

The Vietnam War

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Faces long ago captured by death,
still haunt my memory in every
nightly breath.

Friends, foe and children,
all had to fall. Day and night
death made its horrendous
call. It had no preference
at all.

Blood stains forever remain
on that battle ground and
on the hearts and souls of
all those, for whom the bells
toll.

Thousands of innocent, guilty
and indifferent, all died
in that jungle hole.
Called...
The Vietnam War.

To this day, I still
ponder the effects of it all,
and wonder how many tears
will fall at the foot of that black
granite wall.