

## **I Sit Alone**

© 2011 by [Jack Jobes, LM 542](#)

*Had a tough night a couple nights ago. Sat down and wrote the following.*

I sit alone at night and cry  
In my mind I ask myself why  
Was it a TV show or sad plot?  
Or the evening news telling  
Of someone being shot?

Was it memories of long ago  
Of things that happened  
Only we brothers can know?

I've been told that the memories  
Will never go away.  
Somehow that's in a way OK.

We did our job and came back home.  
And now sit nights all alone.

*Jack Jobes, Phan Rang AB, 67-68, Panther Flight*

## RESPECT & HONOR

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek](#)

I have paid my Respects and Honors here  
To all those who have fought for freedom  
They wrote a blank check to our nation

The value of this check had no limits  
The writer had promised to pay the sum  
That would be determined at a later date

But with handing over this blank check  
The writer knew what the cost might be  
He was willing to pay any price needed

For you can't put a price on freedom  
To protect your nation and its people  
That is why the check was left blank

But I can tell you this personal fact  
From having been one of these people  
And faced all the dangers involved

We all were willing to pay any price  
That guaranteed the freedom you enjoy  
Up to and including our lives for you.

*With great Respect & Honor to my fellow warriors, veterans and all who had paid for the freedom that is enjoyed today I salute and thank each of you for having signed the blank check to be paid to our nation and her citizens to protect the freedom they have always known while growing up here in America, especially those who had paid the ultimate cost for freedom with their own lives so you and your families would always live in freedom.*

## **An Agent Called Orange**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

Oh how we dread the dark of night  
When that wide door to the past is open  
Once again we return to that endless fight  
Only to awake in the morning light so lonesome

So much of our lives have been stolen  
Leaving us tired in pain so forlorn  
Cold and shaking from being locked in this dungeon  
Striking deep to the soul like a sharp thorn

Manhood robbed from us in our prime  
Sickness not foreseen from the past  
Taken by disease from the far away wartime  
Now plague us one and all till the last

As we slowly wither and fade away  
Soon to be lost from all thought  
Let us take the time to pray  
Hoping all we lost was not for naught

*Edwin J. Smith*  
*The Old Cowboy Poet*  
*Sept. 23rd 2009*

## **AMERICA! SHE'S MY COUNTRY**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek](#)

She is despised by some and she's loved by others  
She has always aided other countries when needed  
Her young sons and daughters responded to the call  
And though many call her names! She's My Country

All throughout our history we have been a leader  
In industries that helped advance all countries  
With our research & developments in medicines  
She's improved the lives of many! She's My Country

It's strange how some nations we helped reject us now  
And in some cases they have become our enemies as well  
Using the technologies we gave them for war not peace  
Then they will talk trash about her! She's My Country

Well say what you want and tell me she's just evil  
But I'll tell you this fact there is no other lady  
Who will think of others needs before her own needs  
She's strong and she's very proud! She's My Country

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**Advance Combat Training:** *Do you remember they had a simulated air base with posts and wire? Did anyone get attacked on their training nights or have a standoff?*

**AZR: A Boy Goes Off To War**

© 2011 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

In 1970 boys were training how to Kill  
Crawling under wire and over Hill.  
Weapons here, weapons There.  
Learning of weapons Everywhere

Somewhere the boy got left Behind  
And are just snapshots of the Mind.  
His voice still calls out so I turn and Stare  
To look for the boy but he's never There.

I miss that boy that left so long Ago.  
He left without ever saying Goodbye.

## **Orphan's Home**

*Nha Trang Orphanage*

© 2011 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

There was a home for orphans up the road  
So we took supplies there by truck load.  
There is a war so we take our gun. (actually weapon)  
But somehow we thought it could still be fun.  
The ride was nice and the view was grand.  
It was really great to get away from the sand.  
So many children each one here alone.  
So many children here who do not have a home.  
They loved to be held and flocked to you by the bunch.  
So many crowded us we forgot about lunch.  
One large room had just infants so tiny and small,  
They filled up the room and lined up the hall.  
After some chores it was back in the truck,  
And home for dinner with just a little luck.  
The VC hit that orphanage later that year.  
I never found out what happened to all the children dear.

*(We were never told and we never asked.)*

*Just something that has been running around in my head for a few weeks. It came out this morning at 0400 as I was making the 1st of many pots of coffee for the day. This poem might be the reason I have had some long sleepless nights. Sometimes the words build and it takes some time for them to form and jump on the paper. Jack*

### **Blame it on the Wind**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

It's here to torment me another sleepless night  
Those same old dark haunting memories  
Shadows that never come into the light  
Stretching my minds boundaries

Carried back to a time when sleep evaded me  
That place where fear was always present  
Like yesterday its clear for me to see  
Back to Vietnam ever now so frequent

Here in the dark I sat wondering  
Is this night ever going to end  
Why must I endure this ailing  
Have I committed some great sin

Walking this lonely house still on guard  
Not knowing what I hear in the dark  
So many like me returned scarred  
Still listening for that K-9's bark

That wind that blows forever  
Filling my mind with pain  
Why do I let it build and fester  
Knowing that it can drive a man insane

The sun shows across the east  
Lighting up the day as the night resends  
That sickening fear and pain is released  
Another night gone and again I blame it on the wind

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet  
Mar 14th 2011

## **The 377th SPS**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

*...in honor my 377th Brothers. Jack the Old Cowboy*

We are the 377th Security Police  
Born into war and battle proven  
Willing to fight never to cease  
Brave young and courageous Airman

Standing our post and always on guard  
Never forgetting who or what we are  
Repelling all the enemies charges  
In that land of Vietnam so far

Our home became Tan Son Nhut  
Not a place where we wanted to be  
Hot and rainy a horrible climate  
With filthy places like 100P alley

When the time for battle reared its head  
We turned to steel hard as granite  
After Tet of 68 we counted our dead  
Bloody troops who ran the gauntlet

After all the years that have passed  
We come together once more  
Sharing all the memories we have amassed  
Honoring those here and the ones gone before

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet  
April 18th 2011

*Gents: A Memorial Day poem. A little dark, but still very true to many.*

### **Dappled Shadows of Why**

© 2011 by [Don Poss](#)

The 'Why', is like scurrying bruised clouds of combat whose dappled shadows in flight exploit valleys and folds of earth, embracing every blade of grass ... every rock ... everything.

