

## Invictus for the Army Staff

Out of the blackness it comes for me  
Wrought by a system without a soul  
Yet another tasking that comes persistently  
To quash yet another part of MY soul

A struggling victim of circumstance,  
I cannot flinch, nor cry aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
This staffer is bloody, yet unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,  
looms but the horror of the shade,  
shackled to a desk these many years,  
I remain doomed, but unafraid.

It matters not how you hit the gate  
Or escape from ARSTAFF's roll,  
The only way to change your fate  
Is to row, baby row!