

Vietnam In Verse

Just Thinking

You know last night while standing guard I thought I'd write a poem. And tell it like it really is to all the folks back home.

You folks read all the newspapers and watch the TV shows. But even with all of that, not one of you really knows.

You hear the good side of all our battles, the enemies we kill. But you've never seen a buddy fall, while charging up a hill.

At home you walk down sidewalks, or in a crowded mall. But here, brush on our jungle trails is thick we have crawl.

Back stateside you have bridges built, to go across a river. But here in Nam we walk right in, and when it's cold we shiver.

You've got air conditioners there, to cool your shop or den. But over here it's so damn hot we

Think it's hell we're in.

*At home you take your wife or girl, go out and dance
all night. But over here, we stand our guard,
sometimes stiff with fright.*

*Have you ever looked around and seen so many
things you've got? Or once stopped to think about
the many things we've not.*

*You have cold beer and water you have hot meals to
eat. Any one of those to us would really be a treat.*

*And every day you take a walk down life's easy
path. But I'll bet you never had to go a month
without a bath.*

*To you a bath is water, hot enough to make it steam.
To us it's nothing more than a leech-
infested stream.*

*You have no doubt been scared enough to think the
end is near. But I'll bet you've not had to live a
total year in fear.*

You folks have got it easy compared to us across the sea. But all any soldier asks of you is, "Please remember me."

The above poem was published in our local paper in 1969 by my friend Pfc. James E. Klass, Chu Lai, Vietnam. He and I were boyhood friends and played in rock and roll bands before and after "THE NAM". Published in his memory, he passed away at the age of 57, his memory lives on.

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