

The Little Boy
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The Little Boy

He stands so tall and bold
a soldier of the war
but deep inside his courage fades
the wound his mind must bore.

He's still a little boy
though in age he is a man
a task in which he must now face
a gun held in his hand.

"I'm not a coward," he proclaims
"But I am not a man, a little boy
resides in me, why can't you understand."

His nation is in need of him
their pride is on the line
the courage they demand of him
is more than he can find.

He's sent off in a hurried rush
no man to heed his cry
now he lies beside the ground
a tear filled wretched eye.

He dispenses one last breath of fate
and slowly drifts away
so quiet on the battlefield
that bloody war torn day.

I wrote The Little Boy poem as a 14 year old in 1985. I visited Washington, D.C. in 1987 and had planned to place this at The Wall of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, The Wall but forgot it in a drawer at home. All these years I've wanted to thank the servicemen who have fought for our country. I having lost my grandfather in ww11, long before I was ever born. My children are young, and I fear that some day they may have to go to war. I do not long for a day when that might happen and truthfully I would do anything in my power to keep them safe, but I also want them to understand that many have gone to war to keep us safe at night. I'm very grateful for the opportunity to have been born in the United States and to be so young as to not have seen the pangs of war myself. Thanks to all of the servicemen who have given their bodies and soul for my family and each of us here.

Lynette Bachert