

Blood of Youthful Patriots

Scorn of Enemies Within

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Blood of patriots,
Why must your blood flow so often?
So freely?
Easily?
Too quickly, and
Completely?

Is it youthful naivety, you see not the
danger? Do you believe death will
never find you, and you really cannot
die? Or think it is not God's Plan for
you to decide our fate, and He will
protect you ... forever?

Whether charging forward... or
as still as the night, hugging earth or
running for your life... the burning
pain finds you... stabbing indifferently,
searching for a way through.

Perhaps shrapnel carves and dices your
flesh... or the violent, perfect
explosion atomizes you all...and even
your. With nothing...no-thing to send
home to mom.

Did you even know why you were
there?

Why must it be?
I know not why your blood flows so
often... and deadly bleeds
away your life.

Only that it does.

Is it really as the old sage has said,
The cost of freedom, or
The Reaper's toll?

Could it be as simple as a young
patriot's desire to fill the boots of
patriot men of his blood...and your
willingness to play that role for God
and Country?