

Vietnam War Poetry

A Proud Vietnam Vet Until I Die

by **Jackie Kays**

DN, 23rd ABG/APS; 6252nd APS

War-Stories LM 14

VSPA LM 366

© 2005

A Proud Vietnam Vet until I Die

An old man am I, but
once I was a soldier,
proud, young and ready
to fight and die.

We sang; "American Pie"
They yelled; "We won't go!"
We went to a steaming jungle hell.
They went skiing in the Canadian snow.

Napalm, hand grenades,
Pop flares, bouncing Betty's,
105's, 50's, M60's, M16,
Black rubber bags.
Nomenclatures and numbers we all
knew well.

Camouflage, triage, transfusion,
confusion, delusions, but no
illusion...war is hell!

Nam, Vietnam, in-country,
land of the big B.X.,
freedom flight, hooch,
in-coming.

Buddies, friends, sisters and brothers,
taps from a distant bugle call.
Thousands of names on a black granite wall.
Terms of endearment to us all!

A war long ago they say,
but for those who were there,
it's still fought each and everyday.

An old man am I...
but a Proud Vietnam Vet until I die.



[Report a Broken Link / Photo, or eMail a Comment](#)

© 1995-2018; War Stories. USA. All Rights Reserved.