

TET 1968

Battle of Bunker Hill-10

Bien Hoa Air Base

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The battle, sudden and violent—
titanic clash of swords, without
mercy, joy, or quarter.

Enemies breach perimeter's wires
Through minefields, trip flares, and
things flying higher...bodies
pretzel-ornaments enmeshed in
wire, racked and trampled in
furrows of fire.

*45,000 heads taken across the land—
dark souls adrift, becalmed, abandoned
—light souls awake as morning flowers—
spirits aloft to their Maker.*

Impatient Reaper swills griever's tears,
savoring scents of innocents' dread, sops in
stews of morsels-red...quakes in rapture's
moment.

Sons' have sown and reaped death's scarlet
stain...how pitifully they rigor in unholy
blight, lie corrupting through ages-dark; they
slumber still...lamentations without echoes
of sorrow, fade to destiny's inconsolable
plight.

Weathered-victory over Enemies Without—
so easily snatched away by lying tongues...
unclaimed through years of *guess who won*.

Restless nights of mind's ruthless scorn, replay
vanquished plots of heartless men—their only command to charge,
and only service, betrayal.

Alas, time did tell of lasting stains...where pompous cowards slinked away
hiding beneath rock and clay, where no one can scent their lack of remorse,
for folly's schemes gone awry—

Before the nation they stood and wept,
how they mourned the fallen loss,
read dead-names prepared by another...
When camera lights winked off, surried home to watch self on the evening news—
Trampled names-list upon the ground—those names of yester-news, best forgotten.
Another shame heaped upon better men, who fought the war of hearts and minds.