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WAR *and*  
MORAL INJURY

A Reader

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MONISHA RIOS

The Glue Is Still Drying

One must retreat neither from the outrage of violence nor deny it, or, which amounts to the same thing, assume it lightly.<sup>1</sup>

—SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

**“Blood, Blood Makes the Grass Grow, Drill Sergeant!”<sup>2</sup>**

I will never forget the first time I understood the pain of war from a soldier's face. It was late summer, 1997, at Fort Jackson in Columbia, South Carolina, and I was a Private 2nd Class in the United States Army. We were in the woods for an intense day of hand-to-hand combat and weapons training. I had to sit some of it out due to shin splints, stress fractures, and falling arches. Others with injuries sat out as well. We were a busted-looking bunch, sitting around on logs with crutches strewn about, sleeping with our eyes open. I was enjoying a nice shady spot under a weeping willow when I heard the familiar voice of my favorite sergeant, Drill Sergeant Williams

1. Beauvoir, *The Ethics of Ambiguity*, 59.

2. This is a common phrase yelled in combat-related training.

(name changed for privacy). He had been sent to babysit while the rest of our company marched further into the woods to learn how to lob grenades.

Williams was one of the good guys. He didn't abuse his power. Rather, he intervened when other drill sergeants crossed the line, and he didn't hide his distaste for their actions. This was the drill sergeant who looked out for me and other female soldiers, making sure we didn't get harassed when he was around.

He must have felt like talking that day, because he took a seat and gathered us around to shoot the breeze. We covered a range of topics, from soldiering to our favorite foods. We asked him about his service, places he had been, things he had seen, and which Meals Ready to Eat (MREs) to avoid. He would get a far-off look sometimes as he told his stories. Every now and then he would get animated, acting out the details. It was fun until, in the naïveté of my youth, I asked the wrong question—the “did you kill anyone” question. His demeanor changed in an instant. His eyes and face darkened. His body sank into a slouch. He blinked, swallowed, looked me in the eye, and spoke: “Don't ever ask that question again, Rios.”

Thick, heavy silence filled the air between us as we realized what that question and his response to it meant. It still gets to me. I blinked, swallowed, looked him in the eye, and spoke: “I'm sorry, Drill Sergeant.”

He smiled as much as he could and said it was okay, I didn't know any better. Then he gave us an education. He had been in Vietnam, had fired his weapon at people who were firing their weapons at him, and hated every second of it—hated himself for doing it. He thought we were too innocent to be enlisted, that we shouldn't be where we were any more than he should have been where he was, saying things like “don't be so eager” and “hold on to yourself.” He taught us what doing war taught him. He continued looking out for me through the rest of basic training. It was a sad moment when we said goodbye on graduation day.

I did not realize at the time that my own military service, though brief and far from combat, would leave me with my own deep Moral Injury. I would never be the same again.

### What Sexualized Violence and Oppression Can Feel Like in the Military

Sexualized violence and oppression are not new phenomena within military cultures.<sup>3</sup> Throughout history, they have been synonymous with military

3. Although the terms “sexualized violence” and “sexual violence” are often used interchangeably, they do not always carry the same meaning or value in society

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4. Brigadier General Patricia Foote was one of the first women in the US Army.

activity, including psychological warfare. It continues in times of peace while we prepare for the possibility of war.

At Fort Jackson, I and all other women in my company received immediate "training" on how to avoid "getting raped." This erroneous training came in response to the changes Brigadier General Patricia Foote, vice chair of the Army Senior Review Panel on Sexual Harassment, called for in 1996.<sup>4</sup> We were instructed to "defeminize" ourselves—to not cross our legs, tilt our heads, bat our eyelashes, smile too big, make eye contact with males, laugh too much, and so on. Our number one rule was to keep our legs closed and not "whore ourselves out." And we better not dare to fail at anything, because it would make all women who serve look bad.

Yet, despite my best efforts to follow these rules and "man up" so as not to "pussify" the Army, I was still chosen for sexualized public humiliation. As punishment for answering a male soldier's question about a laundry slip, I was made to lay on my back in front of my company with my legs up and open while a drill sergeant yelled sexist epithets, accused me and my mother of prostitution, told males to avoid me because I would get them in trouble, and insults related to my body parts. While I lay there, he made the male soldier do pushups. That drill sergeant psychologically oppressed me in this way throughout basic training, to the extent that he would yell disgusting things during chow about what I "really wanted" in my mouth, each time I opened it to ingest food. All of this occurred among a large number of witnesses, including other drill sergeants and NCOs (Non-Commissioned Officers).

