

5-1-1998

War

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Recommended Citation

Cantor, Stacy (1998) "War," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 5 , Article 63.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol5/iss1/63

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War

Stacy Cantor

The sign caught his eye
"Uncle Sam wants you"
He saw the stars
And the red, white, and blue

A college professor
His life seemed boring
The thought of excitement
Was all too alluring

He knew the day he came home--
All the smiles, all the glory
He would be a national hero
Everyone would know his story

So he kissed his wife goodbye
Told her it was his destiny
To go out and fight
To be all he could be

He got to the battle grounds
It wasn't quite what he had thought
Hurt people were screaming all around
Unburied dead were left to rot

They gave him a gun
Put him out on the field
Behind a dirt barrier
It was there that he kneeled

Everyone else was shooting
“Kill them dead!” “Dirty Swine!”
The teacher felt sick
All the boys seemed fine.

Suddenly a young boy near him was shot
He lay there dead, eyes open wide
Blood spattered onto the teacher’s hands
And he wondered why this poor boy had died

A minute later a soldier gasped
“Hey everyone, the old guy’s been shot”
Their attention was averted
He, too, was left to rot

But what no one saw that dreary day;
The reason the professor was shot dead
He had taken his own gun in his hand
And aimed it at his head.