

## Once More

The uniform, the dog tags, I've seen them all before,  
But I can't, no I can't, really be sure. Does it mean,  
No it couldn't mean, that he'll leave again.  
The very thought fills my head and heart with sadness  
And dread.  
But I'm a military child.

My dad has left and soon will I, come a year's time,  
And I hate it, even if it's not the first of it's kind.  
I hate the goodbye's, the "We'll miss you cards,"  
I hate the airplanes, the long road trips,  
But most of all I hate the new schools.  
But I can't help it.

When all of it's said and done, do I get a say?  
Of course not. But it must be this way.  
For if I was in charge the world would be chaos.  
The parents would never leave,  
And I'd make my friends believe,  
That I would never go.  
But that's what we all think.

We believe that the whole world is against us,  
When it's in fact the exact opposite.  
We become more resilient with every move,  
New school, goodbye card, and deploy.  
We are stronger than any civilian child,  
Stronger with each experience.  
We have it better than anyone else.

So next time when you think of the bad things,  
Think of the good things too, because most of the time,  
They outweigh the bad. We can't help what our parents do,  
But we can help what it makes us become.

- Michaela U.