David Wilcox
"Covert War"

From Home Again

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Dear Mom and Dad
Here's why I can't come home
I can talk to either one of you just fine
When it's either one, alone

But the Thanksgiving table
Is going to be pulled out bigger
If we talk at all
One of you will pull the trigger

I used to run those battle lines
Trying to smooth over what got said
Trying to get a medal
Trying to get some shrapnel in my head
Thought it was my duty
To plead and to implore
But I caught too much crossfire
In your covert war

The television talks, fills the air
So you don't have to start
You claim you territories in the rooms upstairs
To keep yourselves apart

Holy days they bring us all together
After so much left unsaid
You taught us well not to kick under the table
Kick under your breath instead

I used to stand between you
Trying to smooth over what got said
Trying to get a medal
Trying to get some shrapnel in my head

Thought it was my duty
To plead and to implore
But I caught too much crossfire
In your covert war

Of coarse there was the anger where the love is strong
It spilled like gasoline
It's crude but it's a power we can draw upon
If it fuels the right machine

I love you and I'd never want to see you bleed
When comments cut like steel
So to hold your fire I'd block the shot and take the hit
for you
As if I could not feel

I thought they'd passed right through me
That I had no scars to hide
But now I open up and try to love
And I find they're still inside

I used to run those battle lines trying to plead and to
implore
Please won't you hold the cease fire out a little longer
Until the next uproar

I took it all in childhood
But I can't take it no more
'cause I caught too much crossfire
In your covert war

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