**Carve My Name in Black Granite**  
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Carve my name in granite black, to testify I once   
was there— as all others who could say it was so,   
are now spirits above the vault —and for that day   
someone bearing flowers, reading marker after   
marker on mausoleum’s wall, stands before my   
entombment and reads my name, and VIETNAM.

He briefly scans my engraved marker and wonders,   
who this fellow was that died so long ago—and what  
was a VIETNAM. Might he use a means of search,   
and quiz who I and IT was? Will he discover photos of   
my childhood and brothers, riding horses or flying   
aircraft through the sky; or the homes we had lived in;   
and those we loved, who had lived, and now all dust?   
  
Will he see ancient photos of me, in a strange uniform   
and helmet, armed on a field of battle; Blackie padding   
alongside? Might he marvel we would fly in such strange   
and dangerous metal crafts— flames bursting from their  
tails?  
  
Would he stand shocked to see the numbers dead who  
fell in that war— tens of thousands of men just like me;   
and wonder what the war was for?

Before he moved along would he see the photo of our  
merry band of brothers marching shoulder to shoulder   
towards The Wall? That we, once brave, and young like   
him had honored our country’s call? Would he understand   
we meant our banner’s motto, “We Take Care of Our Own,”   
and did our best to remember, those who fell before us.