

Vietnam War Poetry

Forgotten Glory

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DN, 23rd ABG/APS; 6252nd APS

War-Stories LM 14

VSPA LM 366

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Forgotten Glory

Ah! Those were the days my friend,
we thought they would never end!
But end they did and then there
we stood without pomp or ceremony,
deep in that deadly jungle land.

Blood on the sand, blood on our hands
and we wondered where it would all end.
Mac, Moe and Billy Joe just dust in the
wind, and no one knows and no one cares
what they've done or where they've been.

War is the name of the game and only the
player's change and all that's left is
tombstones and forgotten glory,
and forgotten names.



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