

“Lone Soldier Standing Proud”

by: Julia Johnson

A lone soldier stands proud, bearing a grin

Carries his water in a silver canteen tin

Promises his family they will see him again

Writes them tear soaked letters written in pen

Just to know he was safe was all they asked

Prayed everyday leaving their hopes unmasked

It was when he was left there in Iraq that his courage was too

It was liberty, justice, and freedom that flew

When brilliant bold colors explode in the air

A reminder to all that this soldier was there

He was pushing us further to freedom's bright light

He was clutching his frozen gun in the dead of the night

Hearing the cries of war made him go out there

Made him understand for his country why he must care

It was this unselfish act of beauty

That made this soldier carry out his duty

At the gates of freedom does a lone soldier stand proud

A grin spread for he knew what he had so long ago vowed

Now a star represents him, soul and all

Before the ground stands a monument vast and tall

Every man of war should be honored this way

Should be given the grace and benefit of Memorial Day