

WALKING POINT

Convalescing in the beauty of Cam Ranh Bay,
feeling fortunate to catch each sunny ray,
lower left leg labors to heal,
festering wounds *will* to congeal.

Walking point with my *newbie* platoon,
jungle roof hiding full yellow moon,
I stepped straight into a VC pit,
poking a *punji* pole covered with . . . grit.

Platoon plucked me out, and First Med-Evac
whisked me away, lest *Charley* attack.
Whirling up, I shout (so tough to do),
“I’m coming back . . . we’ll *all* make it thru!”

Bedside I linger day by day,
missing nine friends for whom I pray.
Jungle depths hide dangers galore,
where freedom and *life* we’re fighting for

I’m just a kid who dropped out of school.
Draft board noticed (I’d been such a fool).
We teen eleven bravos who tread jungle floor,
trust freedom’s worth risking limb, life, more.

Perhaps my fall was a blest disguise,
granting rest to brain, bod’ and war-worn eyes.
I’m soon headed back to Tay Ninh base,
to warble along “*we gotta get outta this place.*”

Hobbling further down Ward 11 hall,
I yearn each day for lone bugle’s call.
Sure, I’ll return to jungle war soon,
to fight for freedom with my veteran platoon.

*Dedicated to Donald Van Horn, 19, who was
killed while “walking point” in Tay Ninh Province,
Viet Nam, in 1966, and to his many 11Bravo
(infantry) buddies*

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