

**Silent War ...**

**Agent Orange**

Still Fight'n, Still Dy'in

(c) 2018, by Don Poss

We've been at war o'er sixty years, with dreams and tears and all its fears ... as if that weren't bad enough, agent orange is mighty rough, and takes its toll, gnaws the soul—a pound of life leaves festering offense, assaults the mind and severs limbs... and lingering dreams of faces long buried, long scattered ...

we last left in contact...

touched by darkness' engulfing shadow,

felt hands aglow upon Wall's otherwise...

whispers another lingering last prayer ...

still fight'n...

still dy'in...

still rotting away...

So long have prayed for a merciful end...

forsaken, not taken, another day begins;

last night of twilight-sleep and unrest, too little slumber, a too pathetic a jest.