

# Unseen

—Heather Sapp

I wear no medals on my chest  
Yet I am a Warrior  
You cannot see my scars  
They run too deep  
Their path is scored  
Through the recesses of my being

Would I rather have donated a leg to the battlefield?  
Some days I would trade  
My wounds are all unseen

Would I rather have left behind my arm?  
Some days I would trade  
My scars are all unseen

My wounds wake me in terror  
They are unseen  
My wounds attack when you stand too near  
They are unseen  
My wounds keep me bound in my head  
They are unseen

Would I trade?  
Some days I think I might

My battle still rages  
My war has not ended

I fight still  
My enemy is unseen

Yet, here I am  
And I may have wounds  
But I am a Warrior still

I AM a Warrior still.