

For The Warriors

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When my generation was young, there was trouble here and
on other lands, some of us joined the armed forces, to see
if we could lend some hands.

After some schoolin' and trainin', we left for a war to fight,
shortly thereafter and still, came many a sleepless night.

Most of these short fire-fights were ambushes in the dark,
the prey is sometimes caught and your weapons begin to bark.

Usually it was over, just as fast as it began,
you take check of your comrades and account for every man.

Most of us were lucky and lived right through the test;
some friends didn't make it, their bodies we laid to rest.

We became hunters and warriors, each with a different style;
these skills were honed under fire, the only sure, true trial.

It seems strange that things that happen so long ago and far away,
can come back to you in your dreams, and feel like yesterday.

My one and only wish, for those of us that did survive,
deal with what you were, find peace, and stay alive.

Mark Schrimpf

Hotel Co.,-2nd Bat.-5th Marines, 1968