

M-1

**DO YOU WONDER WHY THAT RIFLE
IS HANGING IN MY DEN?
YOU KNOW I RARELY TAKE IT DOWN
BUT I TOUCH IT NOW AND THEN.**

**IT'S RATHER SLOW AND HEAVY
BY STANDARDS OF TODAY
BUT NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO
IT SWEEPED THE REST AWAY.**

**IT'S HELD ITS OWN IN BATTLES
THROUGH SNOW, OR RAIN, OR SUN
AND I HAD ONE JUST LIKE IT,
THIS TREASURED OLD M-1.**

**IT WENT ASHORE AT BOUGAINVILLE
IN NINETEEN FORTY-THREE.
IT STORMED THE BEACH AT TARAWA
THROUGH A BULLET-RIDDLED SEA.**

**SAIPAN KNEW ITS STRIDENT BARK,
KWAJELEIN, ITS STING.
THE ROCKY CAVES OF PELELIU
RESOUNDED WITH ITS RING.**

**IT CLIMBED THE HILL ON IWO
WITH MEN WHO WOULDN'T STOP
AND LEFT OUR NATION'S BANNER
FLYING ON THE TOP.**

**IT POKED ITS NOSE IN PUSAN,
SCREAMED AN ANGRY ROAR
AND TOOK THE FIRST DIVISION
FROM CHOSIN RESERVOIR.**

**WELL, TIME MOVES ON
AND THINGS IMPROVE
WITH RIFLES AND WITH MEN,
AND THAT IS WHY THE TWO OF US
ARE SITTING IN MY DEN.**

**BUT SOMETIMES ON A WINTER NIGHT,
WHILE THINKING OF MY CORPS,
I KNOW THAT IF THE BUGLE BLEW
WE'D BE A TEAM ONCE MORE.**

~ R.A. Gannon

Sergeant of Marines