

WHEN?

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They gathered in the streets and in the coffee houses across this great land. They crusaded, yelled, cursed and in open defiance burned their draft cards in hand.

They brazenly wave the enemy's flag in our face.

They shouted, "It's not our damn war, we won't go!"

They spit on and burned the Red, White and Blue and yelled "F--- you too!"

The POW's underwent brutal, intense and prolonged agony,

and this man has the audacity to ask me... "When?"

They made fun of the MIA's and spit on the returning WIA's and shouted, "Baby Killers!"

They screamed their approval when Jane sat on the A.A.A. gun in Hanoi and thumbed her nose at our fighting men and women.

Then they ran and hid-out in all four corners of the earth to keep out of harms way.

When it was all over, they sneaked back into the good old US of A under the protection of the highest office of the land.

"This was an unjust war." Was the lame excuse they used to justify their immoral sin.

I ask, "Who gave them a choice?"

No one gave you or me a choice!

It was our duty, and it was the law of the land.

When?

I can give more than fifty-eight thousand reasons for not forgiving or forgetting, they are inscribed on a cold, black granite wall.

Now, today this man had the audacity to ask me, "When am I going to forget and forgive?"

Well, let me tell you something my friend, I have the tenacity to answer this question once and for all!

When?

When the world cracks at both ends and the seven seas run in.

When snow cap mountains rise from the bowels of hell.

When all the stars have fallen from the heavens.

When time stands still.

Not yesterday, not today and not tomorrow, but never!

They have perpetrated an unforgivable sin.
I hope to live to see the day...
when they are all...
just dust in the wind.

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