

ENEMY POINTMAN

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Each night another part of the base we take
And watch for Charlie and simply wait.
Your mind can play tricks when you're in such a state.
You're alone, afraid, far from home and it's late.
Shadows seem like men and movement coming my way.
Does the next battle include me at Cam Ranh North Bay?
It's silly, it's nothing at all you see.
It's only my imagination, my fear, it's just me.

I've never seen a snorkel tube in the water...what's this..
How long should I watch, or just fire at will.
That tube now is being blocked by a tree now a hill.
Does he get away, are there many or just a few.
I wander, what, just exactly what should I do?

A platoon now may be forming, out of the water and
ready to fight.
Any moment now they all could be in my sight.
What to do...*I know*...I'll pop a flare in the direction.
I do.. and The Man at radio control asks, what is my location?

All secure I routinely say as many a time before.
But I'm wondering if soon fighting will be at the door.
Was it a shadow or really a sighting.
Was it the wire or only the lighting?

Maybe somewhere an old Vietnamese soldier reflects
and is writing about me..
When he *probed* the American base in his own country.
And a Flare was sent up that changed his direction...
As he writes his war journal and shares his Reflection.