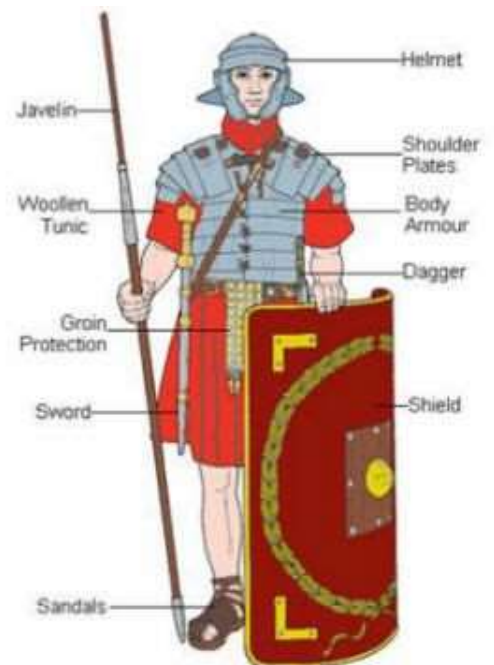


I am a Roman Soldier  
One of many who fight for Rome and for Glory  
Those Celts are not worthy  
Our army is fierce and mighty  
The world, we will rule with Strength and Honour



I am a Roman Soldier  
The sun gleams from shields slung over the backs of my comrades  
Our swords clank at our sides  
Some choke on the dust as I peer ahead.  
Celtic warriors are coming, coming.



I am a Roman soldier  
My mother's voice rings in my head,  
"Come back with your shield, or upon it."  
I wonder if my blood will be dried  
and brown on someone's feet some day.

I am a Roman soldier and I am sick of fighting.  
The army surges ahead and I watch it.  
Shimmering and moving with a rhythm.  
Thousands of blades of grass tossed by the wind.

I am a Roman soldier.

Josiah Wedgewood

