

Baa Baa BAA!

By Robin Lipinski

Sounds of war now turn to sounds of bleating,
Men and women of our proud military have a new choice,
No longer stuck to shining brass or buffing wax floors,
When on liberty,
They can score.

Oh, to be stationed in a countryside setting,
Green pastures and fields of grain,
Relieving stress from the daily Sergeants verbal beating,
Taking a walk on the wild side is best.

Thanks to those who know best,
Those high-ranking politicians and generals,
For tonight, it is with a sheep I'll rest.

The End