

"Once a Year"

Once a year upon this day,  
Some people pass across my way;  
Scents from flowers in their hands;  
A few will stop and briefly stand.  
For a moment they will gaze--  
As sun pours down its golden rays--  
Upon the cross above my head  
Which marks the place I keep my bed.  
Left to right inscription reads  
Of time I gave in country's needs:  
Deeds of valor on report;  
And length of days by war cut short.  
By my country I was sent,  
And for my people I was spent:  
I gave all so they would know  
A place of refuge free of foes.

As they turn and walk away  
I wish out loud one thing to say:  
"For your freedom--life did give--  
--Honor me with how you live!"

TRH  
11/11/16