

MASTERS OF THE NIGHT

The six of us sitting here in the dark
knowing we are the masters of the night.
In my hands my M16 that spits death, at my command.

Waiting patiently for my prey,
hungry to feel the primordial flow of adrenalin.
Every muscle tense ready to give the signal,
ready to kill.

I hear the enemy coming moving ever so quietly,
stealthily through the jungle, unaware
believing they own the night.

Soon they will be in our zone of death.
My blood turns cold as I wait,
preparing myself for what is about to happen.

I feel the rage coming,
the rage that separates me the man
from the wild beast I must become.
For only a wild beast could enjoy as much as I will,
what I am about to do.

We wait barely breathing,
our hearts pounding so loud I am sure the enemy must hear.
Closer they come, closer to our killing zone closer to death.
I can feel my men their anticipation their fear, both almost palatable.

I give the signal,
the darkness erupts in a kaleidoscope of colors,
the sound, deafening yet music to my ears.
My M16 now at my shoulder,
its familiar kick as it spits out death with the touch of my finger.

In the kill zone our enemy fall to the ground, they wither then expire
as my M16 continues its dance of death.
They are vanquished, again we have proven we are the masters of the night.

Jack Neeley.....Charlie 1st 68 69