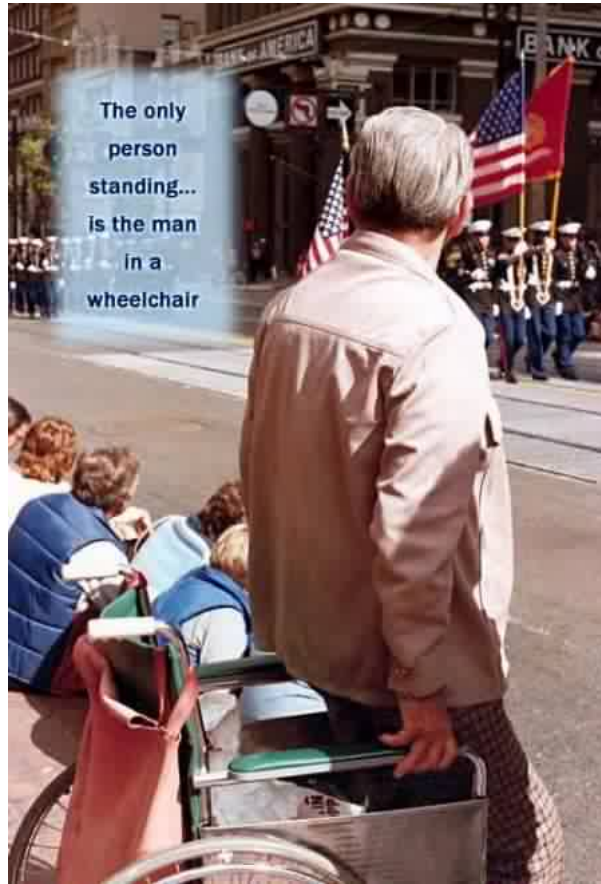


# The Only One Standing



## *"Soldiers Like Him"*

Although his hair was graying and his legs weren't strong,

His heart was powerfully full of Patriotic song.

He had pride for his Country, the same one for which he'd fought,

Laying down his life, so Freedom could be sought.

When others began to stare, it changed his mind none,

For he had earned the right; he had carried the soldier's gun.

With his shaky right hand, he applied it to his chest,

Stood as straight as he was able,

His pride for Nation was above the rest.  
He had crawled through the mud, on his belly so cold,  
To protect Old Glory, while she flew so bold.  
Each star and each stripe, waved forever in his mind,  
And his wheelchair carried the results, of a long ago land mine.  
But he mustered the strength, from a place the others would never understand,  
For he still traveled with the nightmares, of the Iwo Jima sands.  
While the others remained seated, it was he that was in awe,  
For he knew if it wasn't for Soldier's like him,  
this Nation would surely fall.

Lisa Hilbers