

Tet 1968

was I even there?
memories succumbed to age
or, suppressed by fear?

three stuporous nights
minigun fireworks traced sky
choppers pounded air

silent tunnel maze
beneath my senseless slumber
Viet Cong cooked rice

mortars shook death's door
fickle fate skipped my bunker
by pure random chance

today I wonder
this surreal lifetime later
was I even there?



Setting: Cu Chi Vietnam, January 31, 1968

Photo: Inside a Viet Cong tunnel beneath Cu Chi on return visit, May 1, 2015

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