

Bright Moon Rising

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A bright moon rising...skipping from cirrus cloud to cloud, like a rock skipping pond water.

Light pale and silver-luminescent, bathing all in subdued brilliance; etching mountains and closer hills softly in silhouette. He never considered that he, like the mountains, was also silhouetted, and anyone inclined to do so could have blown him away as easily as a range-target.

Standing quietly in the night he easily read his c-rations labels, looking for the favorite pound cake everyone else seemed to hate.

On nearby hill, green and red tracers crossed-swords silently.
The sentry's thoughts had replayed his prom night, and home.

His eyes were drawn toward the heavens, in wonder.
For some reason he wondered what had placed him in Vietnam a hundred years after our own civil war. He still struggled with exactly why we were in Nam...and no one could explain what was so important about Vietnam.

He squatted and broke off a piece of crumbly-cake and wished he had a coffee to dunk it in.

The smell of churned earth hung heavily, courtesy of the runway construction squids...at least he was fairly sure they were Navy.

He watched as an F-4 Phantom afterburned nearly straight up as if targeting the moon seemingly within reach.