



## A Reunion With Old Comrades

It was a gathering for the 50<sup>th</sup> year  
Some old soldiers on meeting after such a long time shed a tear  
"Giddy ya ugly bastards, have a beer"  
Far different from today's political correctness, I fear

Smiling faces, strong embraces and excitement said it all  
To be again with old comrades, one and all  
No matter the genes or religion, be it yours or mine  
All were beloved brothers who had stood the test of time

Was it so long ago when we did dare  
In dense jungles, snow- capped mountains and every bloody where  
When we dreamed of distant tomorrows and loved ones so far way  
Tonight as we reflect, it seems such thoughts were only yesterday

Then as the Gathering grows, it makes you feel so young  
To hear again the laughter and familiar songs we sung  
Recalling the funny times despite those terrible days so grim  
The joy of joshing old mates for past mischief, especially him and him

The warmth in a friendly arena; no more the fiery deafening blast  
No cruel metal, whirring, buzzing, humming; there's silence at last  
No longer the waiting game or "There's been a change of plans"  
Tonight it's "Drink your bloody beer and keep up if you can"

Now the chairs are empty and all is so quiet  
The light is fading and soon will come the lonely unknown night  
Yet always will be the memories until that final hour  
Of a powerful and noble loving brotherhood which was ours

George Mansford ©June 2015