest of my waking life  
in search of understanding  
trying to decipher the enigma  
that entangles my every action  
past, present and future  
with my conscience weaving the very thread  
of this current dilemma  
I call shame