

America is Me

—Luke Manuel

“This is crazy,” they all said.
But I knew why I wanted to enlist.
On that September day my eyes saw red.
America is me, and I was pissed

Three months later, the deed was done.
I had survived this place called “hell.”
One of the few: I was Uncle Sam’s son.
America is me, I will calm her swell.

The days were long and the training tough.
There were many like me, waiting on the word
(Because we are ready, to call their bluff)
America is me, and her voice will be heard.

The call had come, and we had landed.
And so far from home the battles were waged.
So many lost their lives and still remain stranded.
But America is me, and she is still engaged.

So with the days, my time was finished.
But when I die I’ll walk Montezuma’s Hall.
And my memory will never diminish.
But until that time, America is me she will stand tall.