

An Agent Called Orange

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377th SPS, 1968-1969, LM 453

Oh how we dread the dark of night
When that wide door to the past is open
Once again we return to that endless fight
Only to awake in the morning light so lonesome

So much of our lives have been stolen
Leaving us tired in pain so forlorn
Cold and shaking from being locked in this dungeon
Striking deep to the soul like a sharp thorn

Manhood robbed from us in our prime
Sickness not foreseen from the past
Taken by disease from the far away wartime
Now plague us one and all till the last

As we slowly wither and fade away
Soon to be lost from all thought
Let us take the time to pray
Hoping all we lost was not for naught

Edwin J. Smith
The Old Cowboy Poet
Sept. 23rd 2009