

To Soldiers

Why do they call them losers here?
What did they do to gain that name?
They went with grief, with utmost fear
To play the unwinnable game?

These soldiers knew not what death was,
Had only heard of its cold grip
Which leaps on one with great nonplus
As he lets his careful guard slip.

Yet still they ran toward freedom's call
Which beckoned forth their loyal hearts,
Whether big, little, short, or tall,
They came from all the nation's parts.

They came to give the thing they own
To those who wish but can't possess:
Liberty and hope to be grown
In far lands, so cries would be less.

Yet freedom's foes wouldn't give in,
Though battered again and again.
They stole the promised hope within
The people, but not from these men!

These men stayed true to duty's cry
They didn't flinch from hostile fire
These men never did weep, nor sigh
Though the rivals' feet stole higher.

Why do they call them losers here?
What did they do to gain that name?
For they gave their lives without fear,
And won the unwinnable game.

By Rachel S.