

Baby Killer

By Robin Lipinski

Drafted away from a young education of life,
Hauled past others living their protest, their dream.

Sent to a far off police action, a conflict, some even said, "a war."
Whatever man, I was young, naive.

It was no picnic in Central Park,
No high school dance,
No special moment I would do again.

VC reminded one of DC who threw us away for, what?
For honor?
Reaction?
Country?
Founding fathers cried.

In short, it was a long fight, six months in-country trying to stay alive.
Artillery battery answering,
Puff was even there,
Yet it was in their eyes I saw true passion,
Those sappers got up close.

Whiskey, Alpha, Romeo...one day was the worst,
I lost my leg to ignorance with no arm left to wipe tears.
Around my world lay death.
Young, old, never again to live.

Carted like luggage, back to the real world I went,
Past the pot, free love, and chanting, wishing it was 'I' that was dead.
"Baby killer!" they spit.

Those two words still ring today in my shattered head,
With one word holding on for survival,
Peace

The End