

The Foxhole

In the foxhole, all masks fall away,
There's no need to prove, no roles to play.
The man beside you, sweat-soaked and bare,
Sees your fear, your grit, your prayer.

For when the stakes are life and death,
Each moment weighs, each borrowed breath.
And there you find what men can be,
Stripped of pride, raw honesty.

But when the foxhole fades from view,
And life returns to tasks we do,
The walls go up, the silence reigns,
The heart retreats to spare its pain.

What if we dared, without the strife,
To live the foxhole in daily life?
To bare the soul, to trust, to share,
To show the depth of what is there?

For strength is found not in disguise,
But in the truth behind the eyes.
The foxhole taught us to connect—
A lesson life must not forget.

