

Helicopters Full of Ghosts by Matthew Borczon

An Ink Publications Broadside

PTSD 1

I hide
my PTSD
filled memories
in a
tin box
taped into
the wheel
well of
my car
as I
drive west
towards
the desert
determined
to use
them to
hurt someone

PTSD 2

Kevlar chest
plates and
helmets
weigh 40 lbs.
when worn
and even
more now
5 years
after I
took them
off.

PTSD 3

I once
used a
scalpel to
carve a

skull into
the fleshy
part of
my thumb
just hours
before the
day shift.

PTSD 4

in the
time it
takes to
smoke a
cigarette
I relive
a year
of war

PTSD 5

like war
movies and
dime store
novels I
thought I
knew what
to expect
I never
thought I
would come
home pure
but I
expected
to come
back whole
instead of
in pieces.

PTSD 6

helicopters
full of
ghosts
land on
my bed
nightly
just to
whisper their
names into
my dreams.

PTSD 7

my wife
says she
tried to
wake me
but is
afraid to
touch me
or shake
me because
of how
much I
still jump
and scream

PTSD 8

someone
was saying
the rosary
in my
last nightmare
but no
one was
praying for
me

Author Biography

Matthew Borczon is a nurse and writer from Erie, Pennsylvania. He has been published in numerous small press journals such as *Dead Snakes*, *Big Hammer*, *Busted Sharma*, *The Yellow Chair Review*, *1947*, *Dissident Voice*, *The Eunoia Review*, *Anti Heroine Chick*, *Rasputin* and others. His chap book, *A Clock of Human Bones*, won the *Yellow Chair Review* chap book contest in 2015.

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