

Field Of Stones

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*Many years ago, probably while stationed at **NSA**, I sat down and wrote this poem while coming up with content for the **741st MI BN**'s newsletter, for their Memorial Day edition. Since then it has also appeared in the Ocean View, DE **American Legion** newsletter, the Ocean City, MD **Veterans of Foreign Wars** newsletter, and an abbreviated version on **Poetry.com**. I thought the content was still fitting for this Veteran's Day, a gentle reminder to thank all of my brothers and sisters-in-arms who put their lives on the line in the name of freedom.*

**On this late spring day I walk through
A Field of Stones,
that go on as far as the eye can see.
And remember.**

**He was just a boy when he left,
with stars and stripes in his eyes.
And he looked to become
a fine young man,
there in his uniform,
marching off to a forest,
or a swamp,
or a jungle,
or the desert,
to fight the good fight,
and do what was right,
for his country.**

**He died at night,
or day
or twilight,
in a little battle,
in a big war,
for freedom.
The victim-his mother.
His killer-his brother.
He was, for the love of God,
a Hero.**

And now he lies

**in a Field of Stones,
as far as the eye can see.
But I remember.**