Poem: What victory?

What glory?

What deeds greater than the final outcome?

We have sowed their foreign soil

with our blood...

Buried youthful wounded bodies in the land of the free...

heard the words "On behalf if a greatful nation..."

Which was not greatful

Not caring

and not there for us.

Would we do it again?

Would they do it again?

Are we stronger from the lessons learnt?

Some fell by and by

Some fell from the sky

God caught their souls in his hands.

Don Poss

(c) 2012

Thank you,

Don Poss

Sent from my iPhone