

"Never Rare"

Jenny DelVecchio

March to the fields we all know,  
Walk to see friend and foe.  
And so we meet,  
With lead and steel we shall greet.  
As the tired sway and weary fall,  
With our talk as heaven calls.  
Some lay for their grassed bed,  
While others stand, hands painted red.  
At ends time we all just stare,  
No matter the sight 'tis never rare.