A frightful shadow that takes but does not give, and wounds a man (did you hear his cry?) or slays another (utterly ... silently),  
and you turn to laugh with him at the silver-lining having randomly skirted bunkers, divided fighting-holes and drawn so near ...  
startled to find him slain and you happily (too happily) alive.

Why me? Why am I still here? Why did this mortar arc its way merrily-twisting hither, swirling upon the axis of life, nudged left, right, up or down ever so gently by winds-aloft ...  
then tugged by gravities' indifferent mass, flicked by fickle fingers of toying gods ... only to slash the earth with shrapnel gleefully flying yet heartless as to the where, what,  
or even if it smites flesh. Yet, he is dead ... the sandbags still bleeding rivulets of indifferent soil – and dappled shadows of 'Why'  
caring not this night you will tread the first-step of decades seeking the answer to 'Why'.

Clouds passed again, often and without prediction, favoritism or fate, playing games of inequality and chance, fully shorn of joy or sadness, blasphemous and devoid of all emotion while  
skipping a tuneless cleansing-purging dance ... or not.

I saw the inviolate pattern forming ...

They died ... I didn't.  
They were wounded ... I wasn't.  
They have Agent Orange ... I don't.  
They are broken ... I am not.  
They are resolute in manly strength ... I try to be.  
They are coping ... as am I, mostly.  
They do not sleep the sleep of innocence ... nor do I.

I'm all used up from the Why;  
dappled shadows have passed me by.

## THE BAGPIPER

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

The bagpiper's call echoes out across the field  
A tribute played during this last final moment  
We now lay to rest this man that we must yield  
Amazing Grace was beautiful they would comment

There in the far distance he stands at attention  
No one attending knows who this bagpiper might be  
But he played for all there a stirring rendition  
With his sharp uniform in its own Scottish colors

God has touched this man's heart and he believes  
He came to pay his last respects and honor today  
For this warrior he plays a tune before he leaves  
They'd both been in Vietnam and held the VC at bay

We all were warriors who'd served time in that war  
Some had volunteered to go they had served as cops  
Defending bases there away from their homes so far  
They defended everyone and they were all crack shots

I write this poem to honor my friend and a brave man  
He survived our war and he came home to become a cop  
His town was lucky to get this warrior who never ran  
He was a cop in both war & peace he was always on top

He's also a poet here and helped talk me into writing  
He's my friend and a brother Air Force augmentee cop  
His knowledge is so vast and he's always enlightening  
He is Howard Yates and he's called "The Kilted Cop".

## **Memorial Day**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

Flags of red white and blue flutter in the wind  
Placed upon the resting place of valiant military men

These flags gently erected by caring hands  
For those lost in wars at home and in foreign lands

From our largest cities to the smallest town  
Proud but humble veterans gather around

Honoring those that never came home  
Tending through the years so they are not alone

There on bright sun lit days or mornings of frost  
Veterans taking care of comrades lost

Never asking for anything in return  
Just hoping that the young watch and learn

So when we are finally laid to rest  
New veterans with step up and do their best

Showing as we have the honor deserved  
For this lands freedom that we preserved

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet  
May 22nd 2009

## **ONLY YOU CAN DEAL WITH YOUR LOSS**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

In life we all will face the loss of a loved one  
Whether they are young and died before their time  
Or whether they were very old and had a full life

Each person will face it at one time or another  
As we all die sometime that is how life works  
We never want to face that fact but it is true

And when we do have to deal with it someday  
We will have to deal with it in our own way  
No one can tell you how you should handle it

Although some will try to offer words of advice  
They'll say things like be brave or to be strong  
They are better off now they feel no more pain

While these all might be true statements of fact  
The loved ones left behind don't want to hear it  
They are the only ones who know how they feel

Although friends and relatives try to help  
Only the person who suffered the loss knows  
The deep pain left in their heart and soul.

## **AT ONE TIME I WAS A REALLY GOOD DANCER**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

In my high school years I was an extremely shy person  
I found it hard to compete with those sarcastic jocks  
That seemed to like nothing more than to embarrass us.

Us being the regular guys who didn't feel those needs  
The needs to slam guys like us into the ground for fun  
Trying to impress the popular girls or some cheerleader

They thought because we didn't act like a Neanderthal  
That we could not say a word at all to any of the girls  
They were like cavemen laying claim to any girl in sight

If you crossed their perceived territory God help you  
They didn't think any girl needed a guy with manners  
Who respected the fact that she was not to be mauled

How or why would they ever think of talking to one of us  
We weren't muscle bound thugs who could crush a pop can  
No we couldn't do that trick of slamming it into your head

But we did have many things that a young lady would like  
We were smart and articulate and knew how to treat a lady  
And then too some of us were damn good dancers in school

Dancing helped me get over my shyness and I was a gentleman  
The jocks would make fun of us if we opened doors for the girls  
It seemed there was nothing in those heads except for muscles

After entering the Air Force I had almost 8 months of training  
And at the end of the week we would go to the USO dance in town  
Several of us who were damn good dancers were getting popular

They would hold these dance contest at the USO club in Rantoul  
So each weekend we would go and compete for some nice prizes  
When they offered dinner for two prizes everyone wanted to win

I was still a really good dancer when I got out of the Air Force  
And one of the things that attracted my wife to me was my dancing  
Now years later my legs don't work so well even for a slow dance

My time in Vietnam has created many health problems in my life now  
And though I am most grateful for having survived that time there  
I think one of the things I miss most from my youth is the dancing

To have been so in tune with your partner and to achieve perfection  
It was a passion I know now that I'll never again have in my lifetime  
To see me now you'd never guess I use to be a damn good dancer once.

## **His Last Guardmount**

© 2011 by Jackie R. Kays

his-last-guardmount-jackie-kays-2011

In the fog of time, he now  
struggle to clear his aging mind.  
Memories that flicker and fade  
of by gone days, images, faces,  
name of jungle places, that have  
become scattered by the winds  
of time, and seems to no longer  
matter or even rhyme.

As his aging memory fades,  
yesterday is long gone and tomorrow  
quickly becomes yesterday's skeleton;  
he realize that each new day is a  
gift from God.

