

The Fallen Airman
(Wind, Fire, Earth, Eternal)
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To Earth falls the wounded Airman,
He fought for country's right

To Fire flames his wounds,
Twas a grisly sight

To Wind soars his soul on wings,
Heaven he must go

Eternal his earthly loss ...
For our freedom, tis always so.

Life's Point
(Copyright 2008, Don Poss)

Like flares drifting, sputtering
And flaming out,
Another Brother Fell.

Echo not yet faded ...
Again tolls the bell.

Melancholy.
Sad.
Tearful I'll admit.

One Fewer now our Brotherhood,
Though Stronger we still get.

We guard 111's growing fame, as
Three Warriors guard The Wall of Names

And I ask in wonder now ...
Who will take Life's Point?

Does it matter he held back the clashing tide
Crashing against perimeters wide?
Or led us safely through the fracas night
Though death but a misstep away?

Or how he survived when brothers died,

Their blood still fertile in foreign ground?

Then came home to hostile hoorahs ...
Learned to keep silent 'bout those other days.

A wife.
Kids.
Grandkids too.
All in all ... a good life.

By day, his family, work and play.
By night ... he dreamt of dark mêlées
When danger slammed the wire and
Rockets streaked the clouds.

And now he's dust and will fade away,
Awaiting the next to come his way ...

Fearing the answer
I ask again in wonder now,
Who will take Life's Point and
Lead us toward inevitable light?

Don Poss

Don't Die My Brothers ...

By Don Poss

There was a time when our numbers shook the Earth
Of Vietnam and Thailand.
As Defenders of The Fortress!

Air Police.
Security Police.
Twenty Thousand strong ... young Warriors we were, and
The Fortress was safe.

For a decade, the enemy tried our gates,
Fell upon our swords ... and died!
The Fortress was safe.

Our blood was shed ... the cost of freedom.
One Hundred Eleven dead ... Five Hundred more Wounded.
The Fortress was safe.

Then we came Home.
The Fortress was safe.

We were not.

Our numbers grow fewer by the decade
Our Names join those who fell before.
We die too young and too often,
Lingering Shadows, and
Agent orange coffins.

Too many now guard the Pearly Gates --
Winged reminders to treasurer my brothers.
I miss them ... and that is certain.
I remember them ...
Faces ever young ...
Faces that grew old.
Heaven is safe.

Brothers,
I Don't Want You to Die ...
Stay a while longer if you can, if only until relieved ...
Remember with me those we have lost ...
The times when our numbers shook the Earth,
And those who would cause us harm, feared us.
The Fortress was safe ...
And none ever lost!

Dark Valley
by: Don Poss
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There is a Dark Valley near Da Nang
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 siren snare,

the dark waits patiently
to sop the life of men and beast.

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.

Airmen of arms, like wingless ants, stalk scent-trails
of copper sweet, and stench of coming death most deceiving.
Ancient paths layered by new,
glistening and compelling with dewless brass-shell memories,
doting earth here and there,
enriched by blood of men where tangle brush now
blooms with vigor.

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

Waiting still ...

... still waiting, this

Dark Valley of fleeting light beckons ...

Don't mean nothin'.

Warrior's Last Prayer

by: Don Poss

(© Copyright, 1999)

... Father

... I hear singing

... what does it mean?

They are praying for you.

... But I am not dead.

No . . . You are not dead.

. . . My friends
 . . . some were hurt.

They will be all right.

. . . But I feel all right too
 . . . I do not hurt any more
 . . . why can't I move?
 . . . why can't I see clearly?

You will see clearly, My son.

. . . My family
 . . . I love them, Father
 . . . will they understand?

With heavy hearts . . . they will understand.

. . . Mom
 . . . Dad
 . . . will they be all right?

I will give them peace.

. . . The singing, Father
 . . . it's farther away now.

Listen as they pray more sweetly . . .

. . . are they praying for my friends?

For them

. . . and for you.

. . . Will we be together again?

Forever . . . and ever

Father . . .
 . . . they have stopped singing
 . . . what does it mean?

Rest now

. . . My good and faithful servant

... and forever more
... Welcome into My home.

The Warrior . . .

by: Don Poss
(© Copyright, 2000)

He is a young man, this fallen warrior, newly slain.
I chance upon him as if pursuing echoes of wavering sounds of distant battle –
terrible Armageddon of thundering hooves,
soughing to and fro in gentle winds.

He is not posed in death to battle's glory.
How still, he lays,
quiet ...
unmoving ...
though not abandoned nor discarded in fields of trampled grass.

How gently carried was he by comrades,
from the raging meandering battlefield,
placed thus upon flat stone pedestal -- protected from beasts --
hidden from searching, killing, human eyes ...
yet vulnerable to flying creatures of metal or flesh,
and elements of nature that would reduce him to dust.

Carried to this granite bed ...
granite alter ...
granite final resting place,
his arms composed across his chest
not in death, but defense ...
a weapon in his hand.

Hours have passed since comrades laid down young Warrior,
and rushed back into the fractious.

His wounds, not yet mortal,
still painful,
still glisten in the sunlight.

How goes the battle? He drifts in twilight of
shimmering heat waves of waffling sight and
gleeful cries for riotous vengeance and astonished cries for mercy.

His shield arm sags to his side ...
His Sword arm dangles toward earth with open palm ...
beckoning the human touch of love past, and undiscovered ...
no longer in need of weapon.

Streaks of blood have dried away ...
a shadow of life's stream that pulsed and flowed,
and now sounds a distant drumbeat.

A poncho draped o'er form and face
-- shade from harsh light --
warmth from night's chill, should comrades tarry
-- and to their fates they tarry still.

His soul, like a tuft of hair, waves in a whisper-breeze
and flutters a threatened flight, like the dandelion before sighing trees.

He listens ...
alarmed by growing silence.
Where fled the faded cries of victory?
Why fell quiet the murmurs of wavering discourse
and horns of muffled advance or retreat?
Here now abides unknowing silence,
and the wind through tall grass.

Maretail clouds streak the heavens, fire-pink with last-light,
drawing released souls from battlefield's plight of
dark stained earth, newly moisten red, plowed and torn asunder.

Wispy comrades of hours past, arise without fear and
hold wide the gates for comrades ever near ...
and those too soon to will follow.

They beckon an *all-clear* to him ...
when he is ready ...
though still life-clinging he cannot release
this peaceful place of inviting slumber.

They are patient with time's certainty ...
as first night of eons draws nigh.

No need of weapon for self, or last defense ...
No surgeon, nurse, or friend at his side ...
Nor even guard of honor or enemy.
No tribute.
No flag.

Timeless veteran casualty . . .
This fallen Warrior ...
Patriot of homeland . . .
Victor and Vanquished.

Alone ...
he soars ...
loved ones still unknowing.

Starlight descends horizon to horizon . . .
twinkling souls across the lake.

He is a young man, this fallen warrior . . . newly slain.
If per chance you happen upon him as if pursuing
echoes of wavering sounds of distant battle --
terrible Armageddon of thundering hooves,
soughing to and fro in gentle winds --
Pause and remember him . . .

As he was . . .
As he is ...
As he will ever be.