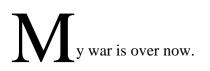
It was HOT.

If it is not hot it is not Vietnam they're talking about or else, they worked in an air conditioned office. When it is hot, even now, I think about it Like I always think about it. The Hot was different than here. Hot, wet, dirty, but different. In many ways I loved it. It was life, heightened, like never before, or since. In less than 365 to spend so much time being bored, doing nothing, and still to do so much building, walking, sleeping in paddies, drinking, screwing, flying, shooting, and getting shot, watching the dead and wounded unloaded, saddling up to ride, walk, dig. Tired like never, carousing, collapsing, dreaming, owning hammers, bullets, fragmentation devices and wounds. Hustling, trading, stealing from each other and burning their little hamlets, shooting their ducks, and them. It was war to make color TV old fashioned. I don't know if I would want someone I loved to go. They would never be the same. But we would share something others don't. It was my biggest year. All other life and death is so so. It would have been my greatest If only We had not died And replaced the parts We left behind With something we cannot explain.

> Allen Hinman August 1985 <u>allenhinman@aol.com</u>

For All Dead Soldiers (Memorial Day 1986)



Some soldiers in my unit and some in theirs Died that day. None of us were old enough or learned enough To understand about governments and causes.

Some of us needed the money. Some of us believed. Most of us were drafted. All of us learned fear. All of us were hot and tired and dirty. Most of us did out best. Some of us were killed.

Rambo was not there. Neither were most Senators. Or Presidents. Generals flew above. Was does not come with movie soundtracks. Flags are left at home. Where we wanted to return.

Some of us died. Young. Pray for us.

> Allen Hinman allenhinman@aol.com

War Story

If we had met tomorrow, Pregnant Gook Lady Or maybe yesterday Maybe we would be giving you C rations Treating your infections or helping you deliver.

But tonight, Pregnant Gook Lady Somebody shot at us from near you. We shot back And while others wail you will bleed to death Pregnant Gook Lady.

Because nobody is going in the dark to get shot where you are bleeding.

That's War.

Dead Gook Lady.

Allen Hinman February 1989 <u>allenhinman@aol.com</u>

Old Soldier

It is comforting to see someone and feel "he too got shot at in Vietnam." There is a look detached hungry all knowing understanding the senselessness of it all.

But, most curious, we old soldiers of decades ago may be bald grey worn and lined and yet, most curious, there is a youth that is settled into those who were shot at.

> Allen Hinman June 1987 <u>Allenhinman@aol.com</u>

The Awesome, The Awful, and The Ugly

Bullets are reality Not bar fight and gas station stickup bullets But automatic weapon's rifle company's and even a good squad's Bullets are reality That cut through all other bullshit.

Mines and booby traps are not as real Unless, you feel their percussion and fragments near you As they turn someone else inside out.

I do not know about artillery or bombs Never being in their incoming.

But bullets impacting left, right, infront and behind you are the awesome, awful, and ugly reality.

> Allen Hinman Veteran's Day 1985 Allenhinman@aol.com