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Jack Frazer

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Anonymous Jack Frazer

Load up the troops; move them on out.

Boots on the floor; fear in the air.

No place to hide.

No thanks for the ride.

Holes in the fuselage for our trouble.

Load up ammunition; move it on out.

Bullets on the floor; freight in the air.

A critical resupply,

without it some die.

More AK holes as an encore.

Load up bodies; move them to the rear.

Blood on the floor; pain in the air.

One soldier dead, two still alive,

no way to tell who will survive.

Our flying ambulance at your service.

Unload them quickly; triage is here.

Gurneys on the ground; questions in the air:

graves registration or battalion aid?

Don't ask me that; it's above my grade.

I'm not a medic; just the pilot.

Hose down the floor; wash away the blood.

Red stains on the ground; death smell in the air,

need a drink,

Anonymous Jack Frazer

too tired to think—

don't know their names, nor they mine.