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The Naked World Max Kligerman

The battalion stands ready next to the aging cherry tree, The last blossom clings to the branch in desperation Our banners are raised towards the heavens And flutter in the wind. We unsheathe our swords, The blades thirst for the taste of blood. We chant our battle cry. Slowly and quietly at first, But soon it engulfs the entire valley.

We rush forward, But our numbers are too few. Soon we are surrounded, And our fates are sealed. But we don't retreat. We can't. This is our duty, Our karma, Our path.

With death impending, I have no fear. For pain disappears quickly, And tears fade, But glory and honor remain forever.