

# Toy Soldiers

by Tom Frazier

Toy soldiers count their cadence  
on a foggy Monday morning of fall—  
up and down uneven sidewalks;  
road guard out;  
dogs barking, trailing close behind;  
breakfast lights and curses  
at “them damned college kids”—  
but on and forward they set in their heels,  
fighting away fear soon gone,  
challenging enemies yet to be  
to meet them at the corner  
before reversing direction for the trip home.  
They march. They count loudly  
to the moon and sing group songs  
about Jody’s having their “gal and gone,”  
gung-ho, young, “being all they can be”  
until the real world calls them back  
to breakfast in the campus dining hall.