

## Bone

Oh the load we carried  
home from Nam.  
The general ordered  
“kill the damn enemy,  
everyone of them.”

But the woman,  
scarf wrapped around her head,  
waist deep in a swamp,  
young son wearing a bamboo hat  
nestled in her arms.

Now I hear the chopper,  
taste sweat on my lips,  
smell blood in the dirt,  
see bone on the road  
as I walk my children to school.