My next duty station was Advanced Individual Training (AIT) at Keeler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi. There, a drill sergeant came into the female latrine while I was in the shower and stood on the other side of the thin curtain. He was later removed from the detachment after harassing a Muslim soldier. In a classroom full of airmen, one that I thought was my friend attacked me from behind and bit me in the back of my right arm when I told him his sexually explicit and violent conversation about rape fantasies and how women really like it rough was making me uncomfortable. He bit me so hard that each tooth mark left a dark purplish blue bruise. They were darker than the rest of the bruises. He threatened to hurt me if "I got him in trouble." Not a single person in that room did anything.

<sup>4</sup> "Sexualized violence," like "racialized violence" or "feminized poverty," illustrates an intentional targeting based on a certain characteristic or vulnerability and is less connotatively charged than the latter.

<sup>4</sup> Brigadier General Patricia Foote was one of many who paved the way for women in the US Army.

A fellow soldier who saw the injury days later made me alert the drill sergeants. I had to point out the soldier who bit me. He and a friend of his came to follow through on his threat to hurt me if I told anyone what he did, while I was surrounded by my platoon and a safe drill sergeant. Thankfully, this drill sergeant did not let him hurt me, and the soldier was removed from the base. The air force doctor who was treating my back injury and gas-chamber-induced asthma attended to the bite. He offered me a choice that would change the course of my army career. He told me things would not get any easier for me, that I would most likely be assaulted in worse ways, and that rape was in my future. On the one hand, he could recommend that I be placed on permanent profile, which would limit my MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) options but not the likelihood of being raped. Or, on the other hand, he could recommend a separation based on my injuries, and significantly reduce my chances of being raped while serving my country.

While I deliberated over the next few weeks, I thought of how terrified I felt, how depressed I'd become, how I had washed out of classes, and how unsafe and unprotected I really was in this environment. I thought of what might happen to me if I stayed in. I hadn't even been in for a year, and I did not want to return home as a failure for not handling army life as a woman. I still struggle with this sense of failure (internalized oppression) to this day. The overwhelming terror outweighed my desire for an army career. I accepted defeat and the doctor's offer to help me get out. My next stop was out-processing at Redstone Arsenal in Alabama, where I endured more sexualized psychological and physical oppression at the hands of a female captain and "her boys." It was like basic training all over again, this time with a woman leading the hatred brigade.

I stood up for myself and was retaliated against. This time the retaliation consisted of a false accusation that I was the one sexually harassing them. The female platoon sergeant who made the report took me aside to tell me she knew it was a lie, but that it's what I got for standing up for myself against "the boys club" and that she could not help me because it would ruin her career (another example of internalized oppression). It didn't matter that I was restricted to my room and not allowed out even to eat. Her fear was too big. Relief finally came when the captain went on leave and the first sergeant returned. I invoked the open door policy and eventually spoke with the battalion's command sergeant major. I was given jobs to do outside of the barracks until the day I was discharged.

Looking back now at what was done to me in the Army, along with all that I have learned as a clinical social worker, I have come to believe that sex and killing are inextricably linked through the concepts of power and

control. As a soldier, and control that come dominate others. It is the same, feelings and intentions the link between sex and

the sexual part merely overthrew equal lust are different however, do not source and affect in their grip.<sup>5</sup>

In *On Killing: The Society*, Lieutenant Colonel writing: "The concept of related to the lust for rape. These statements lead to illustrating a relationship military-related sexual violence for battle and blood being. Does it translate into an being sexually as the next in this area, to determine inadvertently increase the (or "Military Sexual Trauma) this potential.

