

A Warrior's Soul

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So softly as they play, heavenly harps so far away.
Gossamer wing angels, singing quietly by the staircase to heaven.
Jungle warriors on their God given journey into eternity.
No wrongs, no rights, just battlefield casualties on a heavenly flight.
Their fight is over, glory be, for their body is
gone, but their soul, like an eagle, soars on,
and forever remembered on that black, granite wall.
Heroes, one and all!

Jackie R. Kays

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