He's nearing his eighties and the wars  
he fought and the faces of the young  
men he once knew are fading into the  
abyss of obscurity.

But, he still looks at the discolored  
pictures, through the tears of his aging  
eyes as he shows his great grandson  
and says; "Son, that me...that me,  
back in Korea and Vietnam...you see!"

Few remember and fewer yet care  
about wars long past, but he still  
post Old Glory outside of his home  
every morning as his first daily task.

He still stands for the playing of  
the National Anthem and proudly  
salutes the passing of the Red, White  
and Blue.

He is still a solider and will always be  
until the day he stands that last guard out  
and taps is played in his honor, well  
deserved and long overdue.



*This poem was suggested by Dennis Evans. He asked me this morning for something on the upbeat side. Hope you like it Dennis and all my brothers. Jack*

### **The Lighter Side Of Nam**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

Do you recall all those days when everything was right?  
Hanging in the compound with all the other Sky Cops  
Those hot but beautiful days with skies so bright  
Just living in your underwear and flip-flops

Those late nights with a cold Bud and old Jimmy Beam  
Playing or just watching those big stake poker games  
Talking about your car back home with the engine so mean  
Making up lies and bragging about all the dames

Marking off the days on that short timer's sheet  
How many different naked women were on those?  
That last week when it was almost complete  
Dreaming about home and that thirty furlough

That last day when you said your goodbyes  
Looking at faces that wish they were you.  
Leaving your new found brothers with tears in your eyes  
On that freedom bird in the skies so blue

Yes there were some good time to recall  
We can all remember some of the good  
Proud of what we did and standing tall  
We became men putting away our boyhood

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet  
May 13th 2011

## **We Were Called The Augmentees**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

We were mechanics and office clerks  
Supply guys and just plain old cooks  
Just doing our duties we had no perks  
Like a chess game we were the rooks

We would move from position to position  
Filling in the line to help our brothers  
Each time a new face and a new situation  
We were a group of guys unlike any others

The combat cops knew they could count on us  
And they had always trusted us to cover them  
We'd heard warnings of attacks at guard mount  
They told us to hold your ground brave airmen

We had joined from all over our own homeland  
So many young faces from so many backgrounds  
We were defending this line drawn in the sand  
Against attacking VC and their mortar rounds

Manning our defensive bunkers some in a tower  
Patrolling our remote base & watching the wire  
Our machine gun was loaded she was our power  
Lugging her ammo cans makes you quickly tire

Everyone is ready and vigilant for those sounds  
Scanning the terrain on this pitch black night  
Listening for the thump of fired mortar rounds  
And praying we'd all live to see mornings light

It seemed like an eternity till we saw the sun  
Another night had come and gone with my brothers  
Now I thought of my hometown and summers of fun  
But now we'll get some chow and write our mother's

Some will have to go work their daytime positions  
They won't be able to go get some well-earned rest  
Some worked double shifts during certain situations  
I'm proud that I served with them they were the best

## **GOD BLESS OUR BETTER HALVES**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek](#)

I want to say thanks and give recognition  
To a very special group of dedicated women  
Who for years have been serving so bravely

Though they were not on any battlefields  
They know each step that was taken by us  
They have heard it all one way or another

We seldom talked of things that haunt us  
Yet they seem to know of things unspoken  
Sometimes we are surprised by this fact

It's because of things said in our sleep  
And they were there each step of the way  
As we had fought a battle or were shelled

How hard it must have been to bear witness  
To see their men in their sleep crying out  
For buddies so long ago killed or wounded

To hear things that were never to be spoken of  
Yet they too now carry this heavy burden inside  
And during our restless sleep they held us tight

Wishing they could rid us of those damn nightmares  
That have continued to torture us still to this day  
They have been through more than we will ever know

Even those of us who say I've never dreamed at all  
Of those past events that took place in your life  
Then just take a long hard look at your better half

In her eyes you'll see she has been there each time too  
And she has lived through each nightmare along with you  
For they have taken each painstaking step with you too

As you start your day today be ever so thankful always  
We are who we are today because of these angels of mercy  
Because they have been right there every step of the way.

God bless our wives, or for those not married that very special lady, whose always been there in your life over the past forty years and who has always stood by you in good times and also during those bad times that have troubled many of us who have those things and memories that we still deal with in our lives or those nightmares that still haunt many of us from the past. If not for these women who are our own angels of mercy and who have always been there for us, who's to say how many more of us might not have still been here today. I'm sure God has a special place in heaven for our angels for having been our better halves.

## **PTSD**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69](#)

Sixty years ago we came home from a World at war  
Facing problems never dreamed of before  
Pain numbed by morphine and alcohol  
People looking the other way not caring at all

Fifty years ago we came home from the Korea war  
Facing problems never dreamed before  
Fingers hands feet lost to the freezing cold  
You will get over it we were all told

Forty years ago we came home from the Vietnam war  
Facing problems never dreamed before  
Shattered young dreams many dulled by drugs  
Forgotten so many years just swept under the rug

Today we come home from the Iraq and Afghanistan war  
Facing problems never dreamed before  
Things have changed over the long years  
But the pain is still there and can't be hid by our tears

Over all the years we have spent in war  
Facing problems never dreamed before  
May God bless all of us that cannot forget  
Holding our hand as we seek a peaceful sunset

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet  
May 5th 2011

## **Lonely Mother's Day**

© 2011 by [Jack Smith 377th SPSD 68-69 LM 453](#)

I think so lovingly when Mother's day is here.  
Wishing some way we could be near.  
Remembering this special day each year.  
And knowing you are with the Lord Mother dear.  
Just that thought a son could wish for no more.  
Because it's with angels of pure you now soar.  
You made my life so rich though we were poor.  
Again we will meet when God opens his door.  
I shall again see your face, hold your hand.  
In God's high and wonderful heavenly land.

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet

### **Old Ben, the Ugly, Bearded Geek!**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

old-ben-the-ugly-beared-geek-jackie-kays-2011

Once there was a bad guy named, Ben Laden  
He masterminded a horrifying, evil deed, that  
will never be forgotten!

He ran and tried to hid, but time was not on his side.  
They hunted here and they hunted there, but when he  
least expected it, a seal swam by, and shot old Ben  
between his beady eyes.

He sank to the bottom of the drink, food for fish,  
no longer will we have to put up with this tall, ugly,  
bearded geek!

