



The Gimlet

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Just beneath the forest floor
sewn among the roots
There remain the last of him –
good old Moody's boots.

When he laid down there long ago,
scarcely were there trees,
just rocky, bloody soil
where in pressed Moody's knees.

The air now sweet with forest scent
so one could hardly know
that underneath that canopy
lie the bones of a G.I. Joe.

The rifled shot hit Moody square,
impacted in his chest.
His heart beat frantically within
the hollow of his breast.

Then another round came in,
hit Moody in the thigh.
Moody's rifle blazed away
as he heard someone cry –

"That man's a tough one, yes he is
Hit him twenty times or more
He kept coming at us yet
just like a Gimlet bore.

So there is seen a shallow pit
just beyond the spot
where Moody gave all he had
but mankind soon forgot.

Baptized at Cedar Mountain
or some other killing field
It doesn't really matter now
that Moody be revealed.

But washed in the fire
like those who went before
Brave lads stood their ground
For what? Peace forever more?

For many others followed him
and paid the price for peace
Laid their life upon the line
to make all warfare cease.

Well, these did not die in vain,
nor any other soul
who took the sword of righteousness
to fill that vacant hole

Where Moody gave all he could
to defend the way that's right
His boots cry out from the forest floor
"Give us peace," each day and night.

Now a Gimlet's not just any guy.
He's unusual to say the least
for he's filled the gap and held the hill
against the raging beast.

Welcome, all you Moodys
to the highest hall of fame
for those are your boots, buddy
and Gimlet is your name.