

Soldierstone

“[honoring those from] Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, the Hmong, the Montagnard Tribes of Central Vietnam, the Koreans, Thais, French, Germans, Slavs, North Africans, Black Africans and others of all religions and persuasions who were willingly or unwillingly expended during the long wars lost in hopes, proud and vain, for the people of Indochina, 1945 through 1975.”

— Lieutenant Colonel Stuart Allen Beckley, United States Army

*Dreams and wishes fail and turn to stock-still stone.
Words of knowledge and dying, brailled in the blood of the stone.*

*I go to a lonely grave across the sea. No signs
grace the roads; the great trail wears no stacks of stone.*

*Better to die in honor than to live in disgrace.
Bury your remorse amid sky-scaling stone.*

*Sometimes strong, sometimes weak, no lack of heroes.
The boy's legs were lost, but hale was each valor-stone.*

*When buffaloes fight, it is the grass that suffers most.
Vast meadow of Cochetopa, impaled on a road of stone.*

*Unremembered soldiers rest, strewn like fallen
leaves in Autumn... like ravaged pines 'round rails of stone.*

*And how can men die better than facing fearful odds ...
sacrifice, honor, valor, courage: a vale of stone.*

*Dying so that honor, at least, may be saved.
Eight tons carved and carried by hand, travail with stone.*

*Still in death lies everyone. And the battle is lost.
Your poignant promise kept; the benighted let sail a stone.*

*Winds howl and howl at ghosts of those war has killed.
If beloved disciples were silenced, wails would burst from stone.*