

Nightly Recall

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They were young and unaware,
but in a few months in that jungle
war it wasn't long until patches of
gray appeared in their thinning hair.

Sweat, tears, anger, not to mention
fear and loneliness beyond description.
This jungle war was theirs from now
though redemption!

Forty years later, they nightly recall
the distinct sounds of roaring B-52's, and
The loud humming of an F-4 speeding
down a dark runway.

The unmistakable sound of
a "Dustoff" chopper in flight.
The whistling of incoming
mortars and the never ending
roar of the 105 howitzer in
the dark of night.

The smell of napalm in the early morning air.
Agent Orange everywhere!
A silent death sentence for sure to bear.

The sight of a silent pop flare drifting
aimlessly in the hot jungle night air.
Dark shadows moving in the tall
elephant grass without caution or care.

Charlie in the wire?
Claymores and bouncing Betties
will set his ass on fire!

Destine to forever remember;
blood on the ground, name and face
of a buddy from some small town.

Body bags stacked in the broiling jungle
sun. Mothers and fathers forever in tears
for the rest of their years.

Nightly Recall:

If you were there, you know!

If you were not, you will never know!

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