

I Have Been To The Wall

**I have been to the Wall
and have touched the cold granite.
Bleak in its blackness
on the wall it does stand
as a reminder of men
who died in that far away land.**

**I have been to the Wall
and have seen the deep etchings,
row upon row, column by column,
unending were the names
of those gallant young men
long since forgotten.**

**I have been to the Wall
to seek out a friend
who, in the prime of his life,
answered the call,
his name now etched in granite
there on the Wall.**

**I know not his name
nor does he mine
fore we met but a moment
in that far away land,
two ships in the night
both answered the call,
but his name alone
is etched on the Wall.**

**Does anyone remember
that carefree young man
snatched from our midst
in that far away land?**

**Does anyone remember
who knelt by his side,
who fought back the tears
the day that he died?**

**Does anyone remember
the hands drenched in blood
that cradled his head
as his life ebbed away,
there in the mud
on the ground where he lay?**

**Does anyone remember
that carefree young man
snatched from our midst
in that far away land?**

I do.

**Larry Buege
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