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If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

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WAVES

Upon the sand; a wave of water fell.
Where it's from; a mystery tell.

Mothers sent their boys to war
Now they meet in Valhalla's lore
Destroyers Scurry; Battleships blast.
Infantry hope it's not their last.

Men descend by nets and ropes.
Down from the sides and into boats.

Prayers to God "My Soul to Save"
Riding boxes to their grave.

Waves of nausea foams the lips.
Side to side rocks boats and ships.

The Bow is up and then the stern.
Stomachs heave and acid burns.

Mock brave some lad begins to sing
Others duck the occasional ping.

Fleeting glimpses, twinkling flashes
Here and there the monstrous splashes.

Where a boat pushes through the boil
Then a flash and only oil.

Lookouts cry, "Beware the Mines."
Engines groan, gearbox grinds.

From the land and to the shore
Bullets ripped and bodies gored.

First one lands and then another
Some cry silent; some cry "Mother!"

"Let's go men; Let's go forward."
Up the beach they charged onward.

Up the bluffs they braved the fire
Some shot blind; others blew wire.
Robert Smith; and Julius Meyer.

Boys made men and men made dead.

Thoughts of friends brought pain and dread.

Nightmares filled the darkening sky.

Day lived over for those alive.

Quiet comes the morning; the virgin dew unstepped.

All is well; the grass so neatly kept.

"Dress Right Dress; Form straight ranks."

"The visitors are here to leave their thanks."

Some never made it to the sand.

The wave gently pushed them to the land.

The waves that rocked them from their shore.

Now rocks them all night evermore.

Kent Herrick

June 24, 2007