

The Final Taps

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With pride our country was founded
But when the final Taps is sounded
And the last Vietnam Veteran is laid to rest
Our generation will have lost its best

Vietnam Veterans are like no others
Not coming home to songs and banners
No one knowing just who we are
Trying to forget the war that was ours

Still living those endless nights
Praying to survive till mornings light
The past we lived that is ever present
From our thoughts it's never absent

Though we are safe now many years home
It comes seeping into our minds when we are alone
Seeking to pull us back to times better left in the dark
Attacking slicing biting like some fearsome shark

But when the final Taps is sounded
And that last Vietnam veteran is counted
We can all join together in Gods Formation
All of us whole never again to be broken

Edwin J. Smith
The Old Cowboy Poet
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