

"Soft Touch"

By Robin B Lipinski

Countries past, tried painting the picture with blood, in the past.
Brush of anger, brush of hope, brush of sadness, all witnessed death.
South East Asia, Viet Nam, brush was broken, painted orange, veterans know the rest.

Painting war's picture, more than color, the soul was broken, the pride fallen,
Body count high, widows crying, children growing, children going, look to the sky.
Brushing the truth under the table, the troops fell from the sky.

Huey was blown, brushed skin of bullets, blew apart the sky.
Falling pieces bone and metal, the machine was broken, the men did try.
Scorched pieces, flesh welded, metal folded, the jungle embraced it all.

Helmet red, inside the head, exposed to grin with burnt flesh.
Quiet now, soft rain falling, the wings of the fly brushed the dead man's lips.
Broken brush, broken children, veterans know the rest.

It only continues, never does it end.

The End