

Words of a Fallen Friend

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Struggling to stand, a simple task
Raise your right hand, salute
Tears swell your eyes, sorrow for those who sit uncaring
Anger for those who will not teach the bitter facts

The mind's eye sees those boys from his past long gone,
hears their laughter, their cries of pain,
Lives, their dreams of hope unfilled
The stories, what could have been, what should have been.

What did you do granddad, back in the day?
The day, long and hot,
the nights, cold wet horror filled,
the terror, constant never ending.

Pictures carried in our minds, hearts, and soul
Far off places, of friends, of enemies
All neatly sorted and stacked
tucked away behind those locked doors.

When the pipe plays and the drum sounds,
faces come again.
Fathers sons cousins friends strangers.
Parading in silence unseen but by you.

The clatter of hooves on the ground
Report of the muskets salute.
Silent footfalls and the rattle of swords
Who will stand for you?

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