

Thoughts of an OLD soldier

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The darkness in my soul today makes me feel so alone,
It was only yesterday that I was so young and bold but
time has a way about stealing young lives a little each day.

Those were the days, back in the early Sixties:
baseball, girls, cars and loyal, lifelong buddies.
Then the scent of war once again filled the air, and
young boys suddenly became young warriors.
To a jungle land far away they sailed, where they fought and
many died for their flag and the principles for which it stands.

Today, forty-three years later, the war is long gone, but the scars
remain, fifty-eight thousand gave their all and their names are
enshrined on that black granite wall, the rest remember it all.

I sometimes wonder where they would all be, if that jungle war
had not occurred at all.
Doctors, preachers, lawyers, firemen, policemen, carpenters,
teachers and most of all, husbands and fathers they would be called.
I'm saddened today that it couldn't have been that way.

Just tearful thoughts of an OLD soldier.

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