

Take Our Brother Home

KIA, LOD, POW*MIA, TBI, PTSD © 2015 Don Poss

Warriors expose themselves to enemy's ire For a brother whose life's spirit bleeds-out in dreadful dire.

They raced to the Medevac Ghost ship, stacked with dead, pooled-blood shimmering, rotors whopping, and begged *God speed* to Surgeon's lair.

Brothers caringly *lock and load* stretcher through Huey's portal, and unknowingly into the other side of Heaven's Wall.

Seeds sown to reap another languishing soul, decades hence, a PTSD harvest most certain upon touching engraved name, and slapped with memories of warrior's brains drying on a log.

In Memory of Bill Ungerman

We Take Care of Our Own
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