Viet Nam Village, Ft. Polk
—Monty Joynes

This is training.
A village with no Vietnamese.
Just sergeants and aggressors
Dressed in black pajamas.

Rubber stakes.
Squad tactics.
Search and seizure.

I get letters of appeal
From pacifistic societies,
And I ask my C.O.
How the hell they
Got my name,
Military address and all.

How can I ever
Live in complacency
Again?
War is hell, laugh,
But who really
Knows it?
All the ones who saw it
Have used all
Their defenses
To construct lies
In the stories they tell.
They can’t remember
The forced trance state.
In recall, it is a dream
Like viewing actors
On a screen.
And Glory dies
In the remembering.