

Many years ago I heard the adage, "When someone gets something they didn't earn, someone else earned something they didn't get". This adage has stuck with me and has been coming to mind more and more often each time I see or hear the plight of another soldier who has been maimed, killed or suffering from a brain injury. These men and women get so very little praise or even awareness from the vast majority of our country that I was moved to write this poem. I'm an engineer who worked in the defense industry rather than serving in the military. It was important work but there was a world of difference. I worked all day engineering F4 aircraft without any one ever shooting at me.

Owed to the Life of the Soldier

Curt Vevang

You saved our freedom by going to war.

I worked and partied and stayed on our shore.

I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.

You fought in the war. Life's not at all fair.

You were killed one day, by a road side bomb.

I'm here in the states in the peace and calm.

I have the freedom that you've earned for me.

Your life has ended. I'm happy and free.

I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.

Your home is a box. Death's not at all fair.

You lie there in pain, confined to your bed,

fragments of shrapnel entombed in your head.

What price did I pay for all that I got?

A pebble of sand compared to your lot.

I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.

You lie in that bed. War's not at all fair.

I have my freedom which I didn't earn.

You paid the price and got nil in return.

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