

## In Memoriam

Most martyrs rest in graves undraped with flowers.  
Nobody will remember when or where or how  
they sacrificed—all that was within their power—  
and so I cannot tell you now. . . .

Most martyrs rest in graves undraped with flowers.  
Beneath more storied tombs, I sense it's always true,  
lie countless other she- and heroes who  
gave equally as they were called and so,  
although well-praised the celebrated dead must be,  
this round let's toast a deeper victory.  
For deeds which otherwise remain unsung, unfurl  
the banner left too long unhung for all  
who could in life achieve no more than try their best,  
and now, at last, in graves we've draped with flowers, rest.

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