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If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

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Sir

A little itty-bitty word,
But freighted
With fine or fractious fortune,
The first of a knight's
Trappings, a ritter's title
Bestowed by sword
On armored shoulders.
Same-same as ser
From the war songs
Sung of wintered Westeros.

Then through time
A twofold split...

A pacified path
Forks to entitled
Respect for gentry,
Major and minor,
Then anyone of rank.

While the military milieu
Meanders to mean
A country's commission,
Officer and gentleman.
So the orders say.

But in a sergeant's hands
The word grows bold,
Takes color and taste,
Finding various voice;
The warmth of praise,
Deference of respect,
Indifference to one
Of no matter,
Blunt contempt for all
Manner of sins.

And for the really hard try,
Followed by fall of the sky,
From an epic fail.
"Out-STAND-ing!
Sir,"

~ Gerald Alan Ney ~