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Anonymous
By 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,
too tired to think—
don't know their names, nor they mine.