**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.