

One Last Word On Viet Nam

*Viet Nam war protesting five years marching
demonstrating Central Park enough already
I am pleading crying no more please
too many sacrifices
legs arms hands mutilated
brains destroyed unable to function happy anymore
disgusted to puking from the stench of charred dead bodies
bodies children women boys girls
napalmed . . . burning . . . burning . . . burning . . .
Destruction of country, countries
Death horrible death
no more leaders to point blame at this is your war now
Mr. Nixon.*

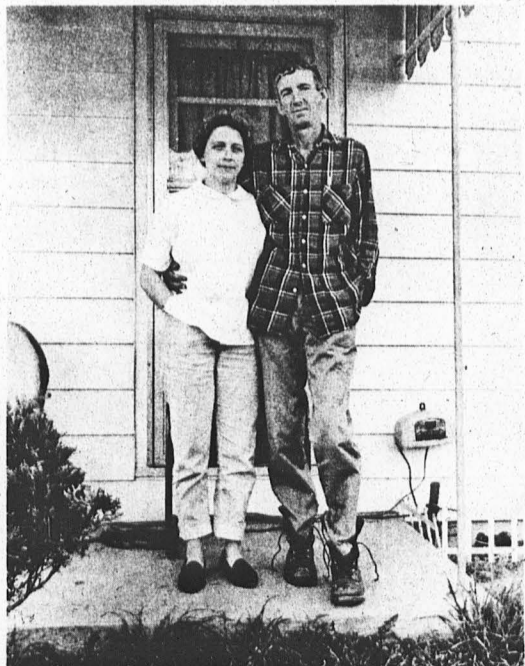
*Kiss the Cong you FUCK!
they are no enemy!*

*G.I.'s helicopter crash Dow Chemical General Motors
jeeps for better wars Lockheed Aircraft helicopters
am I making sense now?*

*I am trying to make sense but I too am
puking weeping
I am tired my feet have marched too many miles to end war
but not for peace
screaming bleeding from eyes and heart*

*I know you see me!
I am serious though you kill with smiles greed lust greed
Look at me!*

—Terry Bookman



Kenneth and Betty Rucker stand by the grave of their son, Richard, who was killed after serving eight months in combat with the infantry in Vietnam. The Ruckers live in Beallsville, a small Ohio town that has seen most of its draft-age boys killed in the war. — Mrs. Rucker broke down in tears when she started to talk about Richard. "There's just no sense to it. Just a slaughter. A lot of young kids going over there to get killed for no reason at all. We have no business over there." Richard, in his last month of combat, had been showing signs of mental fatigue. "They checked him and said he was just a little nervous," said his father, "and then in three days he was killed."