

A soldier's war

When I went to Iraq I never knew if I would come back.

But off I went with my gun and my nap sack.

It was so hot, it was so dry.

Sometimes at night I would sit and cry.

As the bullets sped across the sky,

and I would sit and wonder why.

We were sent out there to fight for you,

to bring you freedom and justice too.

To free you from a dictator,

a man who was a world hater.

To free people the whole world through,

and make life a whole lot better for you.

By Isabella W Johnston