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### Bosnia and Iraq

I met Sergeant Sims (name was safe, like Williams, but part of a small group of we went into town, Sims too much or go home with rested in drinking, I was un-

5. Gray, *The Warriors*, 68.

6. Grossman, *On Killing*, 1

control. As a soldier, I came to intimately understand the sense of power and control that comes with having the knowledge and ability to kill and dominate others. It is not far-fetched that sex could evoke similar, if not the same, feelings and intensity that killing presents. J. Glenn Gray described the link between sex and killing as such that

the sexual partner is not actually destroyed in the encounter, merely overthrown. And the psychological after effects of sexual lust are different from those battle lusts. These differences, however, do not alter the fact that the passions have a common source and affect their victims in the same way while they are in their grip.<sup>5</sup>

In *On Killing: The Psychological Cost of Learning to Kill in War and Society*, Lieutenant Colonel Dave Grossman further connected the dots, writing: "The concept of sex as a process of domination and defeat is closely related to the lust for rape and the trauma associated with the rape victim."<sup>6</sup> These statements lead one to ask if the connection between sex and killing illustrates a relationship between being trained to kill and perpetrating military-related sexual violence and oppression. Does the indoctrinated lust for battle and blood become so great within that it must be discharged? Does it translate into an urge to "dominate" and "defeat" another human being sexually as the next best thing, so to speak? Further research is needed in this area, to determine the extent to which soldiers' training to kill may inadvertently increase their potential to commit acts of sexualized violence (or "Military Sexual Trauma"), and if it does, what our nation can do to limit this potential.

I have one more story to tell from my days of military service. A few months before my discharge, I once again found myself face-to-face with someone else's Moral Injury. This memory haunts me still.

### **Bosnia and Iraq in the Corner of a Laundry Room**

I met Sergeant Sims (name changed for privacy) at Redstone Arsenal. Sims was safe, like Williams, but younger and more visibly conflicted. He was part of a small group of us that stuck together in the barracks. Any time we went into town, Sims would ask someone to make sure he didn't drink too much or go home with a random person. Being underage and uninterested in drinking, I was usually the mother hen of choice when it came to

5. Gray, *The Warriors*, 68.

6. Grossman, *On Killing*, 137.

keeping the crew out of trouble. Besides being annoying, the job was a huge responsibility. Sometimes it was risky. I had to be on guard to make sure there weren't fights, or if there were, to make sure none of us got arrested or worse. And then, of course, there were the obvious hazards faced by women surrounded by drunken men. Sims seemed to be on a mission to get his rear-end handed to him as often as possible. One night he was especially self-destructive, picking a fight with a large group of men in a Taco Bell parking lot.

We had three carloads of people with us in the drive-through line. Sergeant Sims was almost passed out in the backseat while I was in the front, tired after a long stint of babysitting drunken soldiers. To this day, I cannot stand large groups of overly drunk people. Bad things tend to happen. Such as when Sims popped his head out of the window and started yelling at a group of men standing around by their van. He was simply asking for a smoke but, being as drunk as he was, it was not communicated politely. The group postured, Sims postured, and before I knew what was happening, he was out of the car moving toward them, hell-bent on getting a cigarette and ready to scrap for one. I jumped out to wrangle him back into the car just in time to see the rest of our crew exit their vehicles with the obvious intention of defending our own. The driver of the car in front of us opened his trunk, retrieved his side arm, and moved swiftly toward the gaggle of aggression.

Just as I was about to step between Sims and one of the men from the van, someone grabbed me, and I felt his shoulder in my gut as he picked me up. It was the soldier driving our car. He tossed me into the passenger seat, jumped into the driver's seat, and sped away. I yelled at him to go back, that we couldn't leave Green and the guys. He apologized, said he was from Detroit and did not want us to die in a stupid fight like so many of his friends had back home. Thankfully, he turned around anyway. By the time we got back, the fight had broken up. Still hungry, we ordered our tacos like it was a normal day and drove back to the barracks with Sims in the back seat babbling on about not getting a cigarette after all that. I was livid.

He kept his antics going as we walked through the parking lot, up the stairs, through the common areas, and into our shared hallway. (These were integrated barracks with men and women on the same floor, whereas the barracks in Basic and Advanced Military Training were segregated to keep the male and female sleeping quarters separate.) All I could think about was the gun. The scene where the driver got it out of the trunk and walked toward the fight with it played on a loop in front of my eyes like I was watching it on a movie screen. I kept feeling the sensation of being picked up. My ribs hurt from where my friend's shoulder dug into them. That is when it all hit me. It was like I was on fire and it was spreading from the inside out. Sims

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approached me at that moment—the wrong moment—to complain that I had not yet given him his room key. That was it. My back was to him, and I snapped. Before I realized what I was doing, my hand was around his throat, fingernails digging into the soft parts around his esophagus. I leaned in and pinned him against the wall, glared into his eyes and said something to him through gritted teeth. I don't remember the words. I was furious with him for putting us in danger like that, over a cigarette of all things. Meanwhile, there he was, too drunk to care. I let him loose and threw his key at him. I was done.

