

Vietnam War Poetry

DEATH

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DEATH

Disturbing shadows, as seen through my teary eyes
On this night of fighting, trying not to let you go
Desperate thoughts, in the night I cry
Please God, he's too young, don't let him go
And on this night, even the stars refuse to shine
But the flares high in the sky and the bullets continue to fly
My pain becomes stronger when life and death combine
My eyes search to find comfort from above, and as the moon disappears
I feel the death of your spirit and now all hope is gone
I must now sacrifice your soul, for if your life is gone
Then death is all you and I will ever know.