

Going Train - 1970

Checkered in a dozen greens
The paddies shimmer in the glare
Their flooded parts a mirror
Of the pillars in the air.

But move a mile to westward
And there is a different scene,
Pocked with stumps and craters
And a wilder, lusher, green.

As the paddies near the wasteland
There are freshly healing scars
Where patient ox and human
Erase the work of Mars.

Order moves on Chaos
And will soon reclaim the whole.
But sad to say, a paddy heals
Sooner than a soul.

Major R.K. Demand

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Free

 **VIA AIR MAIL** 
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