

Seventy Years Later

by Douglas S. Burdin

On the sand beaches of Tarawa,
In 1943, young Private Lance Frederick,
A foot from shore, suffers a bullet to the head
Fired by an entrenched Japanese defender.
His body is buried by crabs and salt water
No chance for his buddies to dig a hole,
He's remembered by a few back home,
Honored by a medal given to a young widow.
A teenage boy gives and receives a hundred deaths
Working a console before a large LED HD TV,
Never buried nor grieved for,
Dying and killing unscathed.
Remember Lance and this might be okay
Remember all the Lances, okay?

Douglas S. Burdin is a strong supporter of the military, especially the enlisted men and women. Based on historical study, he has written many poems on war and its impact on himself and others, which he calls "Armchair Reflections on War." One of his poems appeared in the June 2015 edition of *Scapegoat Review*. He is a retired attorney and lives in Maryland and Colorado.