



The Coffee Cooler

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Peacekeepers Resting in Peace

Poem and photo contributed by Father Theodore Bobosh and Father Ted's Blog



**The silent cannon stands vigil, watching over ranks of
silenced soldiers**

**Who long ago, laid down their arms never to pick them
up again,**

Surrendering themselves to the enemy of mankind.

**Perhaps, in fact, it laid some of them to rest,
Not where they now lay beneath the earth, but on other
ground, consecrated by their spilt blood.**

**No longer fodder for cannons, still in formation,
Arrayed on the hills in perfect lines where superiors
ordered their parade to rest.**

**Good soldiers, they obey, seemingly forever asleep until the great command to arise
when the trumpet sounds.**

**They never break formation, no longer fearing cannonball or charging horse,
Nor will they ever run, planted firmly, holding their ground as it holds them fast.**

**They have fought in their last war, which didn't bring lasting peace,
Yet, they have peace in rest undisturbed by rumors of new wars.
Insatiable death, voraciously swallowing humanity, remains the one
constant beneficiary of war, here can be seen its sting.**

In war, peace finds no victory, death finds no rest.

**Standing behind the cannon, looking over the dead who fought in war,
Their tombstones stand as if at attention, in perfect parade formation.**