

**1<sup>st</sup> Place winner in the 2015 Edition of Short o Words (Young Author Competition)**

**Wee The People**  
**by Alex Wagner**

*(Inspired by Photo #3 – Wee The People)*

The lights go out on our display  
As dusk creeps onto theirs.  
And when shadows come out to play,  
They're met with broken stares  
Of statuettes  
With bayonets  
To keep themselves at bay.

While each and every soldier here  
Was crafted for a role,  
The ear can catch the silent tears  
That fall from stagnant souls  
Of statuettes  
With bayonets  
In envy of their peers

The one made falling toward the ground  
Will never reach the sod.  
His eyes hold, fleeing light, as down  
He falls and calls for God:  
The statuettes  
With bayonets  
Will never hear the sound.

The one who leads the mighty horde  
Like hellhounds into war  
Wishes he could drop his sword.

He envies, in his core,  
The statuettes  
With bayonets  
Who cry out for their Lord.

The young man dying in the dirt:  
Cradled by his friend.  
Their tears can't cleanse the blood-stained shirt  
Or wounds that cannot mend.  
No statuettes  
With bayonets  
Could dare to share their hurt.

A million fractured men glare back,  
But they can't truly see.  
They'll never understand the fact  
That I would kill to be  
Those statuettes  
With bayonets.  
But none of them are me.

Our envy will soon break, I pray.  
We'll turn our broken glares  
From others toward the coming day  
And in its light we'll dare  
As statuettes  
With bayonets  
To rise and walk away.