

The Vietnam Memorial

Huddled close we stood in the snow
A special bond forming and starting to grow
The cold forcing us to feel all of the strain
Of physical as well as emotional pain
Though most had never met each other
So close we all felt to one another
While planes flew loudly just overhead
We listened intently while each speech was said
Some talked of the past and acknowledged their sorrow
Others spoke of the future as a hopeful tomorrow
And when no more stories were left to tell
We formed a large circle, then silence fell
All holding hands we stood there together
Chilled to the bone, but enduring the weather
As snowflakes fell so did our tears
Reflecting upon those Vietnam years
Mixed feelings of comfort and despair
Hovered over and filled the air
I felt truly touched by those I met
From every student, parent, and vet
Seeing the thousands of names that were scrawled
Upon that black, enameled wall
Honoring those who had not survived
But also the soldiers who came back alive
I became engulfed by a wonderful feeling
Of being a part of this process of healing.

By Cheryl Kafka
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