

The Wall

**I was way to young
When my father was flung
To a conflict and a war in a far of land
In the streets they cried, for the war to be banned**

**When he came back
Zipped in a cold, black, plastic sack
His casket was marched by
As me and mom, stand and cry**

**Many years have finally past
The peoples hearts have changed at last
A polished Wall was finally built
By a generation full of guilt**

**As I stand with my hand on the Wall
The tears well up and I bawl
Seeing my fathers reflection, in the polished stone
To be my fathers son, I have grown**

**I see my image in the Wall
My uniform crisp as I stand tall
To serve my country I answer the call
With honor and pride I stare at the Wall**

**Now off I go, to war in a far off land
My brothers and I to lend a hand
Friends and family wish us well
As politicians argue and historians dwell**

**With courage and honor I will defend
For a peoples freedom, we fight till the end
And if in combat I should fall
I wonder for me, will there be a Wall**

by; Kurt Gray, USMC
"The Wall," for my father