

Khe Sanh – The Evening News

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Home finally, jungle stench should be
Gone now, yet still I scent traces
Clean sheets, a piece of heaven
News is on, siege of Khe Sanh
Marines scramble in trenches
Filthy, dirty, numb, bleeding
All for a general's error
Bill due in death, pain, and scars
Desperate Sisyphean struggle to
Resupply what, after months of cave dwelling
would be abandoned, thrown away
Bill paid but no goods delivered
C-130 lumbers from the smoky sky
A heavy weight winged wrestler
Towards a barely functional LZ
Touches down, rolling 100, 200 meters
Mortars roll in, well hidden, one lined perfectly
A flash, an inferno – a silent prayer
Rips my gut, deafening and silent
Two years pass by- a classmate I learn
At the controls- never knew him well
But I watched him die
Different social group we were, yet now
The brothers' web tightens and
That silent prayer slides
Noiselessly once again from my lips