

## **Pointing**

**David F. Freschi**

**You had to do it. Wish it'd been another**

**A company in bad guy territory**

**A few snipers popping through the day**

**Nothing major, company moving well**

**You were tall, a little gawky**

**Glasses often askew, helmet a little loose**

**Full of humor and great conversation**

**A great "Doc"**

**Twenty-one or was it Nineteen? Whatever**

**Talking of home, a special girl, a world unrealized**

**What spirit moved your eyes that day?**

**A little off color patch of vegetation, a movement?**

**Why didn't a marine, a quick and accurate marine see it?**

**It's their job you know**

**The patch lifted, a helmet and eyes appeared**

**Eye contact made, yet you stared that extra second**

**Stared, pointed and gave the warning shout**

**Just before that round took you center chest**

**That beautiful heart crashed to a stop**

**That voice frozen around a word**

**Helping others to live**

**Didn't you know pointing isn't polite?**

**Didn't you know, I'd have to do the paper work.**

**A different spirit holds you now, heaven's grace**

**For you gave, that a brother could live. Well done**