

The Bagpiper

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The bagpiper's call echoes out across the field
A tribute played during this last final moment
We now lay to rest this man that we must yield
Amazing Grace was beautiful they would comment

There in the far distance he stands at attention
No one attending knows who this bagpiper might be
But he played for all there a stirring rendition
With his sharp uniform in its own Scottish colors

God has touched this man's heart and he believes
He came to pay his last respects and honor today
For this warrior he plays a tune before he leaves
They'd both been in Vietnam and held the VC at bay

We all were warriors who'd served time in that war
Some had volunteered to go they had served as cops
Defending bases there away from their homes so far
They defended everyone and they were all crack shots

I write this poem to honor my friend and a brave man
He survived our war and he came home to become a cop
His town was lucky to get this warrior who never ran
He was a cop in both war & peace he was always on top

He's also a poet here and helped talk me into writing
He's my friend and a brother Air Force augmentee cop
His knowledge is so vast and he's always enlightening
He is Howard Yates and he's called "The Kilted Cop".