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If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

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The Greek God

03/10-30/06

There he stood,
At the volleyball net;
A clean limbed Apollo
Blond haired, blue eyed,
A hint of freckles
On a guileless face,
Six feet of "He's cute."
With a down home
Aw shucks open manner.
Neither an ounce of flab
Nor over muscled.
Built in springs
In his legs
As opponents soon learned.
All these years later,
My knuckle's still jammed.

She was maybe seventeen
A Vietnamese flower with
Some likely European
Cross pollenization,
A small scattering
Of freckles across
A delicate nose's bridge.
And she loved her man-boy
Too much it seemed.
A tearful farewell
A half dozen of us
Fifth wheels for witness.

Don't think he meant
Harm or hurt, but
Still there it was,
And have always wondered
What he felt inside.
After a tender goodbye
He left. Down home
Somewhere in the South
His wife was waiting.

~Gerald A. Ney~