Well, I thought I was done. A couple days later, I walked into the laundry room to find him huddled up in a corner, hugging his knees to his chest, crying and gently rocking side to side. He didn't look up when I turned on the lights, only asked if I would mind turning them off. I flipped the switch and sat next to him on the floor. I don't know how long we sat there before he started talking. When he did, it was in broken sentences between sobs and whimpers. He pieced together details of things he had seen and done, such as firing on innocent people and witnessing numerous rapes of civilians. He explained that he wasn't infantry, that he was just a helicopter mechanic who had to go where the helicopter went and follow the orders he was given, even as he questioned their legality.

I didn't believe him at first, because we were in peacetime and I thought maybe he was trying to get me to feel sorry for him after what had happened. The look in his eyes, the way he trembled as he described what too many of our fellow soldiers did to innocent people while on humanitarian missions, told me I was wrong. He explained that peacetime is a joke—we were in places we were not supposed to be, doing things we were not supposed to be doing to people we were not supposed to be doing them to—and that he wasn't supposed to be telling anyone about any of it. I held him as he described what he called his unforgiveable sins. There were times I gagged and almost threw up in the trash can. I listened as he repeated over and over again that he deserved to die a horrible death and rot in hell because he followed orders to hurt innocent people. He begged for punishment and mercy, asking me to go get him enough beer or liquor to drown him. The Taco Bell incident and all the drinking made complete sense at that point.

He was gone without a word a few days later. Someone said he went AWOL. Someone else said he went to his next duty station. I never saw or heard from him again. Sometimes I go through pictures from back then. I cannot help but wonder, when I see his, if he is still alive or if he finally drank himself to death. I may never know. Wherever he is, I hope he has peace.



### Moral Injury and the Myth of Resilience

It seems that in Western society there is an overwhelming rush and push to “fix” what is perceived as broken. This is acutely felt in my field, where the price tags on clinical interventions have grown leaps and bounds while the time allotted to heal continues to shrink. The focus instead is on resilience—what is commonly understood as the ability to quickly recover or “bounce back” from adverse experiences. I have theories as to why people who have endured and/or perpetuated the unimaginable horrors of humankind at its worst are not given the gentleness and patience needed to fully move through what has happened in their lives and find what heals them. I don’t think our society can handle the reality of what it does, and our suffering can be like a mirror—rather than look into it, society goes to great lengths to avoid what it might see. Hence, we are forced into unrealistic expectations for recovery.

Resilience, in the way it is promoted in this context, is a naïve, contrived myth. It is not always possible or advisable for us to “bounce back” at a prescribed rate or regain our original forms. We have encountered elements of humanity that need everyone’s attention to address. That requires a willingness to look at the dark parts of ourselves that we hide and pretend don’t exist. It also requires our society to listen, learn, and act on the wisdom in this pain that can lead us to become a less aggressive, more peaceful force in the world.

It has taken a lot of self-work over many years to arrive at a place where I can begin to meaningfully process all that took place while I was in the US Army. I was only seventeen years old then, just a kid with a head full of ideas and a heart full of hope for a better future. I loved my country, and I was eager to show this love through military service. I thought Americans were always the good guys. Now, nearing thirty-seven, I experience bittersweet relief every time I discover a piece of that kid hidden among the shards of my shattered life. Rebuilding is a tedious and delicate task. Each piece must be carefully and patiently considered in order to understand where it was before and where it fits now. Once placed, the pieces must be given as much time as needed to set. I have learned the hard way not to move too fast while the glue is still drying, or else the pieces slip out of place again.

Some fragments are harder to deal with than others, such as those reflecting the Moral Injury incurred along the way. On one level, this injury come from what psychologist Jonathan Shay calls “a betrayal of what’s right . . . by someone who holds legitimate authority . . . in a high stakes situation,”

such as with institutional betrayal, respect, it arises from an action of ethics, or attachments.”<sup>8</sup> I still see my fellow soldiers, and—yes—institutionalized sexual violence both added betrayal that comes with it. People who survive sexual violence bring judgment in society. We endure bringing it on ourselves. Even if it’s for the perpetrators’ choices to be specific oppression is often in dangerous outcomes as Moral Injury.

