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

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## ***Purple Leaves***

08/01/03  
(to Paul Sutton)

It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves,  
After all these years,  
Four and thirty,  
More than I had lived  
Back then. And  
It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves,  
As far as my eyes  
Could see to the south,  
From my puttering perch  
In the Bird Dog's back seat,  
The purple leaves,  
Hard by Mang Yang  
And Mobile Group's demise;  
It is in my mind still,  
The lightly fluttering throngs,  
Chlorophyll all lost  
To the chemical demands  
Of the orange spray.  
It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves,  
Their fading, dying lavender  
Putting on their last show  
In the bright tropical sunlight.  
It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves,  
A countless spraying carpet,  
Two hundred miles square,  
Still reaching for the sun  
At top canopy height.  
It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves,  
Soon to fall,  
Baring their brethren  
In the understory  
To the next round of spray.  
It is in my mind still,  
The purple leaves.

~Gerald A. Ney~