



COMMENDED: MARK FLYNN

THE TINY WARRIORS

Rank upon rank they marched forward,
The loyal soldiers of an unknown king.
On and on they moved, on toward
The battlefield where their cries would ring.

As I walked along the wind-swept beach
The tiny warriors leapt from their lines,
And with tiny javelins held by each
They attacked and fell without a sign.

I searched the beach to spot my foe
But could not see a living being,
And when I turned away to go
They attacked again and sent me fleeing.

Wave upon wave they rose up crying
The battle-cry of this tiny tempest,
The rustling, whistling of the warriors flying
Allowed their foe no time to rest.

So I kept on running to no avail,
For they had cut me off from my only hope,
And they swept away my staggered trail
As I ran toward my grounded boat.

I reached the boat and there I tried
To drag it from a million hands
Back down toward the lowered tide
Where the water washed away the sands.

When from a distance I viewed the shore
The tiny warriors could not be seen,
For they had disappeared and were no more
The tiny warriors they once had been