

Few people ever realize the role of the wife of a warrior in the life of both the warrior and their family. How much do they really do to help alleviate the agony and loneliness of the one they choose to love? What do they give up of themselves and their own desires for their spouse and family? Do they get the thanks and recognition they deserve? If their husband dies before them, does anyone claim their remains for burial? How must they feel if after a life of sacrifice they are abandoned in death and not properly honored, stored on some mortuary shelf or common crypt in a cemetery? Sgt Pops, US Army Vietnam, Class of '67

A Widow's Tears

The widow's tears fall silent,
In the night upon the shelf.
She waits with those she does not know,
And cannot help herself.

Her thoughts are of the man she loved,
So many years ago.
Her soldier marched away to war,
What he saw, she can't know.

Her thoughts are of the man she loved,
In spite of inner pain.
She saw the times his thoughts would turn,
To friends in battle slain.

She tried to share his agony,
To ease his tortured mind.
When sometimes nothing else would help,
A kiss was what she'd find.

She thinks about the years they had,
The trials and the joys.
The quiet moments in the dusk,
And days with children's noise.

She thinks of visits with their friends,
And families here and there.
Yet there were times of agony,
That were very hard to bear.

The days of joy and happiness,
Seem now so far away.
How long she waits to reunite,
There is no way to say.

Many friends were warrior's wives,
They shared the same old pain.
Their warrior husband's minds were tied,
To those in battle slain.

She saw the scars upon his flesh,
And knew his tortured mind.
She loved him deeply, day and night,
Tried always to be kind.

Then came the day he left in death,
The pain was hard to bear.
This moment with the one she loved,
She couldn't truly share.

Later came the day she passed,
No one to give her rest.
And so she wonders on the shelf,
Did she not pass the test?

She gave her all in work and love,
Yet now she waits alone.
She only waits to be with him,
Beneath a marble stone.

Finally now the day has come,
For her to hear the call.
She wipes the tears from her sad eyes,
And stands up, straight and tall.

She hears the sound of marching men,
She hears the drum and fife.
Her heart now trembles at the sound,
As if returned to life.

They gather her and form a guard,
For Honor is her due.
They carry her to where she'll lay,
Formed up now, two by two.

Her warrior husband stands beside,
And claims the honors true.
"These honors given me before,
I now give them to you."