



Tearfall Over The Wall

When Vietnam Veterans are Gone

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*For the first time, a day had passed and no one read names on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Wall.
The second day, no one came at all, nor strummed engraved letters of loved one's name, once rubbed in etchings.
The third day of solitude, a gusting wind blew Fall leaves tumbling along Wall's promenade, where oft' thousands
had tread daily. That night, a heavy monsoon rain fell till dawn....*

How many tears, like a waterfall, had flowed o'er The Wall in mourning,
love, and regret for those who served and died in the Vietnam War; or
wasted away from Dragon's Orange chill, or
haunting dreams of things that were?

Will someone long hence feel The Wall's healing power, as did we;
Or sense heartfelt pity and grief, or presence of starving marauding-
shadows of the-night with no one left to consume?

Will a descendant, far-removed, feel a kindred-spirit's link as soft
fingertips ripple over sunken letters of cold granite Names of those
who fought, died, or were left behind; or even wonder about millions
of old Vietnam veterans, once young horn-dogs, and burdened with
treasured memories and desperate moments, whose ashes now swirl
with dancing leaves, or as airborne dust reborn on towering
mountaintop, or does laugh within a glorious sunset?

Will anyone connect grief's-cause with our
Tens of thousands dead, hundreds of thousands who bled, or
the multitudes who endured a never-ending war; and worst of all,
a nation's taunting unwelcome-home?

Who then will ponder the-whys,
When Vietnam-era veterans are gone; all that's left standing are
The Three Soldiers, and the
Tearfall Over The Wall is forsaken?

Inspired by Jackie Kays poem, "The Vietnam War"

(<http://www.vspa.com/pdf/poem-jackie-kays-the-vietnam-war-2002.pdf>)