

Blame it on the Wind ©

2011, by Jack Smith (RIP)

It's here to torment me another sleepless night
Those same old dark haunting memories
Shadows that never come into the light
Stretching my minds boundaries

Carried back to a time when sleep evaded me
That place where fear was always present
Like yesterday its clear for me to see
Back to Vietnam ever now so frequent

Here in the dark I sat wondering
Is this night ever going to end
Why must I endure this ailing
Have I committed some great sin

Walking this lonely house still on guard
Not knowing what I hear in the dark
So many like me returned scarred
Still listening for that K-9's bark

That wind that blows forever
Filling my mind with pain
Why do I let it build and fester
Knowing that it can drive a man insane

The sun shows across the east
Lighting up the day as the night resends
That sickening fear and pain is released
Another night gone and again I blame it on the wind

Edwin J. Smith (RIP)
The Old Cowboy Poet
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Just something that has been running around in my head for a few weeks. It came out this morning at 0400 as I was making the 1st of many pots of coffee for the day. This poem might be the reason I have had some long sleepless nights. Sometimes the words build and it takes some time for them to form and jump on the paper. Jack