

# **Kill For Peace**

## **Brianna Darlene**

Jungle haze,  
mirage heat-wave,  
bullets buzzing,  
horizontal rain.  
Two on a match,  
Lucky Strike,  
American struck,  
between the eyes—

They lied to you, GI.

Mosquitos whine,  
rice paddy graves,  
children burning,  
whooping cranes.  
Buried ammo,  
village raids,  
“Dance fucker dance!”  
(Is what the private said.)

They have ordered you to die.

Napalm burning,  
jungle rot,  
Agent Orange,  
Viet Cong.  
Draft cards,  
body bags,  
shoot the bird in the bush,  
drop the two in hand.

It is a very good idea to leave a sinking ship.

**Darlene**

Tunnel rats,  
spider hole,  
Bouncing Betty,  
there she blows!  
Saigon falls,  
spit in your face.  
Airport terminal,  
homecoming shame.

Your government has abandoned you.

Drunken veterans,  
shanty town streets,  
myth of soldiers glory,  
trod beneath feet.