

Vietnam War Poetry

Another Deadly Jungle Day

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Another Deadly Jungle Day

As the rays of golden sun-light from the early morning dawn begins to penetrate the sanctuary of the dark green jungle, the strange noises of the eerie night are silenced. The smell of the mountain air flowing fresh from the South China sea, pumps life into the new born day.

The low puffy white clouds lazily drift in from the shimmering emerald sea. Here time doesn't exist... nothing matters, nothing is of significance. Today is the same as yesterday... ten thousand years ago.

Over the centuries, many have lived and died here. But the jungle doesn't count...it just consumes. Life and death are irrelevant and all things are fair game in this place of open exposure to the ancient jungle laws.

Beauty is abundant...giant white flowers dangle from their swaying vines. In the clearings... elephant grass rises six feet high. Colorful song birds fill the air with their strange sounds. The bright red clay is exposed where the jungle hog has rotted for his early morning meal.

The cool serenity and reverence of the early jungle morning suddenly, violently erupts into the hot winds of war. The deafening sound s of the Howitzer, the distinctive crack of the AK-47, the immediate response of the rat..a..tat..tat of the M16. The pop-pop-pop of a chopper blade awakes you from your slumbering dreams.

Your reality is just another deadly jungle day!
And life in the World is far...far away!

Jack R. Kays
Dedicated to CW2 Jack Stoddard, U.S.A. Ret.,
and to all the men of M-CO-11th Armored Cavalry Regiment



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