

VIETNAM

Da Nang Air Base

366th Security Police Squadron

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 is swallowed whole,
and life...
don't mean nothin'.**

Nestled between razor-back mountains, not in
mute slumber, but like a snare, waits patiently.

Soft globs of fire, red and green etched lightning, float
and snap toward passing men of wings slapping some to
earth and waiting dogs, amusing others who wing away.

Men of arms, like soldier ants, stalk scent-trails
of heat, overlapping, deceiving, some ancient others more
compelling with dewless brass shell-memories dotting earth enriched
by blood of men where tangle brush blooms with vigor.

There is a valley near Da Nang,
soul embracing ... with pearls of light floating, sinking
nearer ...
captivating ...
jealous of other memories through decades 'till life's end,
waiting still ...
... still waiting.
Don't mean nothin'.

