

As many of you have noticed  
I write a lot about war,  
Maybe too much.  
But there is a reason why.

I write for the fallen.  
I write for the forgotten.  
I write for the soldiers.  
I write for the heros.

They are broken.  
They are imperfect.  
They are worn-out.  
They are exhausted.

They are human.

They are the soldiers in the trenches.  
They are the pilots above Iraq.  
They are the firefighters on 9/11.  
They are the police fighting cartels.

They are the paramedics on d-day.  
They are the defenders of Ukraine.  
They are the bulwark of their faith.  
They are the freedom fighters.

They hold a truce on Christmas.  
They bury the dead.  
They honor the veterans.  
They are pawns of war.

They are the people we take for granted.

They are why I write.  
They are why I cry.  
They are why I fight.  
They are why I push on.

Because they are often forgotten.  
Because they are often ridiculed.  
Because they are often killed.  
Because they are often sacrificed.

They are not perfect,  
But deserve respect nonetheless.  
You salute the rank,  
Not the person.

So in the end,  
The title is misleading.  
It is not why I write,  
But who I write for.

*Kindred; Lamb and Wolf*

*"I can hear you,  
The rest of the world hears you,  
And the people who knocked these buildings down,  
Will hear all of us soon."*

- *George W Bush, three days after 9/11 in the ruins of the two world trade centers*