

The Fallen Soldier

by Karen Sponaugle

Silent white sentinels stand aloof
Lives lived and ended they stand as proof
The sadness of faces as they come and go
With flowers, prayer, and perhaps a memento

I walk in the silence and survey the land
Looking for the name of one lone man
He died as he lived protecting his home
This great land of freedom no more to roam



He wore the flag that day with pride
With taps in the wind for one last ride
And then there was silence before in the air
Twenty-one shots were raised in his honor with prayer

We rose as he descended to his last resting place
Remembering his gentleness with a smile on my face
The comfort in knowing at peace he will be
He sacrificed his life to protect you and me.