

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.