

Patriotic Poem

CACC Standard 1B

The American Marine!

by Sybil Shearin

He stands straight as an arrow
Dressed in Red White and Blue
His dress blues starched and pressed sharp as a tack.
America, He's heart and soul dedicated to You.

His shoes are spit shined to perfection
Like a mirror in which he can see his reflection
His gloves are white like the new fallen snow.
His rifle loaded and ready to meet his foe.

His hands are calloused
But onward he marches never missing a step.
His eyes keen like the eagles
Scouring the fields for a buddy who may need his help.

His heart is sealed from God above.
His letters written to Mom and family with love.
It's his God and his country America's pride and joy.
Standing on the carrier ready to deploy.

No one sees his hands sweat and slightly tremble.
No one sees the tear fall from his American eyes.
No one feels his heart break when a soldier beside him
dies.
Only God sees the pain the American soldier with
honor defies



He still remembers when the Twin Towers fell.
He still remembers the American Liberty Bell.
He still remembers "In God We Trust"
He still remembers Saddam's dungeons and mass graves called
prison cells.

He remembers Mom's apple pie each Sunday at noon.
He remembers the ball games and rock and roll tunes.
He remembers Ole Glory there will never be another.
He remembers saying goodbye to his baby brother.

He will fight with honor with his blood spilled upon the hot
burning sands.
He will dig down and live in the fox holes called the very pits
of hell.
He will fight in swamps, jungles or in the dusty desert lands.
He is the American soldier with trigger cocked who will soon
bid this war farewell!