You're in the army, which suits
your personality well,
and it's what you wanted to be as a kid
so that's great.
I imagine you as an army man made of plastic,
straight, stoic, and green.
You know your purpose, and you're proud of it.
Plus,
you look good in uniform.

It's a little worrisome, though.
Army men are sent to war,
and even plastic army men aren't safe in the backyard.
Sometimes the parachute doesn't open,
the dog jumps the fence,
and all hell breaks loose.
You're left with teeth marks,
impact damage and crying children.

It's a scary thought
when
I think of them as
you.