

What I See

© 2008 by [Ramps](#)

Alone, here I sit on the Fourth of July
Watching rockets as they burst in the sky
I wonder what others who are watching may see
A flash in the sky, or memories like me?

I see the young children as they watch with delight
And scream with joy as the rockets take flight
Then I recall screams of another sort
With horror and fear of the cannon's report

It was cold, bitter cold, in Valley Forge
But the heat was like hell on Tarawa's shore
I froze at the Chosen with my fellow Marines
As many more died with their shattered dreams

On D-Day, from Sky-trains we jumped into hell
With blood purchased freedom by each man who fell
And the bombers and crews who fell from the sky
Gave their full measure for Liberty's cry!

We were just kids in the jungles of 'Nam
We learned fast of "Sir Charles" and the dread Viet Cong
A Security Policeman, I stood guard all alone
Many nights filled with fear that cut to the bone

Now I hear the "swish" and the "pop" of the flare
And my eyes look intently for the enemy there
An' while others behold the bright sights with glee
I know they're not looking at the same things I see

Randy "Ramps" Stutler