

## Memories

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Metal ravens fly in the black of night,  
to avoid the sun's brilliant light.  
Eggs of steel drop silently,  
when the target is in sight.

The ugly little jesters in their black pajamas  
dance with glee all around, while we  
bleed and died in the air and on the ground.

The monkey is on the mountain and the  
elephant grass is tall, while monsoon mud  
covers us all!

Beauty is in the night orchid, but death is in the air.  
Beware...beware, for bouncing Bette's are buried  
everywhere!

This game is for real, bullets, bombs, Claymores,  
razor sharp wire, people, places and things on fire.  
Snakes, super-sized rats and deadliest of them all;  
delayed death...agent orange from the sky did fall.

In the dark of the jungle, silent movement suspicious  
and out of sight, Hồ Chí Minh trail is busy again tonight!

The deafening roar of Fifty Two's on darkened runways  
night after night. Death in the air, death on the ground,  
death all around!

Anger, night sweats, PTSD, and the  
boogiemán too...gifts of war forevermore!

On and on it goes, indiscreetly devouring the innocent  
and guilty alike, thousands by day and night, no end  
obviously in sight!

War is its name; no one seems to want to take the blame,  
but, blame there is more than enough to go around!  
We will just have to wait, till it's all over and see what  
comes down!