

The Haunting

by Lenny Ellis

To all you heroes of Viet Nam
who came back home with mental
bombs.

How deep is your pain
as soil absorbs the rain.
And yet you persevere.
Your honor still contained.

The scars are deep.
At night you weep.
You fear the sleep
which brings the dreams.

Your wives, families, and friends
try to understand.
However, they cannot
for alone you fought
in a distant land.

From day to day
you live in the bowels
of fear, pain, and terror
snapping at you like gargantuan
jowls.

You slip, bob, and weave
to escape the domain.
The memory of war
which your memory contains.

The pain of not living,
of losing control.
Your fate being sealed,
not owning your soul.

You pace, you smoke,
you go for walks.
You drink a beer
with tears of anguish.
Yet ... you can't talk

About the horrors,
the terror too.
Sometimes at night
it visits you.

You toss and turn
and then you sweat.
You wake up screaming
at false regret.

The war is over
and yet it's not,
It's those dammed ghosts
which you can't stop.

You hear the voices,
the mortar shells.
The bullets fly
as fast as hell.

The smoke and fires,
they're also there.
The stench of bodies
everywhere.

Your buddies shout,
but you can't hear.
You're too busy
and full of fear.

"Oh, please dear god
don't let me die.
It's much too soon!"
Aloud you cry.

You're too pumped up,
and so you fight.
With all your might
and full of fright.
Yet ... those ghosts keep coming,
night after night.

You think you'll lose your mind,
if you dare to drop your guard.
You think you'll hurt someone,
how vigilant you are.

You look for options to escape,
the mental stress that accumulates.
It tears your heart out to even
ponder

about those options, and so, you
wander

Some take a drink,
some do the pills,
some pull triggers,
and end up on boot hill.

But some of you are wise enough
to ask for help, although it's tough.
But believe you me, I shit you not.
There's people around who haven't
forgot.

Of how you fought.
Full of terror,
wounds, screams, and sweats
is what you bought
and paid for.

So tell your stories,
and end the dreams
which wake you up
in silent screams.

And don't forget that you survived
the fiercest battle of your life.
Strong and brave
you're still alive.

So talk to someone
who was there,
so you can bare
your hidden terror.

Let some light in
for your own sake.
Don't put it off.
Your life's at stake!

End the misery.
End the dreams.
End the terror,
and those silent screams.

TALK!