

A War Long Past

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From a war long past,
in valleys of tall elephant grass,
ageing bouncing betties
silently waiting for arms and
legs of any innocent victims
traveling this ancient jungle
path.

Young men fought and died
in that distant jungle war,
While many others bled
and cried.

Day after day, week after week,
month after month, and year after year,
they marched to the drums of that far off war.

In finality, thousands served
and thousands fought and died.
Thousands more still wonder why.

Gone are the rockets, bombs,
flares, flaming bullets and the
acidic smell of napalm in the
night jungle air.

Gone are the flags, the black body
bags, the towers, bunkers and the
monsoon rains.

That Jungle War is long over.
But the burning question
remains; was it worth those
young lives, the cost and
nightmares that forever
shall remain.

Only history shall tell
if it was all in vain.

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