

Life's Point

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Like flares drifting, sputtering
And flaming out,
Another Brother Fell.

Echo not yet faded ...
Again tolls the bell.

Melancholy.
Sad.
Tearful I'll admit.

One Fewer now our Brotherhood,
Though Stronger we still get.

We guard 111's growing fame, as
Three Warriors guard The Wall of Names

And I ask in wonder now ...
Who will take Life's Point?

Does it matter he held back the clashing tide
Crashing against perimeters wide?
Or led us safely through the fracas night
Though death but a misstep away?

Or how he survived when brothers died,
Their blood still fertile in foreign ground?

Then came home to hostile hoorahs ...
Learned to keep silent 'bout those other days.

A wife.
Kids.
Grandkids too.
All in all ... a good life.

By day, his family, work and play.
By night ... he dreamt of dark mêlées
When danger slammed the wire and
Rockets streaked the clouds.

And now he's dust and will fade away,
Awaiting the next to come his way ...

Fearing the answer
I ask again in wonder now,
Who will take Life's Point and
Lead us toward inevitable light?