

Yesterday's Song

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Aging veteran. One hand heavily on cane the other resting on
tombstone.

Too old to knell or do other than salute, he remembered his youthful
comrade.

His mind's eye as fading as his eyesight,
yet he could not forget what happened...
as if yesterday--or last night.

He could not speak for fear the tears would flow again,
and prayed a silent prayer.

Hallowed earth had reclaimed the dust that once was his friend, young
and alive, his soul summoned away in battle these many decades ago.