

The Sunshine Patriot

There once was a soldier named Walz
Who, when *push-came-to-shove* had no balls;
When his unit deployed,
He stayed home and enjoyed
Getting praise instead of catcalls.

For 24 years he was paid
To learn all the skills of his trade;
Each month he played army
But proved to be smarmy
By mustering out when afraid.

Though a weekend warrior with rank
Walz' endless bravado soon shrank;
'Cause when he was needed
He quickly retreated
Like any other mountebank.

-- by Earl Holt III