*My oldest son John posted and wrote this poem on Facebook. I wanted to share it here.*

**John Janke**

© 2011 by (my son the poet) [Chaplain Steve](#)

Now I lay me down to sleep...  
One less terrorist this world does keep..  
With all my heart I give my thanks..  
To those in uniform regardless of rank..  
You serve our country and serve it well..  
With humble hearts your stories tell..  
So as I rest my weary eyes..  
While freedom rings our flag still flies..  
You give your all, do what you must...  
With God we live and in God we trust....Amen

## **The Patriot**

© 2011 by [Howard Yates](#)

The fear of battle churns inside  
As now I gaze upon the tide  
Of red with shouldered muskets gleaming,  
From the distant hills they're streaming.

Line by line they march unscathed  
For neither side has loosed their fray  
And all the while generals muse  
O'er each the other's gallant moves.

Now standing firm to hold this ground,  
While cannon shots burst all around,  
I wait amid this sea of blue,  
And pray my aim is sure and true.

With sons and neighbors side by side  
We mean to turn this crimson tide  
And send our message loud and clear  
To George, that all his house may hear.

The throne of Britain may be yours  
From English cliffs to Scottish moors  
And you may o'er the empire reign  
But our resolve shall never wane.

We'll stand upon this sovereign ground  
In one accord against the crown  
And we shall from this moment be  
A nation born, forever free.

Howard Garrison Yates

## What I See

© 2008 by [Ramps](#)

Alone, here I sit on the Fourth of July  
Watching rockets as they burst in the sky  
I wonder what others who are watching may see  
A flash in the sky, or memories like me?

I see the young children as they watch with delight  
And scream with joy as the rockets take flight  
Then I recall screams of another sort  
With horror and fear of the cannon's report

It was cold, bitter cold, in Valley Forge  
But the heat was like hell on Tarawa's shore  
I froze at the Chosen with my fellow Marines  
As many more died with their shattered dreams

On D-Day, from Sky-trains we jumped into hell  
With blood purchased freedom by each man who fell  
And the bombers and crews who fell from the sky  
Gave their full measure for Liberty's cry!

We were just kids in the jungles of 'Nam  
We learned fast of "Sir Charles" and the dread Viet Cong  
A Security Policeman, I stood guard all alone  
Many nights filled with fear that cut to the bone

Now I hear the "swish" and the "pop" of the flare  
And my eyes look intently for the enemy there  
An' while others behold the bright sights with glee  
I know they're not looking at the same things I see

Randy "Ramps" Stutler

## **A Time to Remember...**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

a-time-to-remember-jackie-kays-2011

As we celebrate our countries 235 years in existence, it's a time to remember, who we are and how this great nation got its beginning and give thanks to those fifty six brave men who signed the declaration of Independence giving us our freedom.

A time...

To remember the men and women in the military, who served over the years to maintain our freedom and to the fallen heroes, who stood tall and gave their all for this freedom!

A time...

To remember those brave young men and women now serving to keep our freedom true.

A time...

To celebrate and give thanks for our precious freedom!

*A Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July to all!*

Jackie

*"I am forever honored for I have marched with heroes!" (jk)*

**If I could have Stood in that Crowd**

© 2010 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

If I could have stood in that crowd  
With Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and all  
With a chest swelled so proud  
Knowing that England had taken the fall

To see these men of honor lay the foundation  
Showing the world that free men can overcome  
And build the greatest of all nations  
Where freedom will always be sung

To have been there that July 4th 1776  
To share in the thrill of freedom  
Standing there in that great mix  
Of American's so wholesome

So 234 years later I stand now  
With as much pride as they all showed  
As our flag passes my head I will bow  
Thanking God for the freedoms they bestowed

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet

## REMEMBERING MY DAD ON FATHER'S DAY

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Sunday June 19th 2011 will be Father's Day once more  
It is a joyous time for me celebrating with my family  
My beautiful wife, our two loving kids and their kids

And as we all look back on our lives over the years  
I'm very proud and happy to have been blessed richly  
With my children's accomplishments and their successes

I'm extremely proud of them and their own families too  
And as we gather and remember past events that we faced  
I can both laugh and sometimes cry as well as we recall

And though we will pamper and spoil our new granddaughter  
I will still have this big empty void as my Dad is gone  
It's hard to really believe that 21 years have passed by

And though I will celebrate with my own children Sunday  
I can't help but to reflect back on this great man too  
For I still miss him greatly to this day 21 years later

It was he with whom I had always confided my worries & fears  
As I left to become a warrior for this great nation of ours  
He told me to write to him at his work about any bad stuff

Just write cheery letters and notes to your mom at home  
He didn't want her to worry any more than she was already  
So the bad times and things were only shared with my old man

He had enough to worry about already so I rarely wrote of it  
I knew he worried about me while I was in that terrible war  
He was the only one that seemed to understand why I'd changed

So this Sunday as we gather once more for Father's Day here  
I will thank God above for my wife, my kids and my grandkids  
And I'll take pride in the fact that they all turned out great

But I'll look skyward too and remember the past and my own Dad  
Thankful for all he taught me and those private talks we shared  
And I can only hope that he knows how much I still love him so.

## **STEALING IS MUCH EASIER THAN WORKING FOR IT**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

It seems to me that we have a lost generation  
That have no regard for other people or things  
Stealing is much easier than working for it

We ordered a brand new solar powered umbrella  
The kind that has both colored and plain lights  
They're LED type lights for our patio table set

It had arrived this past Friday but we were busy  
So we set it up Sunday morning to let it charge  
Sunday night we sat out back watching the lights

When it is set on plain clear lights it is bright  
But when it is set on multi-color it changes colors  
And it will display several different illuminations

It was windy on Sunday night so we had closed it up  
There was an attached Velcro strap that secures it  
Keeping the wind from getting under the umbrella

I had told my wife how it would shade us from the sun  
It was a very nice early gift for Father's Day on Sunday  
I knew everyone would really like it's solar lighting

But now we will never know as it was stolen yesterday  
My home has a six foot tall privacy fence around it  
And our gate was secured with a titanium master lock

When we arrived home from shopping and having lunch  
I unlocked the gate and as we carried in groceries  
We saw that our new solar powered umbrella was gone

Just our beautiful patio set sat there in the sun  
Which begged the question where in the hell is it  
Taken in broad daylight on a very busy main road

We live across from the township's fire department  
They usually sit out front on the bright sunny days  
Yet none of them saw anyone anywhere near our home

So whoever it was had to come through the backyard  
Through my neighbor's yard and climbed over my fence  
It was a very heavy duty and a very heavy umbrella

Whoever it was must have seen the lights Sunday night,  
and returned yesterday after we had left to steal it.  
So I guess stealing is much easier than working for it.

