

“Reflections of a Hero”  
Hannah Vasil

The mirror may reflect a normal face  
We see ye and spot bold members of crews.  
From Bunker Hill to the Pearl Harbor base,  
Thee said it was *a job ye had to do*.

Longing for home, ye art full of yearning,  
As thou splashed on *bullet ridden beaches*.  
Thy lone eyes hast seen *nothing but burning*,  
Keeping us free is not beyond thy reach.

Love of our country has never abashed,  
Letters from thy home rush to other lands.  
Sweet smiles sweep the grand nation as tears splash.  
*The Star Spangled Banner* flew on French sands.

Roses fall on the graves of soldiers gone,  
May thou be blessed from the past and thereon.