

TET 1968
Battle of Bunker Hill-10
Bien Hoa Air Base
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The battle, sudden and violent—
titanic clash of swords, without
mercy, joy, or quarter.

Enemies breach perimeter's wires
Through minefields, trip flares, and things
flying higher...bodies pretzel-ornaments
enmeshed in wire, racked and trampled
in furrows of fire.

*45,000 heads taken across the land—Viet Cong
vanquished to Hades forever,
—their dark souls adrift, becalmed, abandoned;
—light souls awake as morning flowers, spirits aloft to
their Maker.*

Impatient Reaper swills griever's tears, savoring scents
of innocents' dread, sops in stews of morsels-
red...quakes in rapture's moment.

Nation's sown a planless get-the-message- war ; their sons
have reaped death's scarlet stain...how pitifully they rigor
in unholy blight, lie corrupting through ages-dark; they
slumber still...lamentations soon and echoes of sorrow,
and fade to destiny's inconsolable plight.

Weathered-victory over Enemies-Without— so easily snatched
away by lying tongues... fall as unclaimed ruins through years of
'*guess who won.*'

Restless nights of mind's ruthless toil, scorns the day and loop-plays
vanquished plots of heartless men—their only command to *charge*, and
only service, *betrayal*.

Alas, time did tell left lasting stains...where pompous cowards slinked
away hiding beneath rock and clay, where no one could scent their lack
of remorse, for folly's schemes gone awry—

Before the nation they stood and wept, how they mourned the fallen loss of
our boys, and read dead-names prepared by another...

When camera lights winked off, scurried home to watch-self on the evening news
—Trampled names-list lay upon the ground—those names of *yester-news*, best
forgotten, then packed their bags to visit sons in Canada.

Another shame heaped upon better men, who fought the *Battle of Bunker Hill* in
the war of hearts and minds and the Five O'clock Follies.