

Endless Their Column

Shadows slowly walking,
Endless their column
Searching "The Wall"...
With mood so solemn.

Seven traveled together
To 'The Wall' that day —
Marine Corps brothers,
Who fought far away.

We struggled in silence,
Each did their best —
First light of morning,
We joined the rest.

The "Statue of Three"
With vigilance guard —
A hallowed Memorial
Dark, cold and hard.

The Directory pages,
Ragged and torn —
We looked for names
And a place to mourn.

Names etched in Granite
Sealed now by fate —
Ignored by their nation,
Honored too late.

Down sloping path,
From shallow to deep.
Grief long suppressed,
And eyes start to weep.

Searching for meaning
After all these years —
Names retrieve feelings,
Heavy with tears.

Questions unanswered,
Brought to The Wall —
Was there a purpose?
Why did they fall?

Shadows slowly walking,
Endless their column,
Searching The Wall —
Each face solemn.

Memory of screaming
After incoming blast.
Pain of the present
Blurs with the past.

As Survivors, we see
Names of our dead —
Why were *they* killed,
Not *me* instead?

Who was responsible?
Who was to blame?
We returned home,
Nothing ever the same!

MIAs have vanished,
Impossible to trace.
Over 56,000 died
Agony on their face.

Warriors in COMBAT
Answered the call.
All Gave Some and
Some Gave Their ALL.

To safeguard FREEDOM
And ready to fight —
Forward they charged
With all their might.

Does anyone care?
Does anyone cry?
Brothers now fallen,
So young to die.

Help me understand,
With feelings so numb—
Who are these people?
Why have they come?

Shadows slowly walking,
Endless their column —
Searching The Wall
Ever so solemn.

Arms around each other,
Close to The Wall —
The image reflected,
Our deep wounds raw.

Thankful to those,
We came to hail —
Examples of sacrifice,
Let us NOT FAIL!

Beyond this stone panel
Symbolic of Death —
Their missions continue,
Without mortal breath.

Oh, God, we grieve
Losing brave men —
NEVER let us repeat
This tragedy again.

The Wall has meaning,
A lesson to gain —
For wisdom is born,
Buried in pain.

Cruelty and greed,
Are seeds of all war —
'Let Victory be Peace',
Before there is more.

'Welcome Home, Brother'
Came a friendly tone —
Then heartfelt embrace
From stranger unknown.

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