

KENNETH BULLOCK JR.

*Vietnam and the Good Humour Man*

In Vietnam I sang to my rosary,  
I sang to my pocket bible,  
I sang to letters from home,  
I sang to pound cake and apple sauce,  
I sang to the juice of pear halves,  
I sang to the graveyard where we dug in,  
I sang to Bush when he cried 'God Help Me',  
I sang alone in a fighting hole filled with his blood,  
I sang the next day to the hundreds of flies  
    stuck to my bloody pants,  
I sang to God who was just over the ridge  
    where artillery shells exploded in billows  
    of white smoke and phosphorus that eats  
    the skin and bone like quick cancer,  
I sang because I couldn't go home when I  
    had enough,  
I sang because I lived in Hell so,  
I sang to a sort of Heaven unreachable,  
A place where we were all destined to go,  
Simply because we were good Marines.