## **Orphans Home 1971**

© 2011 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

There was a home for orphans up the road  
So we took supplies there by truck load.  
There is a war so we take our gun.  
But somehow we thought it could still be fun.  
The ride was nice and the view was grand.  
It was really great to get away from the sand.  
So many children each one here alone.  
So many children here who do not have a home.

They loved to be held and flocked to you by the bunch.  
So many crowded us we forgot about lunch.  
One large room had just infants so tiny and small,  
They filled up the room and lined up the hall.  
After some chores it was back in the truck,  
And home for dinner with just a little luck.  
The VC hit that orphanage later that year.  
I never found out what happened to all the children dear.

*(We were never told and we never asked.)*

## **MAY GOD BLESS THE PEACEKEEPERS OF OUR WORLD**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Dedicated to Ian Yates and all of the American Warriors who have answered the call to defend our nation and other nations in their most darkest hours. Thank God our nation has always had the brave young men and women who were willing to risk their lives so that we could live our lives in peace.

We'll always be a strong nation unless we forget who gave us the freedom and safety we have today, it came from those who willing faced the dangers and the hardships of war and who have bought & paid for your own freedom many times with their own blood, sweat, tears and their lives by many courageous acts of selflessness by these young people who put the lives of others before themselves as they serve our nation and our citizens.

These sacrifices they have made for others will never be taken for granted or forgotten by their fellow warriors and brothers in arms, and those of us who are veterans and have faced those same dangers as they when we took our turn defending this great nation of ours. I hope our citizens never forgets who it is that pays for their own freedom and rights that they and their families all enjoy each day.

May the Good Lord Bless And Protect all those now serving our nation as they protect all of us and our freedoms as they face many dangers, and let us never forget those who went to the far ends of the earth before them who fought and died to preserve your safety and freedom many who are still suffering still today from wounds and illnesses they received while they protected and defended America's families.

## **Just Fade Away**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

just-fade-away-jackie-kays-2011

Today we gather here to lay to rest one of  
our own, an old airman that's done his very best!  
He served and fought in that unpopular jungle war,  
over forty years ago.  
Few remember, but he will be honored by those  
who still care.  
Time marches on, new wars rage on, and new  
heroes are born.  
But the old airman knows, that "Old soldiers never die,  
they just fade away."  
He will always be honored, for he has marched with heroes,  
from the jungle wars of yesterday!

Jackie R. Kays

DaNang-65

© 2011

## **FRIENDSHIP**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

It is the most priceless thing you can have  
But no amount of money or gold can buy this  
Everyone wants it, everyone needs to have it

We could not get through a day without this  
Many times people have it, but mistreat it  
They'll assume that it will always be there

When you are upset you'll use it for hours  
But if the roles were reversed then I wonder  
How many others would use this special gift

Life's too short, so I can't even imagine how  
We could ever get through each day without it  
This most priceless gift that we call Friendship

Terry Sasek BT 68-69

## **IS IT REALLY JUST MY OWN PARANOIA? I DON'T THINK SO!**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

There are waves of emotions that still rush in  
Assaulting my senses with memories from the past  
Catching me off guard I struggle to control them

After forty two years you'd think they'd fade away  
These overpowering moments of my own self-doubts  
Flashing back to the days and long nights of fear

No matter how aware one is of these current times  
And you may tell yourself everything will be fine  
In the back of your mind plays scenes from the past

They remind me to always stay vigilant and alert  
The world is a dangerous place with great evils  
Just waiting for any chance to strike out at us

You just need to look back to 9/11 to know this fact  
And some may tell me it's just my own paranoid fears  
But with all that has happen can you just ignore it?

My own emotions go through many ups and downs still  
From all that I've been through don't I have that right  
I have seen the many things that evil can do to others

Though I have lived now some forty two years since then  
I still deal with my emotions from that time in my life  
It's not being paranoid to be ever watchful these days

For it is when you are least expecting it in your life  
That those who had plotted, planned and remained patient  
Will suddenly strike out at us with a horrible vengeance.

## **Our Flag!**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

our-flag-jackie-kays-2011

Old Glory, Stars and Stripes, the Red, White and Blue!  
This is the flag of the greatest Nation in the world,

this is OUR flag, to be cherished, loved, and respected by  
all, no matter where she may fly!

The defenders of OUR flag have paid a valiant price to  
keep Old Glory waving and providing the freedoms that we  
so willingly take for granted.

Now foreign invaders misuse the freedom, which she provides,  
by, openly and reprehensible desecrating OUR flag,  
OUR honor, and OUR way of life,  
under the misguided interpretation of the laws of OUR constitution!

The law and the interpretation of that law was created by man,  
and can be changed. The only law that is written  
in stone was created by the hand of God!

What has happened to ...  
*"Don't tread on me!"*  
*"The Stars and Stripes forever!"*

No longer should we tolerate deliberate and intentional,  
vile acts of desecration of OUR Nation's most sacred symbol!  
These acts of hatred disdain and total disrespect  
for the symbol of OUR nation is incomprehensible and intolerable!

As service men and women, this is the flag that WE pledged our allegiance  
to uphold, protect and respect!

Notify your congress Representative today, and tell him or her that you want  
the interpretation of the law changed.

No longer should we tolerate deliberate, intentional and unspeakable acts of  
desecration of OUR Nation's most sacred  
symbol. This is not happening in Tehran, it's happening here in OUR own country!  
So I ask...no, I plead with you, please act today to help save OUR flag from further desecration!

No, I'm not a book burner or a Nazi, I'm just an old soldier that loves his country and the flag it represents, as I'm sure each of you do as well!

