TRUE LOVE.

As the first light shafts of dawn
Herald the birth of another morn
A figure old & dark & bent
Doth rise and sneak out from his tent
As if to keep a certain date
With Destiny.

Quietly moving o'er the ground
Head well down nor looking round
He passes as a wraith doth pass
Down the path and o'er the grass
Then vanishes between the row
Of Trucks

Then, tinkle tinkle, hear the sound
Of tool kit emptied on the ground
A shrill protest as nut is turned
And satisfies the pay as earned
For one full day of labour
In The Army

So climbs the sun in buoyant height
And falters as if in sudden fright
Of spying camp in blanket tuck
Nay, just one figure taking from a truck
Some waste with which to groom her down
And Spanners

Now thru the camp the Corporal true
Stirring cook and roosters too
[illegible]t not gray ghost o'er bumper bent
Examining for scratch or dent
In Mudguard

Comes the call 'rise and shine'
Mutterings, cursings down the line
Oblivious to all this rising heat
From neath a truck a pair of feet
Protuding

Rushing figures; noise and din
Washing face; scraping chin
But none compare the gentle stroke
Each curving wheel, each nut, each spoke,
On Vehicle

Now this doting figure moves
Tender care its love it proves
Prideful gleams a swimming eye
Love like this can never die
This Passion

"Hurry" calls the breakfast gong
A husky voice bursts into song
But the figure old and gray
Still croons and polishes away
At Paintwork

The Sgt. soars up from his seat
The meal is quickly losing heat
To the figure bathed in sweat
"You bloody old fool Bob come and get
Your Breakfast