Healing from Moral Injury is unique for each person. It is not pathologized, and reduced by normalizing the people affected by Moral Injury: “It’s titanic that they can get that across, in part because they don’t feel pe . . . PBS, Shay gave greater importance in the healing process.”

Peers are the key to re . . . Credentialed mental he . . . in center stage. It’s the . . . that belong at center sta . . . on, sweep out the gum . . . a safe and warm enoug

Shay essentially describes how to do this healing work.

Yet, despite the undoubted leagues, there are a vast number of invariant experiential categories that are not Caucasian, heterosexual,

7. Shay, “Moral Injury,” 183.

8. Ibid.

9. Shay was interviewed and quoted in “Noah Pierce,” then quoted in *Gu*

10. Shay, “Jonathan Shay Explains,” *weekly*, May 28, 2010; transcribed

such as with institutional betrayal or interpersonal violence.<sup>7</sup> In another respect, it arises from an action one may take that “violates their own ideals, ethics, or attachments.”<sup>8</sup> I still cope with feeling betrayed by my leaders, my fellow soldiers, and—yes—by my own country for permitting institutionalized sexual violence both within and outside the ranks. There is the added betrayal that comes with minimization, victim blaming, and shaming. People who survive sexual violence are often subjected to harsh, cruel judgment in society. We endure the burden of proof while we are accused of bringing it on ourselves. Even in this day and age, we are seen as responsible for the perpetrators’ choices to violate our minds, bodies, and spirits. This specific oppression is often internalized, resulting in such potentially dangerous outcomes as Moral Injury.

Healing from Moral Injury is a complex, painstaking process that is unique for each person. It is not something that should be intellectualized, pathologized, and reduced by the mental health field to the point of dehumanizing the people affected by it. Shay explained how people often experience Moral Injury: “It’s titanic pain that these men live with. They don’t feel that they can get that across, in part because they feel they deserve it, and in part because they don’t feel people will understand it.”<sup>9</sup> In an interview with PBS, Shay gave greater importance to veterans’ peers than health professionals in the healing process:

Peers are the key to recovery—I can’t emphasize that enough. Credentialed mental health professionals like me have no place in center stage. It’s the veterans themselves, healing each other, that belong at center stage. . . . We are stagehands—get the lights on, sweep out the gum wrappers, count the chairs, make sure it’s a safe and warm enough place.<sup>10</sup>

Shay essentially described the creation of a safe space within which to do this healing work.

Yet, despite the undoubtedly good intentions held by many of our colleagues, there are a vast number of veterans who do not fall within the dominant experiential category that gets the most attention. That is, since we are not Caucasian, heterosexual, male, and OIF/OEF combat veterans, it is that

7. Shay, “Moral Injury,” 183.

8. Ibid.

9. Shay was interviewed and quoted by Gilbertson, “The Life and Lonely Death of Noah Pierce,” then quoted in Guntzel, “Beyond PTSD.”

10. Shay, “Jonathan Shay Extended Interview,” WGBH’s *Religion & Ethics News-weekly*, May 28, 2010; transcribed and quoted in Guntzel, “Beyond PTSD.”

much harder to find the right support to meet our needs.<sup>11</sup> We have to find this space for ourselves. Hence, we have online peer support groups through social media. We outliers are co-creating our own healing experiences with nature, art, and spirituality, and we are doing our best to build a community. I have found much relief in storytelling, listening, writing poetry and blogs, my emotional support dogs, walks in the woods, dance, photography, and connecting with my ancestors through shamanic journeying. I engage in advocacy and activism around these and related issues, peace especially, which helps with the despair and need for redemption that Shay aptly refers to: "Despair, this word that's so hard to get our arms around . . . It's despair that rips people apart [who] feel they've become irredeemable."<sup>12</sup>

The core of my redemption is rooted in an applied commitment to a non-oppressive way of living, working, and relating to other living beings. It goes beyond simply "treating" those who have been psychologically injured with standardized protocols and involves actionably shifting the paradigms that lead to military-related Moral Injury in the first place. I will soon have a PhD in psychology, with an emphasis on Transformative Social Change and Creativity, and have joined various allies in pursuit of mental health care reform in the field of psychology—a field that has historically profited from its involvement in the war-manufacturing machine. As an active member of groups like Psychologists for Social Responsibility and Veterans for Peace, a co-leader in three separate and intersecting social movements, and a macro/clinical social worker, I have found a sense of fulfillment and purpose similar to that which I felt on active duty. Although my trajectory is rooted in stubbornness, defiance, and a fight for survival, this fight is ultimately for the countless others who suffer needlessly because of our nation's character flaws.

