

VIETNAM

Da Nang Air Base
366th SPS

Da Nang Air Base: Dark Valley

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**There is a Dark Valley near Da Nang
with rolling sinking vistas of darkness
where cloud-shadows
dance a plague on men,
sunlight is swallowed whole,
and life,
don't mean nothin'.**

Nestled between razor-back mountains,
not in mute slumber, but like a snare,
waits patiently.

Soft globs of fire, red and green etched lightning,
float and snap toward passing men of wings
slapping some to earth and waiting dogs,
amusing others who wing away.

Men of arms, like soldier ants, stalk scent-trails
of heat, overlapping, deceiving, some ancient
others more compelling with dewless brass shell-memories
doting earth enriched by blood of men where tangle brush
blooms with vigor.

There is a valley near Da Nang,
soul embracing ... with pearls of light floating,
sinking nearer ...
captivating ...
jealous of other memories through decades
'till life's end,

waiting still ...

... still waiting.

Don't mean nothin'.

