

Tet 1968

Battle of Bien Hoa, Bunker Hill-10

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The battle, sudden and violent—
titanic clash of swords, without mercy,
joy, or quarter.

I have seen the heads of the vanquished,
a death-mask in waiting;
45,000 heads cleaved this day, now entombed where nothing
grows—dark souls adrift, wander a destined path—victor's
spirits whisked aloft, embraced, renewed—all fallen; lost to
us forever.

Impatient Reaper longs for grieving-tears yet shed, to
thwart his joy, sops an aching-heart with favorite
battle-dauber...to scar living spirits.

Victory left wanting...unclaimed,
Patriots or Villains, labels unwritten...
Seven years of *get-the-message* war to
follow...

Weathered-victory,
how fleeting your warm caress...
how enduring your ruthless scorn
upon vanquished plots of heartless men of
intemperate-wills forged in self-righteousness—
without warrior's spirit.

The sting of remorse absent--their schemes gone awry— no
soothing potion offered those vexed souls of dark and light,
indifferent to their at hand plight
Matters not who fought what cause...
Tis enough to feel their fall
county's battles, assure they fight,
and strained through dawn's wispy clouds of scarlet-flame—
and names of fallen inscribed upon black granite, and now
best forgotten.