

Angel Most High

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Is there a comrade fallen whose death is unworthy to mourn?

Is there a coward who shirks his duty, whereas another dies in his place, not worthy of scorn?

Yet a battle flows here and there like fickle wind, inevitable as tide, as does the mindset of a warrior: Valor. Coward. Self-shamed to actions seeking Grace from peers and Will to stand between them and death.

Sad the body fails to heed the mind's will...or the mind falters in fear to direct strong body.

Rain freely falls upon the wicked and the saint.

The storm has long passed.

Its shadow stained the soul and lingers still...moist like dew fresh upon aging warriors remembering their youth.

The spirit prevails.