

The Weary Victor

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The battlefield was cratered and scorched barren;
nothing would grow there for a generation.

The warrior lifted his eyes to the heavens in search of something
not of this battle.

A flock of birds winged lazily, indifferent to what men had
wrought against men below.

*Oh to be a bird . . . and
wing away from forever memories of this day, the weary victor
prayed.*