**BILLY BISHOP.**

Billy Bishop Went To War.

No Where Else To Go.

For Billy Like All Sons So Poor.

N'er E'er Was To Know.

Naught But Cannon Fodder Death.

To Die. Blind Eyes.

Torn Arms.

Legs Prey To Bombs.

Raw Touch Of Steel.

Fire. Lead.

Last Gasp Of Breath.

Of All Hope Of Ought But Such Bereft.

Mere One Of Five Ten Ten Ten Ten.

Of Senseless Dead.

Say Who Answered Sad Fickle Siren Call.

Kill For God Flag King.

Met Patriots Dark Fate. Died.

Name Now Inscribed

On Black Viet Nam Soul Parted Wall.

As Still Those War Bells Ring.

Those Harpies Of Conquest Sing.

For Billy Was. Billy Is Mort.

Billy Este No Mas.

No More.

Mere Bauble Of No Account.

To Church Crown Capitalistic Potentates..

To Feed Those Hungry Dogs Of War.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/1/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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