

The Epitaph of an Ended Youth

Dust to dust and house to house
He's old now for his age.
The weight of the world rests in his pack,
The very one he has gone to save.

Not long ago he was just a kid
Only his future lay ahead.
But fate has played its ugly hand
And now he walks between the dead.

It's not enough to thank this man
And there's no way to repay the debt we owe,
It's for us he wades the rivers of blood
And for us he chose to go.

Remember him, every day

Poem by Doug Bennett