

The Forgotten Soldier



He had come home
from the war
And no one around to
run to him
And just like the battle
he fought
Not a soul around to
comfort him

He had gone to the
Salvation Army
In seeking a meal and
bedding
And there were others just
like him
Kind of knowing where they
were heading

To a town that had no pity
And no love for a
forgotten soldier
He spent the rest of his life
in squalor
Withered away and grew
much older

Rachel Ann Lavin

**P.O.Box 16301
Pgh, PA. 15242
(412) 921-3694
(Calls & Letters
Welcomed)**