



Uploaded to the VFC Website

▶▶ July 2014 ◀◀

This Document has been provided to you courtesy of Veterans-For-Change!

Feel free to pass to any veteran who might be able to use this information!

For thousands more files like this and hundreds of links to useful information, and hundreds of "Frequently Asked Questions, please go to:

[Veterans-For-Change](#)

If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

Note:

VFC is not liable for source information in this document, it is merely provided as a courtesy to our members & subscribers.



The Leaf Rider

8/5/85

(after the manner of the Eorlingas)

Where now are chopper and rider?
Cartridge belt gold gleaming,
Sunshower spray glistening,
A circlet of rainbow
Below the blades sweeping;

Out over the wire leaping,
Like leaves before the tempest reeling,
The greening blades of the paddies mirroring,
Bathed in the tropic heat, yet
In their ruffled blue fields shivering;

With the winds of war forward,
And childhood past remembering,
Is gone, as fast as the wind furrows
In the green-blue carpet glistening
At first burst banished by bullets and blood.

Whither the windhover,
Above tangled green gliding, soaring
The riders' glance sees not seeing
The hurricane, the land overturning
Their metal steeds' clacking racket calling

So on down to the great grass jumping
To tree line on tree line charging
And always some never more moving
And some bodies for a time limping
While many minds and hearts hurt worse than they

Yet new faces old places ever filling
Steady as the monsoon rain's drumming
As regular as its arrival
The long hot months into years fading
Till they all were gone.

So say men over a shot and beer drinking
No knights in armor shining
Who once were lads in the summer grinning
And did their job of fighting
Someone else sometimes scathed becoming.

~Gerald A. Ney~