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## Drawings: Dwight, Untitled

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And I saw the allergic reaction to freedom-  
With deformed baby twins of war born to burn-  
Hugging each other with eyes closed to us forever  
In the yellowed Ho Chi Minh agent orange water jar.

I felt sweet cooked powder shot into my veins.  
And the smells of South Asian love that numbed the final days of my life  
As I was ordered to put a gun into many mothers' mouths.

And then my legs treaded Christmas '74 through the Mekong Delta  
Under trees I hoped were topped by angels.

The day my aching thinned ribs smiled through my naked Viet Cong skin  
As they grabbed sweet air in the smoking Trang Pan village-  
My eyes napalm glossed and shuttered shut.

A plaid-shirted Saigon grimacing  
As I raised a pistol to its head-  
With frantic crowds rushing the embassy rooftop as the last Army bird flew away.

Then after an hour of this endless three millimeters I finally escaped that dark room-  
Rolling my redlight paralyzed eyes through an empty sidewalk sterile street parade-  
Fleeing the panoramic chaos of Vietnam seven years before I was born-  
Having died many deaths and asked many questions  
In a part of my history I never understood until now.

**DRAWINGS** James G. Robinson

