

THE WALL
From Royce Clark

On a cold, black sheen of granite
Too many to recall
Are the names and the dates, and the faces
Of the men upon the Wall.
These are the fallen warriors
The young, the old, the brave
Who gave their last full measure
To a land, to a cause, to a grave.
Each had an unfinished story
Each had a song left to sing
Now all that remains are their memories
That fade like the winter to spring.
At night when the world falls quiet
And the orb in the sky grows cold
The spirits of the Wall talk freely
And I reminisce of the days long ago.
Aging years have passed since the struggle
Youth has run far away
But the Wall and the cries of battle
Return like the sunrise each day.
Someday when the last soldiers fallen
And the last flag drapes the last grave
The Lord up above will say, "Welcome home"
And the wall will at last fade away.