

Steel Raindrops

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Steel raindrops fall and young men
die for that silent call.

The man made thunder and lightning clash
and the blood of the guilty and innocent flow
in crimson red, delivering pain and mayhem
as they stand tall and fight for one and all.

The jungle night comes alive with stealthy shadows
silently, hurriedly gliding under the pale moonlight.
Mortars whistle in flight as they deliver death in the
jungle twilight.

Death wears no mask, its ugly bony face glows with
anticipation, finalization and delight.
Pain, suffering, agony, and unadulterated fear haunts
the reverie of the victors and vanquished alike.

The Elephant grass comes alive with invaders through the wire,
while defenders with grenades, machine guns, and mortars open fire.

The yellowish glow from a pop flare's light reveals the horror of young
men dead and dying on a bloody jungle battlefield for principles they hold
sacred and dear. A war long gone, but one for which you and I still shed a tear.

For those who survived, sounds and sights to this day...in the middle of the night.

Vietnam.