

## **Carve My Name in Black Granite**

© 2022, Don Poss

Carve my name in granite black, to testify I once was there— as all others who could say it was so, are now spirits above the vault —and for that day someone bearing flowers, reading marker after marker on mausoleum’s wall, stands before my entombment and reads my name, and VIETNAM.

He briefly scans my engraved marker and wonders, who this fellow was that died so long ago—and what was a VIETNAM. Might he use a means of search, and quiz who I and IT was? Will he discover photos of my childhood and brothers, riding horses or flying aircraft through the sky; or the homes we had lived in; and those we loved, who had lived, and now all dust?

Will he see ancient photos of me, in a strange uniform and helmet, armed on a field of battle; Blackie padding alongside? Might he marvel we would fly in such strange and dangerous metal crafts— flames bursting from their tails?

Would he stand shocked to see the numbers dead who fell in that war— tens of thousands of men just like me; and wonder what the war was for?

Before he moved along would he see the photo of our merry band of brothers marching shoulder to shoulder towards The Wall? That we, once brave, and young like him had honored our country’s call? Would he understand we meant our banner’s motto, “We Take Care of Our Own,” and did our best to remember, those who fell before us.