

Scattered Soldiers



The towers trembled, burned, and fell,
America sought revenge,
And scattered soldiers here and there,
To find the evil men.
We said the cause was just and right,
The world nodded “yes,”
We scattered soldiers here and there,
To end the terror threat.
Attack Al Qaeda’s network first!
Then weaken the Taliban’s grip!
By scattering soldiers here and there,
To decapitate their leadership.
The further tactic to embed,
And win the villagers’ hearts,
By scattering soldiers here and there,
Did “counterinsurgency” do its part?
When all else failed we nation built,
Considering the battle won,
By scattering soldiers here and there,
And hoping peace be done.
As time went by our nation tired,
Butter more important than guns,
We scattered soldiers here and there,
As the nation’s interest set like the sun.

“Is the nation safer?” an American asks,
For we have fought for a dozen years,
With scattered soldiers here and there,
And “victory” not so clear.
Our nation calls our very best,
To fight and sometimes die,
While being scattered here or there,
To preserve our way of life?
I buried a soldier yesterday,
And cried when Taps was played,
We scattered his ashes here and there,
I prayed for a better day.
In 2014 the horizon looms,
Our troopers beckoned home,
But how many soldiers will we scatter,
To meet the future unknowns?
As history reflects on all we’ve done,
What will our judgment be?
For scattering soldiers here and there,
To help make others free.

—Col. (Ret.) Dwayne Wagner, U.S. Army
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