

REMEMBER NAM

Up ten shout for morning glory.
Ten go out, but five come back.
Four survive to tell their story.
One slips into body sack.

Two go home with one shoe missing.
Two stay on to fight some more:
Hot night sweat, mosquito kissing,
Flying lead, and bloody gore.

One man smokes a joint at twilight.
One man bows his head to pray.
Suddenly a blasting skylight
Showers all with red hot spray.

One last curse off lips of smoker.
Praying soldier stares face up.
War, you hellish earth blood-soaker!
Statesman, you come fill the cup!

— *David L. Hatton, 12/2/1990*