

## Left-Over Heroes

*A Cold Dish to stomach*

*Vietnam War Veterans*

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We were sons of the *greatest-generation*;  
Wore the same helmets; same uniforms as they did in  
World War Two and ate their leftover C-rats of  
coagulated goo.

We are of the same metal; same grit, followed orders to  
the letter, and like our dads, we never quit.

We had the same determination, guts and will to win. We  
fought and took casualties in numbers that grew, Charlie  
had taken on more than he could chew, called in his NVA  
buds, and the fight was on. They attacked with sappers,  
rockets and mortars, troops in squads, battalions, and  
regiments at full strength—we fought hard and held them  
at our firearms length.

Charley and Ho fought us for years, but never took away an air  
base we guarded. They learned the hard way what the fight  
meant—to *attack Defenders of Air Bases, destiny was an open pit.*

We were as strong as rocks, old Sarge had said, *No doubt about  
it—Your all chips off the same block!*

*Left-over heroes* are a foul dish served, but I have a questions for the  
politicians who lead during the war...

Why did you sit there with a know-it-all grin, giving orders to  
generals fighting the war, calling time-outs, and checking your in-box  
for *Did They Get the Message?* messages?

We were undefeatable—and undefeated—again I must ask:

Why betray us? with that *politicians' 180* and announce, *We Quit?*

Why push the panic button, when your chaos fell apart, and ship our  
boys home, leaving billions of dollars in aircraft standing alone?

You don't need to answer, but do finish your meal, I will read the last-  
message from your Inbox, it was unsealed. Word just Came Down-- it's  
your Judgment Day—not to worry, your reservation's made. No juries in  
Heaven—you have no peers—it's just you and Him, and He's all ears. You  
will get your final *say*—so tell the truth your usual way, atone for your part  
in the war's dead, and those still dying. Should things *go-south* with your  
little chat, and its looking dire, the message says, your GPS is pre-dialed ...  
for the Lake of Fire.