

A POEM WORTH READING

He was getting old and pauncy
And his hair was falling fast.
And he sat around the Legion
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war the he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done.
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, everyone.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales became a joke.
All his buddies listened quietly
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we hear his tales no longer,
For ol' Bob has passed away.
And the worlds a little poorer
For a Soldier died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of like.

He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing
'Tho a Soldier died today

When politicians leave this earth
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories,
From the time that they were young
But the passing of a Soldier
Goes unnoticed and unsung

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary person
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve their country
And offers up his life?

The politicians stipends
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that they give.

While the ordinary Soldier,
Who offered up their all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his every waffling stand?

Or would you want a Soldier--
Their home, their country, their kin,
Just a common Soldier,
Who would fight until the end.

They are just a common Soldier.
And their ranks are growing thin,
But their presence should remind us
We may need their like again.

For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do them honor
While they are here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give them homage
At the ending of their days.

Perhaps just simple headline
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."

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