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Why--

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**Why—
John A. Gladden, Sr.**

I am a veteran
I was not wounded, nor killed
nor captured -
why then do I cry
when I see a comrade in arms
buried

He was a brother -
and he is gone
why do I cry -

I was there
but I came back.
I am safe and prosperous now
and my brothers are dead
or missing
or worse

Today they buried another.
A comrade in arms - who did not return
and it has been ten long years
now -

Why do I care
why do I cry -
I cry for the missing and the dead
and the wounded . . . as well as the living
who have known war -
I cry for them all because

save for the grace of God
there go I.

Why do I care - why do I cry . . .
I was there - I have known some of the fear
the same fear that he met
and stayed with . . .

I cry for the deep loving thought
written on his stone - one who
stayed with fear . . .
one that could have been me.

And the stone says -
Here rests in honored glory
a comrade in arms -
known but to
God.