



To Those Who Cheer

By E. Patricia Maveety

WHAT do we know—
We who stand along the curb to cheer,
As military men, in rhythmic cadence,
March by, down the street?
We shout!
We sing the martial tunes,
Salute the flag!
But how much do we know
Of the “heroic deeds” and “glorious death”
To which we send these men?

How many of us have crawled with savage purpose
Out into “No Man’s Land”?
Or seen a “hero” die?
His body, hopes, and life
Split in a single instant
By a flying, leaden missile
Because he did not murder soon enough?

And yet
We stand along the curb to cheer—
While those who realize are silent.