

Morning's First Light

Alabaster Guardians

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Alabaster guardians
Standing in formation
Keeping vigil over those,
Who served a grateful nation.

Each one guards a hero's rest
With hushed and solemn, stare
The only sound, a chapel bell,
To grace the evening air.

A breeze awakes the Stars and Stripes
But stirs her, ever slightly,
A comrade's boots, in reverence,
Step resolute but lightly.

A too familiar bugle call
Played from a hill beyond
A soldier's tear and hand salute
Seals, kinship, love and bond.

Howard G. Yates