



## **Tearfall Over The Wall**

*When Vietnam Veterans are Gone PTSD*

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*For the first time, a day had passed, and no one read names on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.*

*The second day, no one came at all, nor strummed engraved letters loved ones once rubbed in etchings.*

*The third day of solitude, a gusting wind blew Fall leaves tumbling along Wall's promenade, where oft' thousands had tread daily; that night,*

*A heavy monsoon rain fell till dawn....*

How many tears, like a waterfall, had flowed o'er The Wall in mourning? in love, and regret for those who served and died in the Vietnam War; or wasted away from Dragon's Orange chill, or haunting dreams of things that were?

Will someone long hence feel The Wall's healing power, as did we; or sense heartfelt pity and grief, or presence of starving marauding-shadows of the-night with no one left to consume?

Will a descendant, far-removed, feel a kindred-spirit's link as soft fingertips ripple over sunken letters of cold granite Names of those who fought, died, or were left behind; or even wonder about millions of old Vietnam veterans, once young horn-dogs, and burdened with treasured memories and desperate moments, whose ashes now swirl with dancing leaves or airborne dust reborn on towering mountaintop, or laughs within a glorious sunset?

Will anyone connect grief's-cause with our Tens of thousands dead, hundreds of thousands who bled, or the multitudes who endured a never-ending war; and worst of all, a nation's taunting unwelcome-home?

Who then will ponder *the-whys*, when Vietnam-era veterans are gone; all that's left standing are *The Three Soldiers*, and Three Women's Nurse monuments. Is the Tearfall over The Wall forsaken?