Epitaph for the Arm of Antietam

I could not see the explosion,

I could not see the musket burst,

I did not hear the bullet,

As it split me for the worse,

I only fell to the ground,

Ignored by any beast or bird or hound,

My only epitaph to be,

No tears, no misery

But science, and history.

Note: the arm is the speaker here.