

Sheets of pink

David Freschi

Clacking, Tapping old Remington

Typewriter, not the gun, pecking two fingered

“On 6 July 1967, in Quang Ngai province

Sgt. M sustained multiple shrapnel

Wounds as a result of hostile fire

Sgt. M sustained wounds to

Chest, right anterior, left side

Of head, both legs, and back.

Sgt. M’s wounds were fatal, body recovered

Just a few words, a lost life, lost future

Condensed to a soulless pink form

Typed on my soul, burned past my eyes

Five more sets of five

Slowly pecked in, keys clatter

The musical accompaniment for death’s dance

Pull ‘em out, get ‘em signed

Colonel will grimace, silent pain

“Thanks Doc”, a good man ages

The next ones wait, rather be in the bush

Pink sheets jumble and blur

Across my dreams, even awake

Leaves of pink spot my vision

Look at my heart, read the stories

Every death writ hard, 25 times each

Indelible scour on my soul

Night draws close, on it goes

Tap, Tap, Tap, “Corporal V. suffered

**Traumatic amputation of both legs, right arm,**

**And head while engaged with NVN forces**

**In Quang Tri area, one more life**

**Melds with mine, an open file**

**Never to fold**