

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.

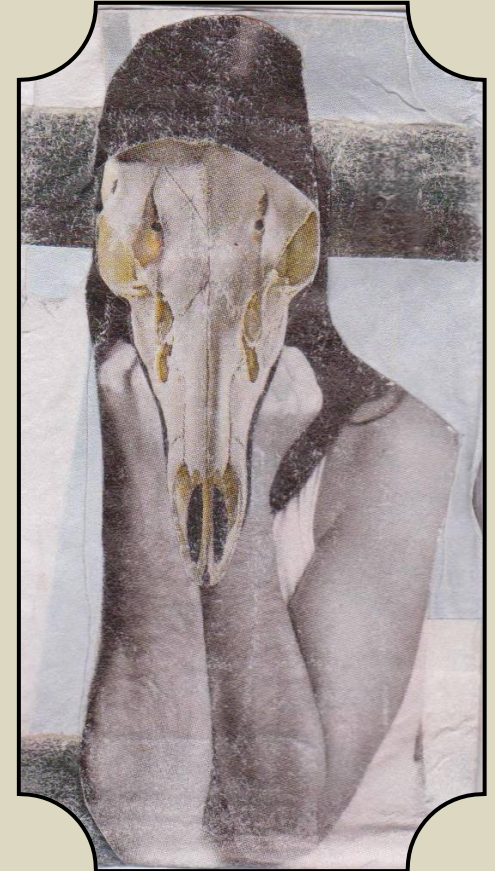
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# helicopters full of ghosts



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

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

PTSD 3

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



PTSD 4

I once  
used a  
scalpel to  
carve a  
skull into  
the fleshy  
part of  
my thumb  
just hours  
before the  
day shift

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