

Distant Drums and Wanderlust's Desire

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(Old Poetry: Clearing some files I ran across this)

The names of men have often died,
Like memories of the past,
Their dreams of bright tomorrows gone,
Fates die if life's ben cast.

They heard the call of distant drums,
Of wanderlust's desire,
to cloak themselves in patriots pride,
to stand the test of fire.

Young people from all walks of life,
Some known to you and I,
Took up the call and gave their all,
On land, by sea and sky.

Brothers and sisters, all they came,
To serve in distant lands,
Conscripted to the noble cause,
Freedom for everyman.

Weaned on the milk of glories past,
A cause they thought the same,
To free the world from hateful strife,
They volunteered their name.

The Asian sun opened their eyes,
Like waking from a dream,
The Gates of Hell in Dante's verse,
Cried out from every scene.

Our leaders in their Ivory Towers,
Across the gulf at home,
Committed lies to fuel the fires,
And keep their seed at home.

Yet one-by-one the caskets came,
Like granite from afar,
Draped in the shrouds of gratitude,

Our countries stars and bars.

Like stones within the garden wall,
Each one set in its place,
To build the cause of righteous men,
Steadfastly in their place.

The sands of time have passed them by,
The final bugle call,
Shoulder to shoulder now they stand,
Their names upon the wall.

The deeds of men who paid the price,
With arms, and legs and eyes,
Our brethren who returned unwhole,
The nation to despise.

Judged by the deeds on celluloid,
Of wars fought in the past,
To pay once more the price at home,
And make the hurting last.

This mighty nation turned her back,
Upon her loyal sons,
Who stood the test of raining steel?
And blazing hostile guns.

Sequestered from the victors pride
Which was their father's fame,
No welcome was theirs to share,
The sacrifice in vein.

Their cries for help fell on deaf ears,
Of those who stayed at home,
The bureaucrats who turned their backs,
For this they must atone.

Yet once again the drums of war,
Echo within our ears,
The call 'TO ARMS,' the noble cause,
Rekindled mothers fears.

In southern lands, on eastern seas,

The price remains the same,
Young people of our upright seed,
Must volunteer their name.

Those men and women of the past
Who marched and san[g] and swore,
Now hold the posts and sign the bills,
Committing us once more.

To build the monuments of stone,
To those who hear the call,
Shoulder-to-shoulder soon to be,
A name upon a wall.

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