

To Yearn A Bit



Across the fields of yesterday
They sometimes come to me,

Young men, hard at war;
The boys they used to be.

In my mind, I see their faces
As the memories begin.

I wonder of the men they became,
And of all the might have beens.

Through the years much has passed,
And surely I've grown older.

Yet, I sometimes pause to yearn a bit,
To be once more a soldier.

*By Garry Bowles
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