

Desert Winds, Iron Hearts

by Tigran

I saw a lifetime in this zone
Bloodshed, Despair, Betrayal a tome.
Once a jewel in the tapestry of ancient lands,
Now whispers linger in the desert sands.

Two eras of war on land and sea,
Silhouetted against the setting sun's decree.
Our focus once sailed with triumphant pride,
In the final days, only exhaustion sighed.

Afghanistan, Iraq and the worlds sway,
Echoes of conquest now in disarray.
In the ruins of grandeur, where shadows play,
A ballad of resilience, as time slips away.

Marketplaces bustling, tales of traders told,
The regions might in the treasures it would hold.
Yet, in the whispers of the desert breeze,
Lies the melody of middle eastern pleas.

Hearty spirit, the echoes of war,
In the final days, where legends implore.
Iron hearts waged on the canvas of fate,
The region's destiny, sealed by the hands of the late.

In the remnants of columns, whispers reside,
The final days of GWOT, a silent tide.
A duo etched on history's page,
Desert winds, iron hearts GWOT's final stage.

Tigran is a prolific writer who enjoys writing poetry, haikus and fiction regarding his time in service with the Air Force. He is an avid traveler and explorer. When he is not writing or working, he is focusing on fitness, practicing Krav Maga or playing tennis.