Jackie R. Kays

*"I am forever honored, for I have marched with heroes!" (jk)*

**PTSD: I Thought I was Stronger than That**  
© 2011 by [Don Poss](#)

I thought I was stronger than that.  
I thought I could put it in a box.  
I thought I didn't need anyone.  
I thought no one understood.  
I thought I could handle it.  
I thought no one cared.  
I thought it would go away.  
I thought I could forget.  
I thought I could forgive.  
I thought I wouldn't be missed.  
I thought I couldn't stand it anymore.  
I thought I was alone.  
I thought about asking for help.  
I thought they would think me weak.  
I thought I would say goodbye.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, with friendship and counseling can be overcome. Like the most severe physical wound, it is a wound deeper than heartfelt and can consume the soul.

You are strong but not invincible.  
You can put it in a box ... for a time.  
You may not need anyone, but we need you.  
You can meet hundreds who understand.  
You can handle it ... let us help.  
You know we care ... we've been there.  
You know it will never go away ... we can face it together.  
You can forgive but you needn't forget.  
You still miss those who fell ... as do we.  
You can stand with us.  
You are not alone. There are no dust offs for wounds of the soul ... but we are here waiting.  
You can ask us at any hour for as long as we live.  
You are not weak ... just human ... and have seen what mankind was not meant to see.  
You can say 'I need to talk' and we will say, 'Welcome Home'.

We will make it, together.

## **Response to Don's post on PTSD (I'm telling it like it is!)**

2011, by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

telling-it-like-it-is-jackie-kays-2011

Hi Don, I could write a book on this subject! For over forty-five years, I have wrestled my demons in...sleepless nights, nightmares, night-sweats, anger, depression, and the hold damn gamete!

I could not, before or now, rationally discuss this subject with anyone, without becoming emotional and very angry!

I have often wanted to visit the "Wall", but knew I could not bear the sight of the names of young men that I personally knew in Nam.

I have been an outpatient at the VA hospital since 1966, during that time, I never mentioned this subject to the doctors, or anyone else, outside of my immediately family, who were and are very familiar with my demons.

You see...I missed a damn good chance of becoming a "KIA" while I was there. That experience, left me with an everlasting feeling that I have been living on borrowed time!

The only reason that I mention this matter now... is because, after reading Don's post in regards to this subject, I suddenly realized that I am a member of an elite organization (VSPA) of men, who have been there and done that...and hopefully will understand where I'm coming from! I am sure, that I am not alone in this nightly drama!

Thanks Don!

Jackie R. Kays  
SSGT USAF (Med. Ret.)  
Da Nang 1965

## **JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME LORD**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Life can be a long and challenging journey for most  
We are faced with many situations as we go through it  
Most things are very good experiences but some are not

We grow up and we go to school to learn many new things  
We learn of the past, the present and look to the future  
Hoping that we can contribute to a better way of life

Some will go on to college, some will go straight to work  
Then still some will enlist to defend our nation & citizens  
keeping us all safe so we can enjoy the freedom they give

At times their lives are cut short so that others may live  
Some have been wounded and will spend their lives healing  
But there are others who have been given a death sentence

They were exposed to deadly toxins & chemicals unknowingly  
Years later the exposure causes a terminal future for them  
With his family to care for they will now face losing him

This veteran knows what his outcome will be and he faces it  
With the same courage that he showed fighting for freedom  
He fights his biggest battle with little hope of survival

He does not blame anyone for his fate for it was his choice  
He did what he could to save others while he defended freedom  
He doesn't ask for any ones pity nor for any special favors

He only prays for just a little more time lord for his family  
Just let me have one more CHRISTMAS with us all together lord  
Let me get everything in order before I have to leave for good.

## **The Year of the Monkey**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

the-year-of-the-monkey-jackie-kays-2011

"Do you remember the kid down the street...  
I can't remember his name, but what a shame!"

When everything was shinny and new in  
his young life, the aroma of spring flowers,  
warm breezes, clear blue skies and multi-  
colored butterfly in-flight; all was well,  
with little or no strife.

Four was he, in a wonderland so big and wide,  
"What is this?" "What is that?" What and why,  
he asked, repeatedly, for only four was he!

Time passed, and seven he quickly became!  
Stick horses, cowboy hat, and pearl handled  
cap guns, fireflies in a mason-jar and eating  
tootsie rolls and watching the bright stars.

Sand through the hourglass and ten was he!  
Summertime, climbing trees, riding his bike  
down Fifth street, eating wormy mulberries  
from the old mulberry tree. Life was free  
and so was he!

Turn around, and fifteen he became.  
Baseball, fishing pole, swimming holes,  
Boy scouts, and the discovery that all the  
ugly little girls had magically turned pretty!

Time fluttered on, and now seventeen was nearly gone.  
Football games, high school queens, late night movies  
and stolen kisses at the drive-in, and that's how his time  
had passed, without a serious thought or a single sin.

In the blink of the eye and twenty-one was he!  
Now where were the butterflies in-flight,  
the summer breeze and the old mulberry  
trees and his young future, so bright?

Gone forever by an AK round, on a dark  
monsoon night, in a jungle firefight,  
during the year of the monkey...  
Nineteen-sixty-nine!

"What was his name...  
Ah! *I can't remember!*

Jackie R. Kays

## REMINISCING ON THE PAST

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Sometimes we will look back on the past  
Reminiscing on things we had faced then  
The dangers from the rockets and mortars

It was always there the threat of death  
As young warriors we took it in stride  
We prayed each night that we'd survive

Most days were boring and nights scary  
Waiting for the first rounds to hit us  
We would quickly react to this threat

We were there to protect those serving  
And each of us protected each other too  
All for one and one for all was our motto

No matter what was thrown at any of us  
We never thought of backing down at all  
If we had to we'd have died for each other

Looking back after so many years that's past  
I am very proud that I had served my country  
And proud to have served with such brave men.

## **TAKING CARE OF OUR BROTHERS WITH WHOM WE SERVED**

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

As very young men we chose to serve our nation  
We were taught many lessons as we were trained  
We learned of traditions, honor and to respect

We learned the lessons that would change us all  
From civilians of many backgrounds and customs  
We became part of the team defending our nation

We also learned to trust and rely on each other  
To care for each other and to help our brothers  
And to never leave anyone behind in any battles

We were defending our nation and our way of life  
We not only served the cause but for each other  
You knew that you could count on your brothers

Now years after our own war had ended for us  
Many of us still have lingering issues we face  
Whether it's nightmares & PTSD or from chemicals

We're now 40 plus years past those days and nights  
Those lessons we learned are still part of us all  
We still care deeply and "WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN".

