

Tet 1968

Battle of Bien Hoa, Bunker Hill-10

2017 © Don Poss

The battle, sudden and violent—
titanic clash of swords, without
mercy, joy, or quarter.

Enemy breach perimeter's wire
Through mindfields, tripflares, and
things flying higher.

Many are dead, bodies draped-ornaments
dangle on wire, racked and trampled in
furrows of fire.

*45,000 heads taken in South Vietnam—
dark souls adrift...becalmed and abandoned
—light's souls like morning sunflowers,
awaken—spirits aloft...soar to their Maker.*

Impatient Reaper swills grieving-tears, and
shutters of rapture craving scents of dread

Families and friends slumber this night,
all hope soon abandoned—inconsolable
plight. Sons' sown now reap death's
scarlet stain, how pitifully they rigor in
unholy blight, and lie corrupt through
decades of night.

Yet victory left wanting... unclaimed,
Patriots or Villains, labels unnamed...
Seven years of *get-the-message* war to
follow...

Weathered-victory, how fleeting your warm
caress... how enduring your ruthless scorn
upon vanquished plots of heartless men of
intemperate-wills forged in self-
righteousness—
without warrior's spirit.

The sting of remorse absent--their schemes gone
awry—no soothing potion offered those vexing
souls who fought county's battles—and names of
fallen inscribed upon black granite, and now best
forgotten.

strained through dawn's wispy clouds of

scarlet-flame,

heart

lamentations of sorrow.