

Well, He's Gone Now ...

He didn't really say good-bye

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Well, He's gone now;
He didn't really say good-bye;
Just sorta waved and sighed.

Well, He stood there waiting in line;
Lookin' all ready and sayin' He was feelin' fine;
A check around and the noddin' of heads;
The last chance to justify his mind.

Then he took off;
In that South bound bird;
No complaints—Just a nervous smile;
Sorta like a *see ya in a while*;
Then the whining of the engines;
And nothing could be heard.

Yes, He's gone now;
The word is in;
Him and the others, not unlike brothers,
Have gone to the world on no sin.

DAMN, He's gone now;
And you'll have your time to cry;
Yet He'd say;
Take your time, the hurt will go away;
Have your cry, then start that new day.

He's close now;
Closer than He's ever been;
And his memory will always be dear;
Now the only thing to fear;
Is the pain that will present its self;
When the thought of him is near.

Well, He's gone now;
And He really didn't say god-bye;
Just sorta waved and sighed;
Taking what He knew;
And keeping it inside.

14 May 1975
DWK

[Mayaguez Incident:

Poem written by "DWK" on 14 May 1975, the day after the crash of Knife-13, on 13 May 1975, en route to join the forming USMC assault force and rescue of the U.S. merchant cargo ship, SS Mayaguez, and crew captured by Kmer Rouge Cambodia insurgents.]