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## Persian Gulf

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Persian Gulf...

Haze filled skies which hide the blue  
Like a fog from the British Isles  
The Gulf is here but not in view  
Though the distance just a few miles

Voices echo through the air each day  
An eerie ghost-like wail  
As the city and people cease all... to pray  
They do it without fail

Autumn here? HOT!; no falling leaves  
Just sand and sticky wet  
A gecko for a pet

Living conditions, not the best  
But better than a tent  
Rooms, beds, with linen on which to rest  
Don't even have to pay rent

Not here for a vacation  
No stroll through the park  
We came to protect a nation  
Where tyranny left its mark

Under different orders we vie  
Unlike those who were the 'shield'  
We are the 'storm', protecting the borders  
So Kuwait can rebuild

We know our job, its perfectly clear  
We do it every day  
Soon we will be done and leave here  
To our homes in the USA

~ Bobby Martin 91'  
Desert Strom