

C47431324

Perhaps INK Permanent

Across bare wrist or chest.

Candidate denude

Reviewed

Branded like a Jude.

(Hass)

How surreal

My number serial

By country club denied

Yet Mother Democracy must be paid her price.

Sons exchanged for votes.

Blood is the bond

Forever Green be thy note.

Presented prize before L'miral and Les Generaux

Projected un soldat professionnel.

Exiled from Esprit de Corps.

(Coup de Grace)

Failing the Centurion, Vitis on hand, silver in hair

The Optio, protector of eagle, legion hair.

Stripped of his Hastile.

(Hoc est bellum)

Hero Byronic

Blood of Patriots and Tyrants.

Romantic, defiant mercenary

One's own Missolonghi,

Or east on roads of the burning sand.

Estranged White Man and Black Gold, along the Hejaz.

Losing the soul in the political game

Willing the gain

How far?

Living legacy be the grunts' scars

Colored red, standard issue stained

Outlasting Men of Privilege, the Butterbars

Down cleared path- glory and spoils claimed.

(Alea jacta est)

Virgin sabre rusted

Outranking the blooded, human mutts

Send the grunts to the front.

A soldier will fight long and hard for a bit of colored ribbon.

(Won't he.)

To not serve would make them victor

Exposing selfish desire- Satan's sweet nectar.

For Democracy, ideal so pure

O Mother Democracy, for the riches of thy breast I implore

From whence came everything, upon us a truthful debt.

Offering blood and spirit, what Mother Democracy accepts

From Americans, protectors of the Republic, grunts and cadets.