

## Ode to Honor



Honor.  
The only thing you keep.  
As an infantryman  
I disdain stylistic verse  
Shows of emotion  
And pretension in all forms  
But an image reemerges  
The silhouette, the sound  
A flash, explosion  
A projectile grows larger  
As if it were a 1980s arcade game  
But no points float in the air  
Only a man falls to the ground lifeless  
A terrorist certainly  
But by no mistake a man  
He comes back every night  
His family asks me why  
I have no answer...  
Though I've done no wrong  
I feel such sorrow  
Why should he hate me  
Why should I kill him  
I don't know

But the men in my truck  
Are still here  
Finding their way home  
Updating the world about Cowboys  
Seminoles, Giants and Lions  
Of friends lost lovers gained  
I was there when they needed me  
I will always have that  
It helps me sleep  
I may feel sorrow  
But I have no regrets.

—Capt. Joe Miller, Infantry  
October 2012