

## Đà Nàng Air Base: Dark Valley

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There is a Dark Valley near Đà Nàng 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 doting earth enriched by blood of men where tangle brush blooms with vigor.

There is a valley near Đà Nàng,
soul embracing... with pearls of light floating,
sinking nearer...
captivating...
jealous of other memories through decades
'till life's end,

waiting still...

