

War by S. Johnson

The time came, and he slept through the reign. The other one stood and accepted his fate. "Take me now," he said. "Take me for the dead. You may take my head, but you'll never have the life I led." He walked down to the courtyard. The sun shined down. He would be welcomed home. And he knew this wasn't the end.

The one who slept would stand again.

He said, "Don't miss me. No regrets."

They tried to take the music and song, but it lives within every heart. We sing the words that'll never be forgot. Names are gone, but the story stays strong. They come again, new something to be at war with. They'll never know the power of love.

He held his head high. He said, "I lived my life. I've fought and will die, but I don't regret. I do this for love, and I hope you feel it too. Or else you'll regret how stupid the war is."

And like that, he was dead. And the other awoke, to the blazing sun, to see what had been done. And he cried as they released him. The body still there hanging in the tree. But the other one was free.