I focus on multilevel systems change as a means of preventing military-related trauma and suicide—not only for US troops and their families, but for all the widows and orphans we have helped make, and for the cultures and environments we have helped destroy through our state-sanctioned mass violence and weapons manufacturing. Like my fellow advocates and activists, I spend a lot of time working at individual, organizational, community, state, and federal levels to address an array of issues in addition to sexualized violence in the military, such as the US Army's flawed Comprehensive Soldier Fitness Program; eliminating inequities and addressing the recurrence of sexual violence in the Veterans Administration; alleviating

11. OIF/OEF stands for Operation Iraqi Freedom/Operation Enduring Freedom.

12. Shay, interviewed and quoted by Gilbertson, "The Life and Lonely Death of Noah Pierce," then quoted in Guntzel, "Beyond PTSD."

mental health stigma and ensuring a role in torture and adherence to inter. It has become my life's work.

Now, as I close in preparation of a veteran to suicide (he chose to do it) I am reminded of a time, not that I experienced homelessness for the and domestic violence. I was working for help from colleagues, and with very little feedback I got from colleagues and minimization, victim blaming, and worthlessness, hopelessness, and help they would say. But when I did, I was by my colleagues—the very people who posed opposite behaviors. There is only so much mercy, not more pain. This was just more were more unbearable than they had going to end my life. I wrote this poem

I dedicate this poem today to the shreds by needless war:

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mental health stigma and ensuring safe access to relevant care; our nation's role in torture and adherence to international human rights law; and more. It has become my life's work.

Now, as I close in preparation to mourn the loss of yet another local veteran to suicide (he chose to do it outside of his home on Memorial Day), I am reminded of a time, not that long ago, when I almost gave in. I was experiencing homelessness for the third time in my life, due to disability and domestic violence. I was working, in school, in hiding, reaching out for help from colleagues, and with very little social support. The majority of the feedback I got from colleagues and society (in the form of—once again—minimization, victim blaming, and shaming) only served to reinforce the worthlessness, hopelessness, and helplessness I already felt. "Ask for help," they would say. But when I did, I was condemned, judged, and stigmatized by my colleagues—the very people whose ethical codes mandated the opposite behaviors. There is only so much cruelty a person can take. I needed mercy, not more pain. This was just more betrayal. One night, when things were more unbearable than they had been in a long time, I thought I was going to end my life. I wrote this poem instead. It saved me.

I dedicate this poem today to my loved ones, and to every life torn to shreds by needless war:

### **Unbroken**

I could do it, you know.  
Break.  
I could. I've come close  
To broken.  
But then I think of you.  
How my breaking would break you, too.  
And I pause.  
I think.  
I feel  
You.  
Broken.  
Breaking me isn't worth breaking you.  
I think of them.  
The ones who broke me down.  
The ones who still try.  
Because they are broken.  
I could do it, you know.

## Warriors

Break.  
 I could. I've come close  
 To breaking.  
 But then I think of them.  
 How my breaking would break them, too.  
 And I pause.  
 I think.  
 I feel  
 Them.  
 Broken.  
 Breaking them isn't worth being like them.  
 So I stay whole.  
 When I'd rather disappear.

## Leadership

**W**ar is a breeding ground for suffering. It is fought justly, cowardly, or unjustly. It kills soldiers, unintentionally causes civilian deaths, and inflicts senseless suffering that challenges the goodness and the goodness of the good person who witnesses, or witness acts in war. It is susceptible to suffering because of loss of belief, and other effects known as Moral Injury.

Moral Injury among soldiers is a common occurrence to be. Soldiers are more vulnerable than civilians. They are not adequately prepared to manage the aftermath. I argue that there are active-duty US Army officers and after their units' combat operations, the magnitude of Moral Injury is significant.

1. Biggar, *In Defence of War*, 100. I argue that war is not simply just; but that is not to say it is just.

2. Maguen and Litz, "Moral Injury in the Military," *Motion of Moral Injury*, 92-113.

3. My argument has developed from interviews with active-duty US Army officers, sergeants, and soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan from 2003 to 2011. Almost all were junior officers and sergeants that were conducting combat operations.