

VICTORY

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Some fell to ground and died.
Some fell from the sky, and burned.
Some fell by and by, as decades passed
...even now.

What Victory?
What Glory?
What deeds greater than the final outcome when
all of us are dead and gleeful historians write the
rewritten histories and nothing real resolved?

We sowed Vietnam soil with our blood...
We brought the dead home...most of them; some
still there...and
Buried youthful broken-bodies in the land of the
free.

Heard the words "*On behalf of a greatful nation...*"
Which was ungreatful, Uncaring, and
not there for us.

Would we do it again?
Would *they* Do it To Us Again?
Are veterans stronger from lessons learnt; were
there lessons to learn?

What victory?
What glory?
What a mess.