

The Long Fought Battle

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Civil War battle, double meaning with a battle to survive

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We marched down the steep, muddy hill, The battle long fought, had taken my will, We lost great men, fearing nothing, they fought bravely, Having food shortages, a nice meal, most were craving, The mortars continued to fire, down all around, The bloody cries of men, what a frightful sound, Our morale was dropping, no one seemed to want to fight anymore, For with our eyes, we had seen to much blood and gore, As we began to run, and accept our defeat, We heard a lone sound, the sound of a drum beat, One lone man started marching towards death, I took one second, only to catch my breath, Then decided, I was going to follow him, Marching through bullets thick and thin, I just kept marching, I couldn't back down now, I then heard a noise behind me, being so loud, Our whole unit was following, it was such a sight, Our enemies saw us and fled in fright, For our morale had grown, we could not be beat, We ended up winning, such an incredible feat.

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