

The Healing Wall

The Wall, the Dark Obelisk, a place of names

We have all heard of the Wall, the Healing Wall

But whom is it expected to heal?

The soldier approaches the Wall to find closure,

To say good-bye, to say I'm sorry,

There is no healing.

The family who searches the Wall to find a name, to put closure to the

hole torn within their heart.

Every parent hopes that the telegram was wrong,

That the name they seek is not there.

As they reach the year, the day, the line,

They find the name they so hoped was not there.

Tears stream down her cheeks, weathered with age and sorrow

His eyes lose some of their luster in knowing the truth.

The child seeking someone who was never there,

Touches a name, takes a shading, but receives no answers.

Is this healing?

There is no healing.

But wait, there were those who protested

Who stood and chanted, hoped to change the world

But in change, came hatred of not the cause but the enact er.

Those who hated the soldier

The soldier who had been a school mate

The soldier who was drafted and sent to war

The soldier who watched his friends die

The soldier who feared for his life and limb

The soldier who slept with his rifle as his lover.

Why do you hate him?

Because he was brave, unlucky, alive, stronger, wiser

or because he did what you did not and as you see him

you see what you are not?

The Healing Wall is not for the soldier.

It is for the person who spit on soldiers.

The person who called soldiers “baby killers.”

The person who put down the soldier as worthless.

These people need to heal, to learn to forgive themselves.

The soldier cannot heal them; the soldier will not heal them.

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