

## **The Man With The Rifle**

Men may argue forever on what wins their wars,  
and welter in cons and pros,  
And seek for the answer at history's doors,  
but the man with the rifle knows.

He must stand on the ground on his own two feet  
and he's never in doubt when it's won.  
If it's won he's there, if he's not it's defeat;  
that's his test when the fighting is done.

When he carries the fight, it's not with a roar  
of armoured wings spitting death.  
It's creep and crawl on the earthen floor  
butt down and holding his breath.

Saving his strength for the last low rush;  
grenade throwing and bayonet thrust.  
And the whispered prayer before he goes in  
of a man who does what he must.

And when he's attacked, he can't zoom away  
when the shells fill the world with their sound.  
He stays where he is, loosens his spade,  
and digs his defence in the ground.

That ground isn't ours till he's there in the flesh;  
not a gadget, or a bomb, but a man,  
He's the answer to theories which start afresh  
with each peace since war began.

So let the wide circle of argument rage  
on what wins as man comes and goes.  
Many new theories may hold centre stage,  
but the man with the rifle knows.

Anon