

I tried to write this poem as though some Forgotten Hero somewhere on a shelf in storage was speaking to us, waiting to be found and properly interred with the military honors he deserves. I only hope this will inspire others to assist in finding these "Forgotten Heroes" who deserve our assistance and recognition.

Sgt Pops, 09/18/2018

Forgotten Honor

My name's Forgotten Warrior,
I've waited many years,
For someone to come forward,
And wipe away my tears.

"Why have I been forgotten?"
"Was it something that I've done?"
I've searched down through many years,
But for answers, I have none.

I thought I did my duty,
I thought my honor true.
Why must I wait these lonely years,
For what I'm justly due?

I've heard and smelled the battle,
I've heard the dying cries.
I've held some in my aching arms,
And closed their dying eyes.

In deserts, mountains, jungles, swamps,
I've battled evil bands,
And now I cannot be caressed,
By tender, loving hands.

I've fought in battles on the sea,
With fear of sinking ships.
I've heard the cry, "Man overboard!"
From wounded, fearful lips.

I hope someday they find me,
And recognize my name.
I only ask for just reward,
I ask no one for fame.

Am I a Forgotten Hero,
That someday will be found?
I wonder when the day will come,
That they place me in the ground.

I don't think I'm a hero,
Just a warrior on a shelf.
But someone has to help me,
I cannot help myself.

So, someday they will find me,
Where they'll take me I don't know.
But where they take me I will rest,
I will not tell them "No."

Others wait on these same shelves,
Waiting for the hand,
That reaches up with kindness,
Representing all the land.

We all did what we knew was right,
We held our honor true.
We only wait for one to come,
And grant us what we're due.

Sgt Pops
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