## THE WONDERS OF FALL

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Oh the wonders of another fall  
Such beautiful colors displayed  
The gusting winds that now blow  
Scattering multi-colored leaves

Enjoy watching our neighborhood  
Fathers, mothers & little kids  
Raking up leaves in high piles  
As giggling kids jump into them

The trips we take to get apples  
Having cider and the warm donuts  
Getting fresh corn on the cob  
Watching all the young families

In days long past on Saturday's  
Remembering all the many aromas  
Smells of burning leaves gathered  
Some smells were of fall barbecues

They won't let us burn leaves now  
But there's still college football  
And the sounds of crowds cheering  
The marching band stirring up all

Yes fall is grand and I do love it  
The change of seasons is beautiful  
Crisp breezes aid leaves take flight  
They've completed their own season .

*The following is in accordance with Don Poss' Bulletin Board "Open Letter" post:*

## **Denied Valor**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

denied-valor-jackie-kays-2011

Who are you, who come today with the  
tenacity to deny honor to those who so  
valiantly served on that infamous day of  
Nine Eleven?

Heroic Firefighters, Police officers,  
Emergency response personnel,  
Religious Leaders and civilian volunteers.

"NOT INVITED...!"

Mayor Michael Bloomberg,  
How quickly you have forgotten...

Remember this Mayor?

9-11...The Devil Himself  
First disbelief, then instant reality  
as the indestructible, gray mountain  
of steel, concrete and glass began to  
shiver, tremble, sway and violently  
shake, just before it crumbled from its  
cloud covered steeple to the cement  
jungle far below.

Death was everywhere to behold.  
From the highest windows they  
leaped. In the stairwells, they  
huddled without hope to reap.

The winged gargoyles from hell  
had been unleashed. From across  
the sea they had come, with hatred  
and a wish of death, they drew  
with every evil breath.

They proclaimed a righteous cause,  
but humanity will not tolerate their  
insane laws.

Martyrs, they call themselves,  
but the world will always remember them  
" As the devil, himself."

*May America forever remember the heroes of 9/11,  
and Mayor, may your infamous name fade away  
with the annals of time.*

## Memories

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

memories-jackie-kays-2011

Metal ravens fly in the black of night,  
to avoid the sun's brilliant light.  
Eggs of steel drop silently,  
when the target is in sight.

The ugly little jesters in their black pajamas  
dance with glee all around, while we  
bleed and died in the air and on the ground.

The monkey is on the mountain and the  
elephant grass is tall, while monsoon mud  
covers us all!

Beauty is in the night orchid, but death is in the air.  
Beware...beware, for bouncing Bette's are buried  
everywhere!

This game is for real, bullets, bombs, Claymores,  
razor sharp wire, people, places and things on fire.  
Snakes, super-sized rats and deadliest of them all;  
delayed death...agent orange from the sky did fall.

In the dark of the jungle, silent movement suspicious  
and out of sight, Hồ Chí Minh trail is busy again tonight!

The deafening roar of Fifty Two's on darkened runways  
night after night. Death in the air, death on the ground,  
death all around!

Anger, night sweats, PTSD, and the  
boogieman too...gifts of war forevermore!

On and on it goes, indiscreetly devouring the innocent  
and guilty alike, thousands by day and night, no end  
obviously in sight!

War is its name; no one seems to want to take the blame,  
but, blame there is more than enough to go around!

We will just have to wait, till it's all over and see what comes down!

### **My Flag**

© 2006 Kent Rutledge

I'm always proud to fly my flag, but this is your flag too.  
It always stands for freedom, in everything we do.

But don't forget the ones who served, so freedom we could know.  
Our "Stars and Stripes" forever, fly high so they may show.

The flags you waved so proudly, to welcome our troops home.  
Don't put them in the closet, to sit there all alone.

Remember what we fought for, and raise your flag with pride.  
You can fly yours next to mine, we'll fly them side by side.

We'll always be united, together we will stand.  
We'll fight for God and Country, to keep "Old Glory" grand.

There's one thing to remember, no matter what you do.  
Don't ever disrespect my flag, my flag is your flag too.

And Now We Say Goodbye  
© 2006 by **Howard G. Yates**  
*In Honor of A1C Carl Ware , 15th Security Forces*

And Now We Say Goodbye  
Great sadness fills our hearts today  
As pipes and drums, in slow march play.

A comrade's fallen by the way,  
And now we say goodbye.

This hero to the very end  
Was more than just a casual friend,  
Who would a stranger's life defend,  
And now we say goodbye

But we shall cherish, all our days,  
The character this life portrayed  
With sacrifice so freely made,  
And now we say goodbye.

The hand salute, o'er Stars and Stripes,  
And distant skirl of highland pipes,  
Give last farewell with hero's rights,  
And now we say goodbye.

While here on Earth, you gave your best.  
Now in the Master's arms you rest.  
T'is by your memory we are blessed.  
And now we say goodbye.

## **Independence Day**

4th of July My Thoughts

© 2006 by [Eddie Stott](#)

### **My Thoughts**

As we celebrate Independence Day we need to remember that our freedom is the result of many people whom have made a sacrifice for us to be here. Just think of all the things that you can do and accomplish in a free society that we are so fortunate to be in.

We tend to take our Freedom for granted and we need to remember and pay homage to the individuals that gave it to us. Also we need to never forget that there are millions of people whom fought for us to maintain the right to be free. Our Soldiers whom are now worldwide in places like Kuwait, Iraq, Afghanistan and all over the world need to know that we support them and are extremely thankful for what they do for us and our principles. It is the women and men like them that insure that we will be able to continue our rights and live in a free society.

Because of them and those who fought in past conflicts like World War I, World War II, South Korea, Viet Nam and other areas we are fortunate to be able to remember the sacrifice they made (some of them Ultimate like my friend Louis B Arnold who died on October 31, 1967 in Loc Ninh) to allow us to celebrate the holiday, remember what our flag stands for and Thank God that we are Americans from the United States.

These Guys and Gals gave all so you could be here and don't forget and make sure you tell them how much you appreciate them. When I display my flags I remember quite a bit from the past and while it brings back the painful reality of the past, my tears look forward to the day I will join my buddies.

