

THE LAST RIDE

As the flag-draped wooden box slid down the ramp

The drizzle slightly dampened its vision

It was a dark, bleak early morning

My eyes were blurred, hours of bawling, heaving

Dried tears on my face and clothes

My little ones holding tight

With looks of fear emanating from their eyes

Bewildered as to what was to happen

Soldiers, soaking wet, stood like statues

Never moving, showing no emotion

Doing their duty

The flag was gently folded in perfect form

Given to me as a gift

Whispers of thank you

I stood, unmoving, frigid, timorous

I was vacuous, no one could have stirred me

Why did he go?

Why him?

I am a widow