

Cam Ranh Bay AB Air Base
Poem: Of Young Men and the Vietnam War
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Of Young Men and the Vietnam War

Young men sent to a far away
Shore
It was called a mere conflict instead of a
War
But the young men knew its real name was
War
And they marched off to fulfill a patriot's
Chore
The innocence of all was stripped quickly
Away
They lived on life's edge day after
Day
Unwanted by those whose lives they would
Save
Unloved by their countrymen and not the latest
Rave
Their bonds were made strong by a similar
Plight
They vowed their devotion and to make a good
Fight
The hot sun beat down like a fire from
Hell
There was not much rest and never enough
Mail
Twilight brought them no rest not
Respite
For Charlie lurked hidden in the dark shadows of
Night
With a satchel charge and an AK clutched in his
Hand
He brought much death and destruction into the
Land
And the death angel would stand silently just out of
Sight
While young men were sleeping quietly who did not
know their coming
Plight
When rockets would slam into the soft sandy
Ground
If your name was written on it you never heard that
Round
Some were unlucky and some weren't
Prepared
And every young man was equally
Scared
Their voices would quiver as they tried to make
Jest
While 122's were falling launched from a far away
Crest
The night sky was lit up a bright cherry
Red
Young men were heard to scream from a hospital
Bed
Yesterday they had spoken of leaving that
Place
But before the dawn broke they met God face to
Face
At dawn all could look and could clearly
See
The results of the battle which had been a
Melee

Holes blasted in parts of a winding
Road
Buildings peppered by the impact of the rockets spent
Load
The places men slept were ripped and
Torn
The bloodstains cried out: FROM THESE NO CHILD
SHALL BE
BORN
The grim reapers thirst only partially
Slaked
While young men sat and waited for the next he would
Take
The wait was short as a sniper's bullet found it's
Mark
An Air Force sentry lay wounded and alone just before
Dark
I'm sure folks at home never heard of these
Assaults
Probably too busy with a job or maybe their
Thoughts
Oh, if these things could only be
Hyperbole
Wish it were so for many would still have their
Sanity
Alas, it is true, all that I've wrote and now young men
must
Forbear
With those that forgot them and never did
Care

Now Hail the heroes of World War II, Korea, and the
Persian Gulf
Campaign
While young men - now old - sit thinking
Again
Will we be remembered as time passes
By?
No, indeed, except by those who served beside us and by
Almighty God way up in the
Sky

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