

# Soldiers Heart

By Molly Festo

She punched the punching bag, harder and harder.

She trained herself

Honed her own skills.

People around her kept saying:

"How great am I? Look at what I can do."

She tried and tried.

Her heart growing more heavy

Her body more tired

More sticky sweat appearing.

As she went to lift weights

Her body ached,

It wanted her to cry out

But she stayed quiet.

Quiet and efficient like a

Soldier

Just like her mother.

When she finished

She walked to her car

Salty tears fell like rain

Unwanted.

How great am I?

When no one is there to see, to care.