

Cam Ranh Bay AB

483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay AB, 1970

Eyes On The Wire

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Jim Randall

EYES ON THE WIRE

They come at night, when I'm in bed,
Sand bags turned into pillows
Donny C. and Ritchie P. along with many others.

Eyes on the wire, don't fall asleep,
Advise my fallen brothers
But there is one who comes at night
Who is not like the Others.

Incoming! Incoming! An air burst so near
These words trickle thru my head as if to calm my fear,
"The Rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air ..."
I wait for hot metal to enter my back

Is that Jimi Hendrix that I hear?
Illumination creates Dante's Night,
He appears in the smoke and shadow.
It was that instant that God decided
He'd condemn us to do battle

Tracers do their death dance.
Cordite and piss, the perfume of death.
I saw in his eyes, the ultimate surprise
He'd savored his last breath

Eyes on the wire, can't fall asleep,
If I do I know he'll come.
With his eye's burning red,
and his body in shreds
He follows me with his stare
"No sweat G.I. take the easy way out,
pull that trigger if you dare!"

Eyes on the wire, don't fall asleep
I guess the saying was right
Remember when we said,
"We control the day, But Charlie controls the night"

EYES ON THE WIRE, by Jim Randall,
483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay AB 1970. *VSPA Life Member #69*

Written after another sleepless night 5/27/05

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