

Vietnam War Poetry
PERFECT MOMENT

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PERFECT MOMENT

As I sit here in this war torn Vietnam, carnage all around
I find you once again, slipping like a wisp of smoke, an indistinct shadow
Passing through the dim lit curtains of my mind

With eyes closed tight I focus not on the smoke and death
But look into the darkness, to find your shape
To come close to your smile and to touch your perfect face
To immerse myself in you and to prolong this perfect moment
To remain locked deep within you, the wondrous dream
That's comes to me once more in this place called Vietnam.