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If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

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Dali Dayze in the Wilted Watch Zone

11/19/03

They weren't up front
And close, hanging out
For all to see
On Mamasan's clothesline
Or bedecking the trees
Like so many misplaced
Lianas and strewn among
The bamboo thickets
Beyond the dike
Bounding Papasan's paddy;

But in the mind's eye.
Beckoning beyond sight,
And you didn't need
Mary Jane or Uncle's
"I've got this just for you"
Numbah one best
Poppy juice product
To tell you that
The World, as in REAL,
Is back that-away!

A freedom bird flight
Of nineteen hours
And a date change
Over miles upon miles
Endless blue above
And below. Are there
Really waves down there?
But this yearlong dream
Brings no waking,
Just rules of its own.

At twilight there's
No need of Rod
To bark, "Don't touch
That dial!" CICV's
Got your horizontal,
And Charlie's at
The vertical. And
Ev'rybody but you
Is messing with
The sound.

So you warily watch
The madness unfold;
As Charlie duels
With land mines and wits.
An ambush on One
And the tanks roll out,
Treadmarks twinned
Through the rice.
What now, Papsan?
Pissed mind and heart?

At district HQ,
The police chief's
Only without
A fancy lettered sign:
"Damage claim assist,
And clearances sold
Fronting fee for sure
And certain my take
Off the top – maybe
Some left for you."

So I needn't watch
old '50s TV, or go
to MOMA or Louvre
To scarily soak
In the surreal.
Vietnam's war gave
Serling and Sal a run
For the gold
But had considerably
Less fun appeal.

~Gerald A. Ney~