

1 and 1/4 inches of misery

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i am a miserable and expendable foot soldier,
an irrelevant 1¼ inches in height.
i am placed at the front of the onward march;
 devoid of elaborate armor and rank,
proudly onward i march.
i can never turn back,
my eyes are forever fixed straight ahead.
my life is meaningless,
and i feel like i don't have control;
i am devoid of choices and options,
for an invisible hand makes all of my moves.
on occasion i greet my likewise miserable enemy,
>our eyes locked, ready for the fight,
 we know it's a fight to the death;
heroically, i emerge untouched,
my opponent dead on the floor.
proud, i continue my onward march,
ignorant of my past and weary of my future.
my world is small indeed,
for the horizon is not far ahead;
the end is near – and like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon,
i am transformed from my lowly status
into a powerful beast with magical powers.
from this new vantage, i look back at my meaningless march;
my world is quite small indeed . . .

*Who am I?*¹

¹ (I am a pawn moving in a chess game, becoming a rook or a queen at the end of the board.)