

Changing Colors by Howard Brockhouse, 2008

I have never served in a war as you know it,  
I come from a generation, who has yet to live a war,  
Although The Long War has just began,  
And yet I am repentant - yearning to thank you.

I am unworthy to be grateful to you for your service,  
You gave to those you did not see,  
You received not from those you did see,  
And yet I am embarrassed - shaking my head.

Your reality is death and/or its narrow escape,  
Your death may be your escape,  
Or your life may be your death,  
And yet I am jealous - seeking your justification.

The wife and children you saw on the battlefield in the dark years,  
These are the ones I have in my home each night,  
You saw them with the covers pulled over tight, prayers, kissed good night,  
And yet I am inspired – dreaming of your honor.

Freedom taken for granted may pass like the wind,  
Your call for help may have ended your prayers,  
But my call for hope just begins my prayers,  
And this I believe is our bitter sweet reality.

Eternal joy beams constant within the blue eyes of my oldest girl,  
Final victory rests deep inside the brown eyes of my youngest girl,  
My boy's eyes are still changing; perhaps these alternating colors explain it best,  
Some are grateful to serve, others are not even thankful when served.

I, for whatever reason, believe you fought and died for both of them,  
That just before your fate you saw the joy and the victory,  
You saw their constant blues and browns waving in the wind,  
And, of course, you saw the Changing Colors tossing along.

I hope you pray for those who forgot to pray for you,  
And, in the end, this is what joins us together.