

Just a kid

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She was just a kid, playing with friends
Letting a war go by, but it wouldn't
Marines settling in 200 yards away, no threat
From them but danger watched, cold
Sighting, squeezing, firing and
A child drops, touched by hot metal
Marines move laying suppression fire in the tree line
No response, and two corpsmen move to a stranger
But a child, just a child, Bacsí starts
Comforting, splinting, bandaging, stabilizing
Bullet shattered arm needs more than field work
Call authorized, chopper on the way
Shirt off, ready for the run to the evac.
"You got her Doc?" No problem.
"Hey you look like a movie star Doc, look here
Got it, great picture!"
Her eyes, pain glassed, confusion burned, touch mine
Nothing to do for her fear, got to go
Body tenses, 34's distinctive hammer
Sound comes before sight and then he pops, drops
And I'm running, running
Chopper moves, crew waves me on
Moves again, can't seem to catch it
What's wrong with this pilot?
It goes on and on, a glance shows
The tree line sparkling, spitting green

While red hornets search the brush, stinging
Everything in their path. Now I get it
Now I know why it was just a kid
One more adrenaline push, hands meet mine
Transfer done, while 60 slams over my head
She's gone, on to hospital and hoped for healing
Will she remember, the day our eyes touched and
We danced away from cold fingers and even colder hearts?
Partners who never met.