

That Wall 1965

© 2001, by: [Armando Abrams](#),
Alpha Co, 1/1

That Wall

I stared at That Wall; and I looked out at me ...

I made a rubbing of your name, but I shed no tears.

I look at The Wall and I marvel at the names.
That seemingly endless list of names of persons who were
once a part of someone's life.

I look again at That Wall
and I feel as dark and alone as the stone itself ...

As I looked out at me, I saw me walk away.

Hand in hand I walked with my precious wife,
but then we stopped.

I stared back at That Wall...

and as I looked out, I saw me with my wife.

It was then that I began to cry.
I held her and I sobbed uncontrollably on her shoulder.

I cried huge tears,
and the pent-up emotion gushed forth;
while she held me and tried to comfort me.

My body, my very soul,
felt as if it were being shaken to its foundation.
I felt weak, almost unable to stand.

... When I looked out from the wall
and saw my wife and I there,
I knew I wasn't alone anymore.

I was there with you all,
behind That Wall,
just as you are here
on "my side" of The Wall.

I know now that the tears weren't from pain.
Those tears were tears of relief.

Relief in knowing we were all together and
relief to know we have never been apart.

I know now that's why we stare at,
and reach out to touch that slab of stone,
That Wall.

We know you are all there reaching out to touch
US, as we reach out to touch YOU, once more.

We transcend the years and the dimensions,
when we are at That Wall.

Whenever one of you died in the 'Nam
a piece of "us" died too, and stayed,
... there, in the 'Nam.

But the pieces come together,
And we are whole again,
there,
at That Wall.

My name is Armando Abrams, I went over the
pond in '65 with Alpha Co, 1/1, 1st Mar Div. After
a time we were sent to 2/3 3rd Mar Div, where I
wound up in Golf Co.



Comments to [Don Poss](#)

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