

# Patriotic Poem



# Freedom Flies in Your Heart Like An Eagle



by  
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Dusty old helmet, rusty old gun,  
They sit in the corner and wait –  
Two souvenirs of the Second World War  
That have withstood the time, and the hate.

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Mute witness to a time of much trouble.  
Where kill or be killed was the law –  
Were these implements used with high honor?  
What was the glory they saw?

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Many times I've wanted to ask them –  
And now that we're here all alone,  
Relics all three of a long ago war –  
Where has freedom gone?

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Freedom flies in your heart like an eagle.  
Let it soar with the winds high above  
Among the spirits of soldiers now sleeping,  
Guard it with care and with love.

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I salute my old friends in the corner,  
I agree with all they have said –  
And if the moment of truth comes tomorrow,  
I'll be free, of By God, I'll be dead!

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