

The Wisdom Of The Bags

by William Yale

I spent many hours in the hot burning sun, It robbed me of my strength, and it wasn't no fun. He forced us to dig deep and to fill his sand bags, "I don't care if you're tired and your little butts sag!" The Sarge was a demon; he didn't care if we died, If I said I'd forgive him, you'd know that I lied.

I was sweating and dirty, and the sun... way too hot, On the night of the incoming, I was laying there on my cot. The air was warm, the night soft and sweet, I lay unmolested; I had my boots off my feet. And, all of a sudden there came a loud rip, Rockets were falling upon the airstrip!

There was a flash, and bang, and pieces of rubble, And, I was up on my feet; the war had burst my bubble. The peace and the quiet had suddenly left me, I had joined the wrong service; I should be far out at sea. Out on a ship, with white gulls overhead, Instead I had the airstrip, and soon I'd be dead.

I am happy to say, the bags they did save me, They wouldn't find pieces of my ass hangin' in the tree. After it was over, in the cool morning sun, Along by the wire, I walked and inspected each one. Fragments had found them and ripped them apart, We hauled them away and we filled up the cart.

And, I for one... will complain no more, It was Bill... not the bags, who survived the war.

We learned why the Sergeant, had forced us to fill each one.