

VIETNAM - THAILAND



Hallowed Fields of Languor
"Let War find another field to
whittle names on wooden crosses..."
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Hallowed Fields of Languor

*KIA, LOD, POW*MIA, TBI, PTSD*

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Oh hallowed fields of languor, where perfect meadows slumber...
as if battlefields in waiting...
and sentinel pines stand guard from pasture's edge to yonder distant
hilltops, alert to legions of danger==what powers do you wield that
captivates our nurturing spirits so?

Dawn's azure skies spill liquid-amber light through reborn clouds, cascading
down boulder strewn hillsides o'er fields of gentle swaying dandelions.
Forest scents waft on crisp morning breeze, southing treetops where eagles
survey their domain in search of mountain lake fish.

Prancing whitetail fawns, with silky reddish coats and dappled white spots,
hopscotch meadow's checkerboard pasture of light... leaping from
cool-shadow blotches to dancing-isles of teasing warm sunlight.

Pray the battle comes another day, another year--or not at all.
Let nature cry joy o'er this virgin field of innocent life... and no one
ever apply Lincoln's immortal words to this peaceful valley:
"The world will little remember what we say here,
but it can never forget what they did here."

Let war find another field to whittle names on planted wooden crosses...
and there be no immortal words for the world to remember; save the beauty
of this sacred valley of flowers, southing winds, soft fragrant green grass
where peace abides... mortal spirits are renewed... and seeds of distress are
neither ploughed nor sown, nor reaped in dreadful harvest...
forevermore.

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