**THE UNFINISHED WORK**

*For Alexei Navalny*

Soldiers shoulder their end.

Stepping forward

Raising their right hand

They see the march

May lead to their final resting place.

He boarded the plane

That his nation might live.

Like millions of his countrymen

Whose last full measure

Perished the Nazi horde.

A common sacrifice.

Nothing extraordinary

Or unique.

Nor do the fallen

Of failed colonial projects.

German, Japanese, British, French, American, and now, Russian,

(Who also gave their last full measure of devotion)

Prompt monuments.

Maya Lin's scar declares that.

So why do we honor this individual

Like his American counterpart

Shot at a Tennessee motel?

Martin at 39, him at 47,

Enjoyed more life

Than the multitude

Who never made it out of their twenties

If not teens.

Let it not be

They alone took on

The monster.

Let it not be

Their bravery proved

Rare and unavailable

To us.

Let it not be

We pedestalize them

Allowing us

To slink away.

Let it be

We take

Increased devotion.