

Getting Short

we started counting
the day we got in-country
how many days left?

serving our country?
our job was to stay alive
get home in one piece

days of typing forms
nights of music and good weed
“coffee” break boosters

“hey, how short are you?”
we always knew the number
“Fuck The Arrmy, Jack!”

the bird’s lifting off
Cam Ranh Bay’s behind me now
gone back to the World



Camp Granite, 527th PSC, Qui Nhon, October 1967-October 1968
Photo source unknown

Created: 13 August 2021



dandana.us/poems