

Veteran's Day 2018



By Anna Von Reitz

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When my brothers came home
I was sixteen years old
And I didn't know why
They looked so haunted.

Now I know
The years have flown
I still see their faces
Etched with pain.

The weeds and flowers
Ramble over their graves
And the flag still waves
Over their heads.

I have to wonder what
Might have been
For all of us
For all of them.