

Incoming

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Sometimes rockets hit the base
And I'm far away...
On the other side when they come in from the Bay.
You hear the Thud of them hit..
And your throat gets so dry you can hardly spit.

Those near the Thud must quarter their post.
One of the guys gets an alert and you're scared as a ghost.
Then a voice from CSC says we are in Red Option One.
You take a deep breath and chamber a round in your gun.

You wonder all night if your friends are OK ..
The ones that quartered their posts by the Bay.
Sometimes you're too far away and can't hear..
The war on the radio and for your friends you Fear.
You wait anxiously to find out that all is well,
But as far as the next time, well who can tell.

Remember your first Incoming? Where were you when it happened? I was just in country a couple days and in an isolated building that should have been condemned. We were waiting for paperwork to get us into K9 Row and the hooches. They came in in the afternoon late. I heard the thud and dove under a nearby table until the all clear sound was done. I heard footsteps and scrambled to my feet so no one would see me under the table. That was my welcome to Vietnam. Later it got more personal.