

## Vietnam War Poetry

### A Time of War

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#### A Time of War

It was a hand-me down,  
bright yellow gold with  
etchings all around.

His great Grandfather gave it to his  
Grandfather, who in turn gave it  
to his Dad.

Who just before he shipped out,  
gave it to him. He shall keep it for  
a lifetime and hopefully someday  
give it to his young lad.

Its crystal face is cracked, and its  
gold chain has worn thin, but if that old  
time piece could talk, it would tell a  
tale of years gone by; The Civil war,  
World war One and Two and all the  
wars that have pursued.

Into that desert war, he carried it proudly,  
for it represented who he was and what  
he stood for.

Engraved within its golden cover,  
"Freedom at all cost!"

Now it lies silent on a field of Red, White and Blue,  
as the forlorn sound of taps echoes anew.

*Dedicated to the young soldiers who have paid the ultimate  
price in Iraq and Afghanistan.*



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