



*Hallowed Fields of Languor*  
*"Let War find another field to*  
*whittle names on wooden crosses..."*  
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## **Hallowed Fields of Languor**

*KIA, LOD, POW\*MIA, TBI, PTSD*

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**Oh hallowed fields of languor, where perfect meadows slumber...  
as if battlefields in waiting...  
and sentinel pines stand guard from pasture's edge to yonder distant hilltops,  
alert to legions of danger--what powers do you wield that captivates our  
nurturing spirits so?**

**Dawn's azure skies spill liquid-amber light through reborn clouds, cascading  
down boulder strewn hillsides o'er fields of gentle swaying dandelions. Forest  
scents waft on crisp morning breeze, souging treetops where eagles survey  
their domain in search of mountain lake fish. And all the while, prancing  
whitetail fawns, with silky reddish coats and dappled white spots, hopscotch  
meadow's checkerboard pasture of light...leaping from cool-shadow blotches to  
dancing-isles of teasing warm sunlight.**

**How sweet tranquility...**

**pity the poor soldier who lives for the next second.**

**Pray the battle comes another day, another year--or not at all.**

**Let nature cry joy o'er this virgin field of innocent life...and no one  
ever apply Lincoln's immortal words to this peaceful valley:  
*"The world will little remember what we say here, but it can never forget what  
they did here."***

**Let war find another field to whittle names on planted wooden crosses...  
and there be no immortal words for the world to remember; save the beauty of  
this sacred heavenly valley of flowers, souging winds, soft fragrant green grass,  
where peace abides...mortal spirits are renewed...and seeds of distress are  
neither ploughed nor sown, nor reaped in dreadful harvest... evermore.**