

**Those Honored Dead
Marion G. Mahoney**

**“Why do you fly the flag today?”
My grandson wants to know.
I fly it for the graveyards
Where the countless crosses grow.
I fly the flag for children
Whose fathers are a name.
A half-remembered memory
Of a face within a frame.
I fly it for the families
Of the sons and daughters lost.
They know the price of liberty
How terrible the cost!
I fly the flag for veterans
Who lost their youth in blood.
And saw their comrades slaughtered
In the carnage and the mud.
I fly it for the ones who marched
In cadence off to war
To close their eyes forever
Upon some foreign shore.
I fly the flag for grief poured out
Upon a granite wall.
The laying-on of hands that heals
The scars within us all.
I fly it for the sound of Taps—
That melancholy tune
That lays to rest those honored dead
Who always die too soon.**

