

Dear Dad

December 11, 1968

DaNang

Not sure how to write this letter.

I feel far away from the farm –
front pasture, Rock Creek,
garden, windmill, Grandpa,
far from church and Sunday school class,
so far from you and Mom.

Here, I'm also removed—
from my killing.

I guess it's best that way.
I drop bombs from 10,000 feet,
scurry back to the carrier
to look at reconnaissance photos
of the village I destroyed,
where, they said, "no women or children,"
only to drink and play poker into the night.
Then again, tomorrow.

It's not like I figured. Please
don't tell Mom too much.

Love, your son.