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***If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?***

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## ***On the Road to Ollie***

11/13/03

On the road to Ollie,  
A pretty little temple  
Perched high on the right.  
Gotta get back by sunset  
Before the base buttons up  
Charlie owns the night.

We're a movin' out,  
Thirty five, maybe forty.  
Where were the bicycles,  
Impossibly piled bundles,  
Of charcoal destined wood,  
Behind the conical hatted  
Rider, putting  
Darting chickens and kids  
And occasional ancient truck  
When Rat Patrol roared on.

But you in Vietnam, GI!  
Xin Loi and hit the brakes!  
Korean deuce and a halves  
Have right of way  
Even when they don't.  
See that side road. well  
One's on fast approach  
At dust cloud's head  
Won't stop for God  
Or Gen'ral Abrams.

Ridin' shotgun 'cause  
They don't trust an officer  
To drive; though my driver's  
Most likely the better shot.  
In lack of roads country,  
Making the long dogleg  
An Khe to English via  
Nineteen and One  
Twisting down Phu Cu  
From highland to plain  
With a wave at Qui Nhon,  
Past Phu My's pepper fields  
And Uplift's notch, then  
Straight at the Tigers' main peak,  
Till the last turn north  
By northwest toward Bong Son  
And my temp tin roofed home,

With LZ Ollie on guard,  
By its thatched hut village  
And elegant tiered pagoda.

On the road to Ollie,  
A pretty little temple  
Perched high on the right.  
Gotta get back by sunset  
Before the base buttons up.  
Charlie owns the night.

Over the Song Lai  
Through Bong Son town,  
And up to the gate...  
Ten more minutes  
And the barriers are down.  
Ollie, Ollie Oxenfree.

*~Gerald A. Ney~*