**In Memoriam**

by Jessica M. Wilson

For all the dying soldiers out there;

dying to greet their own mothers’ eyes, starving bellies filled with madness.

For all the Lieutenant Colonels who said I could raise the flag in honor for those lost   
or lost,

shoveling under asphalt bridges, cellophane blankets, and street-side lullaby’s –

How a bottle of Jack Daniels can transform your love for Uncle Sam,

so cleverly pale,

with each suckle from the red, white, and womb –

an honest days’ fingers make sense to salute without ridicule,

for that gourmet liquor, they tighten the squeeze.

To my comrades who swallow so many years’ worth of penalties

to pay first-born sacrifices at the altar,

a taxation too hefty to squint at –

tolerable circumstances lead to isolation;

more left to soldier the streets of the night time lullaby.

The good remedy; even more glistening liquor

to spray onto a plaque thanking you for your service,

not left without fortunes

for you take it all without question.

Bills are drawn up with an “*I’ll pay you later*” smile.

We become circumcised when we hyper about what could be given back to us;

praise the system

and let them take it away.

Soft rewards under thin air

when the scoundrel breaks and chips off a crescent of a dollar –

and we become rich again, sign more away to our greedy uncle.

More time to sign-up without question

as time is made yours again.

Service repeats.