

## First Place Sixth Grade

# *Veterans Are A Godsend*

*Written By: Kaci Rose Goldberg, April 2018*

A sky black with smoke blankets happy blue  
In which planes carrying explosives meant to stop a heart from beating flew  
Torture devices loom over the heads of all who are free  
While sniper bullets lodge into bloodstreams like the sting of a million bees

Yet amidst the screams of agony and sorrow  
Golden hearts beat with a hunger for tomorrow  
They never want to die themselves, never want to kill  
Though the prospect of a peaceful future pushes them forward still

Veterans are a godsend, a miracle to call our own  
Made of the same tough materials from which their protective clothing is sewn  
Without these angels standing on two feet, when every American closes their eyes  
They will worry about forever waiting to wake up, their beautiful life never getting a reprise

But across the seas small voices shout  
For their parent's footsteps to once again come about  
If only they knew that even in a life without a paternal figure they can say  
That they are fortunate to have such courageous people providing certainty to see the light of day

Veterans are a godsend, a miracle to call our own  
Brave beyond brave, still longing to cross the threshold of home  
Yet they know that if on this battlefield they take their final breath  
The loved ones left behind remain a long way from death...

