



DONNA THE DOG KISSED ME THAT DAY

We all need to get kissed by a dog or another person
We all need to get loved.....life is short
The memories we take with us after death

Left to float through that great unlimited plasmic consciousness
Called God-by some

We only have memories-imprints on our soul

The kiss of a dog
The smell of a flower

The love for another person

The helping hand

The walk through trees and mountains

The feel of fresh water on the face

The good we try to do for others

The response from others

Be thankful, wake up and take another chance in life

And, try to be kissed by a dog



BACK IN OUR APARTMENT

With our family...Haydee's daughter
Luis her son still in Mexico

We move through this life

We have our own discoveries and experiences

We are part of a unit called family

Haydee and I got married in Connecticut
We spent a lot of time here

Life is comfortable for us here
Sometimes, I hate comfort

Duty and service seems to be only in my mind

Now, got this small group from Mexico
Who are in my thoughts

Haydee, Haydee Dos and Luis

What will be the opportunities and experiences

That we all have

Live happy and creative
Fill my life with art, music and learning

Keep some toys and stuffed animals around the house, also

Be good to each other

HAYDEE AND I GO TO FAMILY NIGHT

NAMI and Family Night once a month
We go to the VA Community Care Center

Writing articles and doing work about
Our jobs Will be my next step

Starting all over, in Connecticut
California was nice to us

All I ever asked,
People are kind to each other

There was kindness in California
There was friendliness in California

Learned how to say-We can do-
Si', nos podemos

We have work ahead and we are like
Seeds blown across this continent

This journey happened once before, a long time ago

Started my life in 1966
Moving across this country in drive away cars

Three times California to Connecticut and back to California

Years later, same patterns
Same destinations

This time get to know the people and places
better Stay longer. Work harder.

Haydee and I start out our time here
NAMI and Family Night VA Community Care Center

West Haven, Connecticut



FIRST SERGEANT JOHN HENRY DIED TODAY

And, I am tired-of these wars taking a toll

Long lingering illnesses are what I am told
About how he went

He was a tail gunner in the Army Air corps at 16
He fought in Korea
He was my Sergeant in Vietnam He fought hard, there
Everybody I knew in Third Recon-fought hard

All we knew was to go back out on patrol

Never came off patrol myself

Keep on the move and trying to regain my health every day

First Sergeant John Henry died today

Here at night in Connecticut....I am keeping the lights on

I am saying a prayer to help his soul make the journey
I am superstitious - I suppose

I never gave up....I never surrendered

I don't roll over very well.....

I remember the the flames and violence
I remember the pride of battles

The funny times that I also remember
Me, had to burn the shit out of the outhouse

Threw that gasoline in from behind
Lit the match.....and Sergeant Henry came running out

His behind seared

His was kind to me...in times when kindness really mattered

We are just left memories....

We are left with those of us left behind

So many times I have said the same thing

"There never were guys who I have met

Like the guys who I fought with
We were Third Recon Battalion"

Sergeant Henry died today and I feel kind of tired and sad

And, I continue on

