

# Studio One

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## The Wall

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## The Wall

Granite as black as the smoke of war,  
A name to touch and cry,  
An epitaph of sacrifice  
And still the question—Why?

Homage paid in special ways:  
A rose—a note—a sigh—  
Frustration wrought with anger  
That fate chose these to die.

They never asked for glory,  
Just a grave of homeland sod.  
They gave their lives for country,  
Now they answer but to God.

Could tears but wash the pain away  
And heal a nation's scar,  
That men may find a better way  
Than futile acts of war.

Pray that their death was not in vain—  
A lesson to recall:  
A future world without the need  
Of names upon a Wall.

-C. David Hay  
Terre Haute, IN