



## Unknown Heroes...

Let the fever in my breast explode  
Let the curtains of nature unfold  
Let the sounds mingle in a magnificent chorus  
Don't question reasons of sorrows.  
Life's mantle is laden with disdain and hate  
Of men and rulers who simply don't hear the cries  
Those forgotten comrades and weeping widows  
Clutching bodies of loved ones in the middle of the night  
I know not why on this Saturday morning  
My mind travels down the dunes a thousand miles  
It guides my soul through streets of lands -  
    still echoing the marching of boots, the grief and pain,  
    the midnight howls and enveloping smokes  
I feel the sharp bolts of thundering pain bellowed within my body and soul  
With flags unfurled, from a tedious run,  
    the nation's tears rested on the enemy's foreign ground  
No page could ever tell the bravery or those uttered woes of despair  
If only dead people could speak from where they are  
Those nameless graves untouched by sun at times  
The sky often weeps above them where they sleep  
Angels pay tribute – sprinkling laurels on earth  
Paying homage to the real heroes of the land  
There are no holier deeds;  
There are no bitterest tears.  
There are no living stories stronger than theirs  
A myriad of unknown heroes are this world's truest heirs  
The triumph of their heroic acts will emerge from exaltation  
They take the definition of a victory so clear  
The crimson sky no longer matters  
Yet the valor still flies  
The truth that they have saved the world  
In spite of human kind.

February 3, 2001  
5:47 a.m.