

I Return

A Poem by Marco E. Borrelli

I Return
From that scarlet-soaked planet,
Whose dust blinds the senses
And dries out the lungs.

I Return
From that human mission
To save our people
From the horrors
Of our own
Self-inflicted
Past.

I Return
To see those
That time and distance
Have deprived me of.
Their faces
Are now foreign and unrecognizable
To me.

I Return
To tell those I will meet
What I have sacrificed
For them,
Although I know
That they will not care,
Nor listen,
Nor appreciate
What I have done.

I Return
To yet another
Dust-drenched planet,
Grayed by time
By those

Whose names
We've long since forgotten,
But whose sins
Are still
Ever-present.

I Return
Taciturn and unsure,
Confused and misunderstood,
Dispassionate and severed;
Ashamed of my numbness.

I Return,
And yet,
I really haven't.