

Da Nang Air Base— Dark Valley

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There is a Dark Valley near Da Nang
with rolling sinking vistas of darkness where cloud-
shadows dance a plague on men, sunlight consumed,
and life . . .
Don't mean nothin'.

Nestled between razor-back mountains,
not in mute slumber, like a siren's snare,
darkness waits patiently to sop life from men and beast.

Soft globs of fire, red and green etched lightning, float and
snap toward deadly men of wings, slapping some to earth
and waiting dogs, as others rain death upon those below
and flock away.

Men of arms, like soldier ants, stalk scent-trails of
copper-sweet drops of life, overlapping, deceiving, some
ancient . . . others more compelling with scattered dewless
brass-shell-memories dotting earth and tangle brush with
trails of warm blood from men struck down from the
heavens.

There is a dark valley near Da Nang,
soul embracing . . . with pearls of light arc-drifting,
sinking nearer, captivating, a deadly snare for those
treading forth through decades of strife 'til life's end.

Waiting still . . . this Dark Valley of fleeting light beckons all
within sight . . . still waiting.

Don't mean nothin'.