God Bless America! I love it, and I always am thankful for being here, and I Never forget what made it possible!

## Home of the Brave on the Fourth of July

© 2002 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Home-of-the-brave-4-july-jackie-kays-2011

There's nothing like hot dogs and apple pie on the Fourth of July...  
A parade down main street with the musical band, soldiers marching  
with their flags and banners flying high.  
Kids following with their red, white and  
Blue balloons floating in the sky.

Swimming holes, fishing poles, and ball games in the park.  
Sack racing, badminton, lawn bowling until it gets dark.  
Fried chicken, potato salad, corn bread and beans.

Soda pop, watermelon, homemade ice cream.  
The men and women talk, while the kids all play and scream.  
And on the band stand the director leads everyone in singing  
the "Star Spangle Banner."

The sun goes down and the fireworks can be seen all over town.  
That's how we Americans celebrate the birthday of the good old USA.  
And God willing...that's how it will always stay.

Oh! How magnificent American stands between the  
two great oceans in God's hands.

## **Freedom Is Not Free**

© 2006 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

They say I'm short and homeward bound.  
Then why is there no happiness found?  
One year here will soon be ore.  
And I'll walk to that Freedom Bird door.  
But I can't relax, no letting down.. why?  
Because to let down may mean to die.  
It's like a dream, can it really be.  
Everyone cheers as we fly by..  
But thinking of Friends below just makes me sigh.  
God be with you, I know your fears.  
I didn't know it then, but the next time I'd see some  
Of you would be twenty years.

The plane gets me home and I kiss the ground.  
The family I left is the same one I found.  
We embrace and hug and cannot separate.  
The difference in life and death is only fate.  
When I was there I dreamed of home.  
Now I am here but how my mind does roam.

When I was young I was taught at school.  
That freedom wasn't free and about the Golden Rule.  
I know them both but one came hard:  
To learn it I had to leave my own back yard.

...God's peace to all this Sept 11th....

**The Piper's Prayer**

© 2000 by [Howard Yates](#)

*For Shelia Cain's Dad*

The piper's tune is like a prayer,  
But says much more than words can share.  
Each note proclaims Amazing Grace,  
And lifts our hearts towards Heaven's Gates.

So now our piper plays his tune,  
An intercession just for you.  
A tune that's played from heart and soul,  
To seek His touch and make you whole.

## **The Blue Beret**

© 2006 by [Howard Yates](#)

*I would like to dedicate this poem to my son, 2nd Lt. Kyle G. Yates, USAF.*

Brave guardians who always stand  
As beacons in the night  
Securing peace with vigilance  
Preserving all that's right.

Day after day they carry on  
Committed to the law  
Patrolling streets and walking beats,  
Protecting one and all.

And should the force of tyranny  
Endanger freedom's light  
The ones who wear the Blue Beret  
Step up to join the fight

From Air Force blue to jungle green  
And desert cammy too  
The Airmen of the Blue Beret  
Forever, proud and true.

## **Tribute to the Sky Cops**

© 2006 by [Howard Yates](#)

There is a band of tried and true  
With members far and wide  
They come from every walk of life  
But share a common pride

They chose to heed their country's call  
And sacrifices make  
They traveled to a foreign land  
Whose freedom was at stake.

Some spent their nights in solitude  
And listened with intent  
While others braved the noon time sun  
Whose heat would not relent.

Though many times the enemy  
Would hope to find them weak  
Those modern day centurions  
Were always at their peak.

While some may question what they did  
The history books will teach  
When sky cops took the watch in Nam  
Their walls were hard to breach.

From those of us who made it home  
To those who gave their all  
In gratitude we bow our heads  
Their honor to recall.

## **On My Oath**

© 2000 by [Howard Yates](#)

*Reflection about a law enforcement career*

Words alone cannot portray,  
Exactly how I felt that day.

To raise my hand and pledge to keep Safe  
homes and schools and city streets.

Perhaps I could not really see  
How much this role would mean to me,  
Or how my actions would affect,  
So many lives, in retrospect.

To be a model for the young,  
A task that's never really done,  
Or lend an arm to feeble feet,  
Just long enough to cross the street.

To recognize each house and face  
And know when things were out of place.  
To memorize the statutes all,  
Yet keep the spirit of the law.

To keep a watch through midnight dark,  
Or try to save a failing heart.  
To mend a family's broken ties,  
Or hear the truth through spoken lies.

To champion the cause of right.  
Protect the good and evil fight.  
To apprehend the ones who'd prey,  
Upon the weak, then run away.

No wealth, no fame, not one regret.  
For never did I once forget,  
Why, to that oath, I raised my hand.  
To serve my God and fellow man.

**Osama Bin Laden, your time is short....**

© Sep 11, 2006 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

[In memory: September 11, 2001]

Osama Bin Laden, your time *is* short;

We'd rather you die, than come to court.  
Why are you hiding if it was in God's name?  
You're just a punk with a turban; a pathetic shame.

I have a question, about your theory and laws;  
"How come YOU never die for *the cause*?"

Is it because you're a coward who counts on others?

Well, here in America, we stand by our brothers.

As is usual, you failed in your mission;  
If you expected pure chaos, you can keep on wishing

Americans are now focused and stronger than ever;  
Your death has become our next endeavor.

What you tried to kill doesn't live in our walls;

It's not in buildings or shopping malls.

If all of our structures came crashing down;  
It would still be there, safe and sound.

Because pride and courage can't be destroyed;  
Even if the towers leave a deep void.

We'll band together and fill the holes  
We'll bury our dead and bless their souls.

But then our energy will focus on you;  
And you'll feel the wrath of the  
Red White and Blue.

So slither and hide like a snake in the grass;  
Because America's coming to  
Kick your \_\_\_\_\_!!!

## **Desert Scorpions**

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Burrowed just beneath the sand  
They hide throughout that arid land  
And those who know their awful sting  
Bear witness to the pain it brings

They sometimes venture from their nest  
In secrecy which suits them best.  
An evil kingdom to expand  
They're spreading fear throughout the land.

These scorpions from ancient times  
Are soon to lose their poison spines  
And they will learn just how it feels  
To die beneath a G.I.'s heel.

Then those who call that desert home  
Will once again be free to roam  
Not worried by that creature's sting  
And all the pain it used to bring.