

This Hallowed Wall

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As I stand near this hallowed wall,
my thoughts drift back to the men
and women, who gave their all.

Of a place and time now forgone,
but not forgotten in anyway.
Where bullets, mortars, grenades,
and land mines were the tools of the day.

Of young men and women,
who's youth fell to the bloody call.
To all those who returned, and
die a little each time they experience
a visit to this hallowed wall.

As time marches on, may new generations
visit this hallowed ground and realize the sacrifice
that each man and woman has laid down so that the Red,
White and Blue will never, ever touch the ground.