

The Last Flight

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There's a dark place in a far off jungle land,
that still haunts my reverie....
after four long decades.

A field of death where Bouncing Betty's still
lurks among the poppies, elephant grass
and rusting wire.

On a dark monsoon night so many
years ago...still often echoes in my mind.

Flares aglow, as time stands still...
a mighty war bird's flight suddenly and
violently ends with a thundering crash!

In sheets of wind, the monsoon rages on...
as silent fear permeates this dark unholy
place of war.

Now... mangled metal slowly rusts in
that poppy field and Bouncing Betty's
silently wait to maim those wandering
unaware....

Forty year long past...
but etched in my memory
forever to last...

of seven young men in
that tragic flight on that
deadly monsoon jungle
night!

*This poem is dedicated to the crew of the C-123 flare-ship
that crashed outside of the wire at DaNang Air Base, S. Vietnam
on the 21st day of November 1965.*