BOY PLAYING BY DRAPER PARK

We have been to the movies, my son and I,
A little boy a trifle more than three,
And the dust of the plains and the smoke of the guns
Have settled down to show a little town
Like other towns—or better still—
Where rustlers roam no more and redskins bite no dust.
"I see the horse," my small son says, "I see the horse!"
And so we walk within the park that names the Milford heroes still.
He points to that still figure on the horse.
"Is that a cowboy, Daddy, one of the good guys?"
"Yes, a good guy, son," I say and see the names—
Strawberry Plains.....the Wilderness....Knoxville....Vicksburg....
"Did he shoot all the bad guys, did he, Dad?"
"No, my little son, there were no bad guys there,
Just bad boys who tore their mother's heart
And made it bleed until they crept back within her arms."
The small boy plays a while and suddenly he backs against

The mounted hero and the quiet horse
And grimly says, "All right, bad boys, drop your guns!"
And so it was and so I write

That Lincoln, Grant and Draper and my son Michael won the Civil War

Michael Largay