

No Time To Cry

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Time to weep has come and gone,
Tears no longer flow

Glory,
Morals,
Honor and Mercy,
Amongst the first to go.

Hard is war and
Courage, as fleeting as *what's right to do*, ebbs and
flows like the tide.

A hero one moment
Wet pants the next
Courage a word for fools
Coward a word before first-battle
Life is worthless as a
Wisp of smoke that dissipates in
A gale.
No time to rest
No time to flee
No time to bury your brothers
Charging in to battle singing
Lies of old men crowing for votes
Prayers murmured on the run
Mostly for yourself or
For morning's haste or
The fall of night
Wordless retreat
Voice lost in terror
I'll run till the carnage is silent
Fields of valor soon left behind
For now there's
No time to cry.