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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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**A September Song** 09/12,27/16

The thin thorns thrust  
Through the scored skin.  
A rubbly stubble  
Growing ever more grey  
Along Time's arrow's  
Relentless course.  
A thickening thicket  
Of entangled threads  
Erases the last vestiges  
Of long gone youth.  
Mamma's little boy  
Is there no more.

~

Yet young in years  
Of learning,  
In becoming  
A man in full.  
Am I more a Mensch  
Than any of my many  
Longfathers striving  
To live in  
Their different worlds?

~

Neither atheling nor thane.  
No fanfare for  
These common men  
From out of forgotten  
Wordlost ways  
And wave covered  
Concealed Neolithic lands.  
When the North Sea  
Was sized less,  
Lying more north,  
The Thames held hands  
With the Rhine,  
Dover's cliffs unriven,  
And Dogger was dry..  
From shifting sandy shallows  
Of Frisian shores  
To the Firth of Forth  
They followed the fallow deer  
Through forest and fen.

~

More knowledge have I,  
But debatable discernment,  
Wisdom in doubt,  
And quite possibly  
More the fool.