

## Vietnam War Poetry

### Duty, Honor, and All The Rest

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#### Duty, Honor, and All The Rest

As he lies dying... life slowly  
oozes from his gaping wound.

The glory of the battle has  
quickly passed, and the blue  
in his young eyes has turned  
to gray...pale ash has invaded his skin,  
as he feverishly thinks of his  
next of kin.

Principles, valor and glory  
are fading away in favor  
of pain, shock and the chill  
of fear intensified by the cold  
pouring, monsoon rain.

The Red, White and blue waves in  
the Autumn air as the bugle calls...  
A line of young men stand tall.  
Rifles at Present Arms, Fire!"  
is the command.

Once again...  
a young warrior is being laid to rest.  
For he has given his life for what he  
considered the very best!  
"Duty, Honor, and all the rest!"



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