

Green Frogs of Vietnam

Darkness cools sun-hammered Marines.
Pungent torpor—simmered sweat, rice paddy fungus and mosquito repellent.
Artillery flare casings overhead warble out of blackness and thud heavily.
Huey gunships crackle the distance.

Deepening night.

A chorus of croaking green frogs flowers into a carpet of belched rhythm.

Pasty moonlight grays a clammy, corpse-reeking earth...a rich, sick clay of festering excrement.

Green frog melody hovers, surging, pulsing over an open jungle meadow.

Startled silence! Rhapsody severed. Breath's held.

Suddenly red tracers, white tracers, snap...SNAP!
Bullets gouge flesh, blood spatters. Agony screams.
Shouted commands: two tongues.
SNAP, SNAP...all of reality a fierce confusion!

Deafening hush,
Death's fart silence,
Shock laden minute-hours.
No frog croaks...none.
Escaped death,
...this time

Croak.

One little frog's quiet aura of life, so brave,
Timidly, others join. Wary hiccups swell into luxuriance.
Serenade my sleep awhile my friends, for when you stop,
...terror awakens!

And I'm so very tired.