

PERSONAL



Rest in Peace Peter

It's so easy to forget and say I don't give a damn
 Let's not remember "That War" called Vietnam
 But those who remember are those who were there
 They fought and died in the hope that we'd care
 They fought for their country; they fought for their pride
 It's a pity more people don't know why they died
 For the one's who returned it's just never the same
 For the scars war inflicts will always remain
 All wars spell destruction, headache and tears
 Vietnam the "Modern" war confirmed all our fears
 Let's remember the Anzacs, but lets remember them all
 Just remember where we'd be if they hadn't answered the call

VIETNAM



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~ Poems Of Remembrance ~

A Sunday afternoon
pickup game

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON PICKUP GAME



AUTHOR : ROBERT C. HAHN

The old man's painfilled eyes
stare at the earth
He stands, motionless yet moving
No tears fall. Only a slight
Paleness mars the granite face
In the mound of earth
He too is buried
Beyond the reach of time.

DEATH OF A SON



AUTHOR : DON RECEVEUR

I have found
that I am still what
I was
The myth of war
has not eradicated
my weaknesses
but it has
shown me
the cloven eyed sport of men
I am against the strength of war
and that has made
me stronger
My name
has not changed.

Just ten guys
taking a break from the war

Nobody seemed to mind
the crooked, homemade hoop,
the thick dust
or the volleyball

Overtime! A tied game
and in the excitement
of trying for another bucket
killing was forgotten

But before we could
finish the game
a lone mortar round
wiped out half the players

The final score
for the day:
The VC - 5
The U.S. - 0

AUTHOR: LARRY ROTTMAN



ON DEATH

School children walk by
Some stare

Some keep on walking

Some adults stare too

With handkerchiefs

Over their nose

A woman

Sits on the pavement

Beside

Wails

And pounds her fists

On pavement

Flies all over

Its like made of wax

No jaw

Intestines poured

Out of the stomach

The penis in the air

I only wished today, that I could have said goodbye
 But you've earned your wings, and I know your flying high
 You know that if I could, I'd die for you
 And spend the days in hell that you went through
 I see you still today, flying high above the crowd Joe,
 I hope you know you've made me proud
 I'm glad we talked, but I guess I'll let you go

The last thing I remember was her lights,
 As Scarlet three departed late that night
 Everybody prayed, when the radar lost her track
 But then we realized she was never coming back
 You lived your life... high above it all
 Somehow Joe, I thought you'd never fall

In Memory of "Coach"



AUTHOR: STAN PLATKE

God, man is at it with the sword again
 Nation has gone after nation
 The land and the soil erodes away
 Still, barren and lifeless
 like the many sons who left it
 Death has been at my hands Lord
 I have killed;
 Death has been at my hands Lord,
 Who is fulfilled?
 only twisted minds.

NATION AGAINST NATION



AUTHOR: MICHAEL CASEY

Well it wont matter to me now
 I dont want in death to be
 A public obscenity like this

But before I do there's something you should know
 So many years have passed, So many times I'd try
 Your still here with me, So I still can't say good-bye

By: Bud Harris "Nomad"



Casualty

Were you wounded in Vietnam
 Are they wounds no one can see?
 Are they wounds that keep you awake at nights?
 With an ache you cannot flee?

Do you hide in your apartment?
 Do you move from job to job?
 Do you sleep alone at nights now?
 So no one can hear you sob?

Do you expect an ambush?
 In city street or park?
 Do you stay away from street lights?
 And shelter in the dark

When they tell you the war is over
 Do you smile and just stay quiet?
 or try to tell them the horrors
 That come to you each night?

Maybe someday they'll realize

It's there wherever you roam
 For them the war is over

But some of us never came home.



MUM

This is for the nurses of Vietnam

always a smile to encourage

never sour or glum
 I don't know what her name was



Anonamous, signed 'B' and handed to Sister Leslie McGurgan
on 17th April 1969.

To laugh at a joke and shrug off a curse
Are two of the qualities required of a nurse
The joke may be dirty, the curse may be bitter
But the nurse must go on and not be a quitter
She must be strong when the blood starts pouring
She must be patient when the patients are boring
When the child is spoilt she must be hard,
Softening unheard of, sympathy barred
But when the child comes in, crying and sick,
She uses her soothing voice and not a big stick
She is one in a million, she works hard and shes brave
So give her the courage to continue to save

THE NURSE



we just called her mum
somewhere between thirty and forty
how ancient that seemed then
for we were all of twenty
boys, just dressed as men
she was a nursing corps sister
caring for wounded young boys
but her light jokes in the morning
made her one of our joys
how could she get a bloke laughing
when he knew of the pain yet to come
I don't know, but that was the magic
of the angel we called mum
where is she now I wonder
still caring perhaps for all ranks
I hope someday she'll read this
to know her boys say "THANKS"

Each man has his duty
 Yes, each man has his job
 And each one takes the chance
 That he will stand before his God
 But ask of any soldier
 What he thinks of the scout
 The one that leads the others
 The lonely forward scout.

THE LONELY FORWARD SCOUT



The leading scout raised his arm in the village of Long Phuoc
 He'd found another tunnel, but who'd go down to look?
 The corporal passed the word back, it went back far behind
 To let his platoon commander know of his recent find
 Then along came this soldier, with mud from head to toe.
 "Where's the tunnel entrance?" was all he wanted to know.
 When they showed the soldier, he quickly looked around
 And before you could stop him, he'd gone under ground
 Now he'd been seaching on his gut, all that day i bet
 Look out for booby traps that good o' Charlie sets
 Then he found the wire stretched out taut and thing
 But he deloused that booby trap, with a safety pin
 Then he found the weapons leaning on the wall,
 There was no disputing he'd found a real big haul.
 When he finally surfaced, wearing a big grin
 He proudly showed the Diggers what he'd found withing
 Now he'd like to sit down, and roll himself a smoke.
 But he's been called up forward, by another bloke.
 So when you see that hat badge, that's like a bursting shell.
 Remember that this fellow has crawled half way through hell
 And if he's in a bar mate, you buy that bloke a beer.
 Because, Sir, your drinking with an Aussie Engineer

(an underground man)

THE OP ENGINEER

He's the first one into danger
 The first to face the shots
 He sees and hears what other miss
 And reads right on the spot
 For none may walk beside him
 While he's up front, the scout
 He's known as both the eyes and ears
 The lonely forward scout

But man is man and life goes round
 And returns to form a ring
 The whispering of the leaves may mean
 That death is on the wing
 The rifles boom, the rockets crash
 Many lives hand deep in doubt
 His chest now but a crimson cloak
 The lonely forward scout

And now there lies in our sunburnt land
 Deep down beneath the earth
 A boy who died a soldiers death
 For all this it was worth
 We were hit from every side it seemed
 Just able to get out
 But there up front, alone, he died
 The lonely forward scout.

S.A Evans WIA 19 July 1969
 Eulogy for Ray Kermode KIA
 Long Kahn Province, 19th July 1969



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