

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](#)