It was a hand-me down, 
bright yellow gold with 
etchings all around.

His great Grandfather gave it to his 
Grandfather, who in turn gave it 
to his Dad.

Who just before he shipped out, 
gave it to him. He shall keep it for 
a lifetime and hopefully someday 
give it to his young lad.

Its crystal face is cracked, and its 
gold chain has worn thin, but if that old 
time piece could talk, it would tell a 
tale of years gone by; The Civil war, 
World war One and Two and all the 
wars that have pursued.

Into that desert war, he carried it proudly, 
for it represented who he was and what 
he stood for.

Engraved within its golden cover, 
"Freedom at all cost!"

Now it lies silent on a field of Red, White and Blue, 
as the forlorn sound of taps echoes anew.

Dedicated to the young soldiers who have paid the ultimate 
price in Iraq and Afghanistan.