

" MAKE IT LOYAL "

Blank is the mind that tries to think  
of things that are beyond its comprehension  
Like the sound of one hand clapping,  
a sound I hear when I try not to think.  
I shrink at thoughts not pleasing to me,  
I tremble at thoughts of pain.  
Mine, but most of all, that of others...  
for theirs is mine too.  
I try...do I ? to laugh or cry,  
when I am in that sense of life...  
A sense of happiness,  
A sense of serenity,  
A sense of morality,  
A sense of cruelty,  
The toil....., Make it loyal.

Mike Schafernocker A.O. 2  
1949 - 1969  
Navy " Seawolves " Door Gunner  
Vietnam

This is one of 3 of Mike's poems that was read at his Memorial Service on May 3, 1969 at the Dallas Naval Air Station, Grand Prairie, Texas.  
This poem and the other two...Mike had actually written these while he was in High School.

" WIN OR LOSE "

A grain of sand,  
no demand  
Its wanted not so much  
A blade of grass  
Is cut all down  
to grow for all be such.

A stone or rock  
is cast away  
gone to see no more  
A piece of paper,  
thrown away  
thought less of than the poor.

My life is here,  
it soon be gone  
All lived and worn too thin.

But like the paper, rock and sand,  
I'll always lose...not win.

Mike Schafernocker AO 2  
1949-1969  
Navy "Seawolves" Doorgunner  
Vietnam

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was read at his Memorial Service on  
May 3, 1969 at the Dallas Naval Air Station  
Grand Prairie, Texas.

" PEACE "

I'M AT REST RIGHT NOW, IN MY SILENT MODE.  
I SPEAK, JUST TO HEAR MYSELF UTTER,  
THIS SILENCE NEEDED GREATLY,  
TO WRITE THIS NOISELESS ODE!

AN ODE TO SILENCE, SET DEEP ...  
TO MY FEET OF; JUST MYSELF.  
THINK NOW ... IN THE SILENCE, QUIET, YES  
I REST.

PEACE IS SETTING AT THE END OF THIS NOISE ...  
TIME GOES BY EVER SO FASTLY,  
IT IS EVER SO QUICK.  
THE REST IN PEACE ....

THANK GOD!

MICHAEL E. SCHAFERNOCKER A.O. 2  
U.S. Navy "SEAWOLVES"  
DOOR GUNNER, HELICOPTER  
1968-69

(To Kay)

" CHARLEY, WE LOVE YOU! "

I now have left my solemn mode  
of protection and the living code,  
Of safety from the terrible mass  
to a frightening world to which should pass.  
Their fighting and the madness comes,  
The pitiful cotteness of the slums.  
The vastness of the wildness group  
The ever powering drunken sloppy troop.  
A bunch of people in a crowd,  
Their noise and boister ever so loud.,  
Of how we hate it, how we hate  
The ever pressing peaceful fate,  
Of love to come from, but our own hearts,  
That shares us thru our many arts.,  
Of how we hate and how we starve  
For the blood of others that we carve.,  
I laugh this off with silly jest,  
Just wait until the morrow lest...  
We're civilized, lovefull though it be,  
it really doesn't seem like me!  
We're out for blood like all the rest..  
They're human guinea pigs, that we test.  
We kill them, hurt them, stop their lives...  
So we can satisfy all our sighs.  
Of love unto our brothers man,  
Just look into...Vietnam!  
(While I write this I am drunk...Why? I don't know,  
but i'll say I'm ready to go. I wish you were here  
now to sober me up! I'm hurtin.) Mike

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