

My Lai

no way could she know
if I killed her family
a lifespan ago

I wore uniform
of the invading army
that slaughtered her kin

I want her to know
I was a harmless typist
in quiet Qui Nhon

what guilt do I bear,
an innocent Nazi boy
swept up by events?

I wept by the ditch
she had met many of us,
perhaps the killer?



Photo by Tom Moore, with whom I visited the site of the My Lai massacre on 27 April 2015, and with whom I served in Vietnam in 1968. The solemn but gracious caretaker of the site witnessed her mother and other family members die at this ditch on 16 March 1968.

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