

*With this poem I would like to more or less “bring to life” the feelings and thoughts of a “Forgotten Warrior” as he waits to be found, finally being found and identified, carried to his final destination on this earth and finally joined to the ranks of those who have gone before. What would such a Warrior say to us? What would be the thoughts of such a person? How would they react to the long awaited journey? **Sgt Pops, U.S. Army Veteran 03/08/2019***

## Final Journey

I wait upon this darkened shelf,  
Since many years ago.  
It seems I’ve been forgotten,  
But why? I do not know.

I wait for one to recognize,  
My name that’s printed here.  
And when they find my ashes,  
I will surely shed a tear.

I hear a quiet footstep,  
I feel a tender hand.  
A Veteran’s hand has touched me,  
From somewhere in this land.

I feel his heart a pounding,  
As he holds me to his breast.  
And now he’ll take me somewhere,  
Where finally I can rest.

He holds me like a brother,  
On a battlefield of yore.  
The aching feel of loneliness,  
Is it gone forevermore?

I know they have to check the files,  
To find my honor true.  
Then finally they will bury me,  
With the honors that are due.

When they found my honor true,  
My service record bright,  
They found I never “cut and ran”  
When the enemy was in sight.

They gather me, and others too,  
For one last final ride.  
They take us to our proper place,  
In the Honor Ride outside.

The motorcycles roar to life,  
The sound does thrill my heart.  
They’re called into formation,  
Before the journey’s start.

Their one wish is to carry us,  
To where we’ll finally rest.  
Like soldiers marching down the road,  
Honor is their quest.

Some salute us as we pass,  
On our journey to our rest.  
They know we served our country,  
And in combat passed the test.

We enter now the burial ground,  
Stones in formation stand.  
A row of flags now marks our march,  
And at attention stand.

Then comes the day of burial,  
Flags ripple in the breeze.  
The uniforms all sharply pressed,  
And no one stands “at ease.”

Some will honor us with words,  
And some with bugle call,  
Yet I see pain within their hearts,  
They honor us, one and all.

I hear the bell and shots ring out,  
And echo through the vale.  
The sound of Taps from bugle blown,  
Tells all a haunting tale.

Now I rest with those who served,  
In days of pain and strife.  
The honor has been paid to me,  
For the service of my life.