

# Baa Baa BAA!

By Robin Lipinski

Sounds of war now turn to sounds of bleating,  
Men and women of our proud military have a new choice,  
No longer stuck to shining brass or buffing wax floors,  
When on liberty,  
They can score.

Oh, to be stationed in a countryside setting,  
Green pastures and fields of grain,  
Relieving stress from the daily Sergeants verbal beating,  
Taking a walk on the wild side is best.

Thanks to those who know best,  
Those high-ranking politicians and generals,  
For tonight, it is with a sheep I'll rest.

The End