

The Party

I heard you talking

At that party, so many years

Past that Asian war

The '60's, so great for you

You protested that awful adventure

Never heard a shot in anger

Never tasted blood or fear

(TV doesn't count)

Tell me, Tell me

Did you ever feel a twinge of,

Guilt for the pain you caused

To shattered young men and women?

Tell me,

Have you ever lost a minute's sleep

Over those who fought beside us?

Driven into the sea, the gentle

Re-education camps, the mass graves

Tell me

Did you ever think the blood of

Two million Cambodians

At the hands of a true Progressive

Might touch your shoes?

Tell me,

Have you ever looked in the mirror and said,

My actions might have prolonged the suffering?

Share with me

Have you walked up to a vet to say-

Not the usual bullshit

No not that, just- Thank you for fighting for me

I thought not

Those politicians you honored and pressured

No more than empty cups

Blown by the strongest wind

Courage, integrity, duty

Need not apply

I thought not

No worry from me though

Pain and anger, long ago

Washed away by grace

Just a word of caution

That pedestal you stand on

No steel in that base

No honor in sight