

## **Home from Nam**

DEROS to Vietnam

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Everything I touch gets busted.  
All I worry 'bout is back in the Nam.  
Real friends are still humping  
Not feeling close, a world away  
Too many have stumbled into an early grave...like grounded Angels.

PSA...higher than a mountain.  
PTSD...like a chain-gang uncuffed.

Life...just another dream of Rocket City...  
A looping funeral where nobody came...weapons fired just the same.

Setting in a meadow box in my mind...  
wondering what the ghosts are doing, back in the Nam.

A firefly...swinging light bulb...string of flares fizzling in the night... Another  
day down to deros,  
back to the Nam.