

MY SOLDIER CAME HOME FROM NAM

My soldier came home from Nam.
The memory of that hellish war still haunts him thirty years later.
The scenes of blood and gore still invade his mind.
He remembers seeing dead comrades in body bags.
He helped count the dead and load them onto the noisy choppers.
The sound of the choppers has never left his mind.
The smell of the dead has never left his senses.

My soldier came home from Nam.
There are memories of many sleepless nights spent guarding the platoon,
His sleep a restless one,
The slightest sound in the bush a cause for terror.
Once home, he continued to jump at noises in the night.
I could not comfort him as he lay cradled in my arms

My soldier came home from Nam.
The days were long and hot in the field.
The rainy season was wet and dirty.
The sound of rain brings unpleasant thoughts,
as he recalls a unquenchable thirst,
the polluted springs,
canteens filled with rain

My soldier came home from Nam.
His many medals given for courage mock his survival.
My soldier came home with the killer instinct still in his veins,
with anger in his heart.
His anger from the forgotten war still stews in a porridge of pain.

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