



Tearfall Over The Wall

When Vietnam Veterans are Gone

PTSD

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*For the first time, a day had passed and no one read names on the
Vietnam Veterans Memorial.*

*The second day, no one came at all, nor strummed engraved letters
loved ones once rubbed in etchings.*

*The third day of solitude, a gusting wind blew Fall leaves tumbling along
Wall's promenade, where oft' thousands had tread daily; that night,
A heavy monsoon rain fell till dawn....*

**How many tears, like a waterfall, had flowed o'er The Wall in mourning,
love, and regret for those who served and died in the Vietnam War; or
wasted away from Dragon's Orange chill, or
haunting dreams of things that were?**

**Will someone long hence feel The Wall's healing power, as did we;
Or sense heartfelt pity and grief, or presence of starving
marauding-shadows of the-night with no one left
to consume?**

**Will a descendant, far-removed, feel a kindred-spirit's link as soft fingertips
ripple over sunken letters of cold granite Names of those who fought, died, or
were left behind; or
even wonder about millions of old Vietnam veterans, once young horn-dogs,
and burdened with treasured memories and desperate moments,
whose ashes now swirl with dancing leaves, or as airborne dust reborn on
towering mountaintop, or does laugh within a glorious sunset?**

**Will anyone connect grief's-cause with our
Tens of thousands dead,
hundreds of thousands who bled, or
the multitudes who endured a never-ending war; and worst of all,
a nation's taunting unwelcome-home?**

**Who then will ponder *the-whys*,
When Vietnam-era veterans are gone; all that's left standing are
The Three Soldiers, and the
Tearfall Over The Wall is forsaken?**