

**This poem is written least it happen again. It is a tragedy of lost innocence.**

### **Order Restored**

It was a calm noon day,  
mid spring in Ohio,  
rather cool,  
when we reached campus commons.  
Immediately General Canterbury  
ordered -lock and load.  
Click- rifle clips engage, lethal bullets loaded.

We form a line and march against the students-bayonets raised.  
We fire tear gas grenades, hoping to disperse.  
Slowly we retreat up then down the other side of Blanket Hill,  
a fence blocks our way.  
My commander shouts  
*“Retreat!*  
*Restore order”*

The line backs up the hill, then stops  
I look down, from on top of Blanket Hill at hundreds of furious students  
throwing angry chants,  
about 300 feet away.  
As long as a football field.

My mind screams crowd control- I know nothing of crowd control.  
I just want to go home.  
I stand, my hands trembling, holding my rifle.  
One of 77 strong,  
some guardsmen stand, some kneel.  
Rifles point in the air,  
Rifles point to the ground.  
Rifles point at the students.  
I hear the rifles crack,  
then feel my finger move.  
Students fall,  
Some to never rise again.  
Then feel myself fade away,  
never to rise again.  
This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

I, Allison Krause, stand on the student line, shouting curses,  
angry at Nixon's betrayal,  
sick and tired of this hideous war,  
watching, as if in a surreal dream, the rifles pointing.  
Suddenly a bullet pierces my left side,  
and I shout no more.  
This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

I, William Schroeder, stop, stand and stare  
at my brothers in arms amassed on Blanket Hill  
thinking of what I was taught in my ROTC class,  
the US Army has always defended this country's values and her people,  
suddenly soldiers fire and I dive to the ground.

I lie there facing away from the rifles.

Suddenly a bullet pierces my back,  
and I think no more.

This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

I, Jeffrey Miller, stand  
furiously shouting-not believing,  
troops amassed on the hill.

My hill!

This is a place of learning,  
a place to openly express ideas.

Take your tear gas, unsling your rifles and leave.

You don't belong here.

Suddenly, 12 guardsman kneel aim and fire.

I feel the bullet as it shatters my teeth,  
and I shout no more.

This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

I Sandra Lee Scheuer saunter across the lot,  
thinking of my history class,  
how the Colonists fought the British  
and died to establish our rights.

I see the assembled students  
confronting the Guard,  
and remember the First Amendment

*"...the people may assemble . . . and . . . petition . . . redress of grievances."*

Suddenly a bullet pierces my chest,  
and I think no more.

This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

If not for the action of a few heroic university professors,  
who pleaded with the students to disperse,  
screaming,  
*"They will kill you"*

The furious students would have rushed the guard,  
resulting in horrendous slaughter.

This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

America killed her children,  
and some citizens across the country even screamed  
*“The students got what they deserved”.*

Now, fueled hysteria claims its victims,  
blame is buried deep in history  
and subject to debate,  
but one thing can't be denied—  
four students are dead,  
one is paralyzed for life, eight others are shot,  
and scores of Guardsmen are scarred for life—  
67 bullets fired in 13 seconds have done the deed.

This day May 4, 1970 at

**Kent State University.**

*Bobby Bader*  
5/1/2017, 4/20/19, 4/21/19, 4/25/19, 4/26/19