

Vietnam War Poetry

ANGER

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ANGER

Laying here listening to my own breathing
Hearing the shells explode in the distance
Flashes of light reflect hideous shadows of horrors into the sky
Hot, no wind blowing and rumbles of exploding bombs in the
distance
I feel the burning desire to sleep and try to relax
Hoping you will enter my slumber
And angry that this war is stalking me

As I struggle here, I start dreaming of another time far away
Laying next to you, I can hear you breathing
Watching rain drops kissing our window pane
Lightning reflecting shadows of dance onto your skin
Cool wind blowing and thunder in the distance
I feel the burning desire that you awoke in me
You relax on my body and I want to enter your slumber
But instead I listen to the rhythmic music of your dreams
Angry that time and the dawn was stalking us