

MYER'S LUCK

My friend Myers
Was half Apache
And abandoned
As a baby.
He had luck
That I wouldn't wish
On Nixon's dog
Though he had bit me.
Myers' luck
Took him to Vietnam
As a volunteer idealist
Where there
Struck by lightening
He recovered
To volunteer again
And get shot
In the dick!

Southern Wind

"I am mad but north-north-west;
When the wind is southerly,
I know a Hawk from a hand-saw."

Long home from that journey,
Here, with Penelope, happily by her loom,
The color of last night still lovely in her cheeks,
The smile of our shared satisfaction.
All is peace.
But in me there cries that restless voice,
And though I somehow know better,
That part of me where my meanings are,
Paces in the past, there only do I live

To stand again on wooden cold high windéd decks,
Facing the north-west ice rains,
Those sleated tears from home.
So alive, all that storied night,
Pursuing the darkness, always full sail.

In sleep I dream of other times,
And in that composed slice of death,
I dream of the thunder red battle days,
Achilles, at my side,
Our strong slashing bloodied arms,
Swinging fabled and great weighted swords,
From each others backs we deny the world,
Access to our vulnerabilities.

And later by the fire on the reddened sands,
Tasting the wood-casqued home wine,
Mourning those whose swords and lives have splintered,
In this dream of war I find I dream of Home.
I awake and wonder
If freedom was worth the price?

And I wonder also,
Am I dreaming yet?

PREFIX THREE

I never much admired Wayne,
Nor cared a fig for war,
But "Friends and Neighbors" chose me,
And stood me in the door.
They uniformed and trained me,
To jump into the night,
My life rolled in a number,
I shrugged and went to fight.

We lived among the Montagnards,
We loved the Highland trails,
Romanticizing Sunsets,
And living up to tales.
Wanton boys with courage,
The outcome of the dice,
Favored us just sometimes,
Though seldom ever twice.

Now Lopez, he died with Theodore,
Then Shriver disappeared,
And losing radio contact
Was all he had ever feared.
So much for the men from the border camps;
So much for the Great Green Beret.
The highlands belong to the silent ones,
Our song has been taken away.