

[Warrior]  
Reagan Richter

Soldiers once stood  
Where we are now.  
Forgotten glory where  
The cryptic wildflowers grow.

The dark floods the pulse  
Of my heart when I notice  
That you have forgotten me.  
The frost kills the poppies.

Brigades knock down stones.  
The world is at your mercy.  
Say that you love me  
One last time before the roses wilt.

Those words do not escape  
Those parted lips, sharp as needles.  
Another has come. Curious  
That he has made the daffodils grow.