

# The Unknown Soldier

by: Edith Robbins

Grand Island Warrior Writers, 2018

I am from the fields of war. I marched with Genghis Khan; I marched with Napoleon in Russia. I was wearing the Grey, I was wearing the Blue. I am from the sands of Iraq; I am from the battle at the Golan Heights. I am from the ruins of Berlin, from the streets of Aleppo.

I am from the heavy rifle I shoulder, from the helmet which protects me, from the boots which walk me through this world.

I am from the rules of war, from the orders to obey without questioning them. I am from hunger and thirst. I am from the exhaustion of war.

I am from the violence of war. Friends have left me, one by one. I am from the fear that sticks in my throat. I am from the march to the front line. I am from the bullet that kills me.

I am from the field of glory; I am from the field of defeat. I now know it is the same field.

I have no name.