

The Wall

(A Visit to the Vietnam War Memorial)

By

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*As the early morning sun, slowly climbs into the sky,
I see that long black shiny line, and I ask myself why.
Why it was these heroes died, those who gave their all,
Forever here they're enshrined, names carved upon this wall.*

*It stretches out before me, so solemn and so black,
Row upon row, name after name, of those who never came back.
The silence is so eerie, the emotion so intense,
Why so many had to die, to me it makes no sense.*

*For on this Wall I stand before, are names in lists so long,
Names etched in stone upon this wall, nearly sixty-thousand strong.
The names of brothers and sisters, of husbands and of wives,
A world of shattered hopes and dreams, and world of ended lives.*

*But this Wall that stands so dark and cold, can never justice bring,
Or stop the pain their passing caused, or do much of anything.
It's purpose is a tribute now, it's there to remind us all,
So we never forget the names that are etched, upon this shining Wall.*

*While standing here it becomes very clear, the true meaning of this Wall,
It's black represents the lives that were spent, by those who answered the call.
And if I look close I can still see the ghosts, who live behind these names,
From all of America, from all walks of life, so willingly they came.*

*They fought what seems so long ago, these heroes brave and strong,
They fought what seems so long ago, in a place called Viet Nam
A monument of cold black stone, a tribute to them all,
I feel so humble standing here, so insignificant and small.*

*Though I too served in Viet Nam, it doesn't seem to count,
As I stand here holding back my tears, my emotions start to mount.
For on this wall I find the names, that number thirty-four,
All friends of mine, comrades all, lives ended by that war.*

*I reach out with trembling hand, and touch one special name,
I close my eyes, see his smiling face, but it cannot be the same.
Friends in life, Brothers in blood, forever now apart,
That he gave his life so that I might live, still tears into my heart.*

*Even though he's gone he will not die, in memory he will live,
Forever will I cherish him, and all that he did give.
I stand alive at this Wall today, because of the price he paid,
His life for mine, I lived, he died, because of the choice he made.*

*All that he was or ever would be, forever now is past,
But his name is carved upon this Wall, so his memory will last.
No greater love could he have shown, no greater gift could he give,
That he would sacrifice his life, so that I would continue to live.*

*As I think of him the tears begin, and I whisper with sobbing breath,
I call his name to ease the pain, as I remember that night of his death.
For each of us that war did bring, our own little piece of hell,
Though thirty years have long since passed, I still remember well*

*In sleep sometimes his memory comes, in the middle of the night,
So real it seems this special dream, and I awake with breathless fright.
Now standing here touching his name, I seek what comfort I can,
And curse that war that took his life, in a place called Viet Nam.*

*Another stands beside me now, I know not from where he came,
Both sharing that one common bond, though I do not know his name.
We turn to face each other now, as tears streak down our face,
Without a word in friendship now, we silently embrace.*

*For both of us the pain we feel, from deep inside does well,
For both of us have been to Nam, gone through that special hell.
United now by this monument, which stands so dark and tall,
United now by friends in arms, by friends who gave their all.*

*And as I turn to slowly leave, from this heart rending place,
The tears I've cried for those who died, still show upon my face.
I stop in my tracks, I slowly turn back, and I give a salute to them all,
A show of respect for the names that are etched, upon this Great Black Wall.*

*For though they're gone forever now, their memory will not fade,
For though they're gone we'll never forget, the sacrifice they made.
For standing here is a nation's gift, just off Washington's Mall,
Where sixty-thousand forever will live, memories burned into The Wall.*