

I wrote the following verse while in boot camp when my brother, a Marine LRRP, was killed. It was printed in the Hayward Tribune, the local paper. Some how the fort brass found out about it and raised hell. Mike

MY BROTHERS DAY

If life had no space
In the times that we live,
And I could live in my dreams,
I'd wish for a day,
Long ago, far away.

One magical day
To spend with my brother
Just one last time.
We could be together

I'd hold his head
In m arms and say,
Soft word of love,
As he went away.

No matter my dreams
I can not change that day.

He was just a Marine
Who fell that day,
Killed in a rice paddy
In the mud and the heat of day.

Just one more of LBJ's boy's,
One of the many
Who died that day.

By Mike Bakkie