

Sometimes, I'm Still in Nam
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The days, months and years
have passed, but sometime, I'm still in Nam.
I'll be damned, if, you were in Nam, you know
it wasn't too grand.
If, you were into snakes, spiders, giant mosquitoes, raw fish
and black pajamas, you were a V.C.
If you were a V.C., you'd best not meet up with me!
Whirly-birds, pop flares, claymore's, F-104, napalm and
rockets galore,
"Good Morning Vietnam!" Powdered eggs and fried spam.
A few bottles of "33" then you can take *moonbeams home in
a jar.*
If, you've been there, then, I don't have to tell you about
Nam,
If, you have not been there, then you wouldn't understand.
Forty years later, in the middle of the night, when sleep
won't come,
all hell breaks loose, the 105's open up, the 52's rain their
bad news,
and pop flares are floating everywhere. Agent orange--Oh!
how forlorn!
Elephant grass ten feet tall, the V.C. breaching the wire, but
that's alright,
for they will be greeted by K-9's and automatic fire.

Sometimes, I think we're all still in Nam!

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