

AN FBM'Rs NIGHTMARE

One night I dreamed of the dark day,
When all our missiles went away;
They left their tubes and flew on high,
To drop on cities from the sky;

I new not where the targets be,
Nor why they were, but I did see
In my mind's eye, a picture bold
Of desolation icy cold;

Of death, destruction by hell's hot fires,
And clouds of smoke in rising spires;
Then my dream turned back to me,
And our life below the sea;

Our missiles launched, we changed our course,
To home, with hearts filled with remorse;
And when we moored, in our homeland,
We were not met by crowds or band,

But by a sight which backed my fear,
As to my eye there came a tear;
For there around me everywhere,
The same destruction and despair,

As I had seen in foreign lands,
Dealt to us by human hands;
And now I know and comprehend,
That we are not here to defend;

Our duty is to promote peace,
And if we fail, the world will cease.

R. E. Neibeling