1973

crazy,



VIETNAM 1973 - 19-

A treaty was signed,
War was over,
Freedom was won.
I beheld above the seared and carbonized jungles
Infinite expanses of lush green vegetation
Lifting their forked and crowded leafy arms towards heaven.

Where human flesh lay waste, mangled, fetid
Where twisted metal lay reeking in smoke and blood,
Where ruined, desolate cities boasted of destruction and suffocating debris.
And crying mothers in the streets clutched on to sons disfigured b napalm-bombs.
Where an aging father held in his trembling palms a decapitated head The only consolation for his loss
Here, above the ashes rose up new cities
Illumined day and night
plains that forgot the sounds of ploughs and sythes
Burst forth into fertile fields of millet and rice
Yes, men and women, old and young,
The new generation with the old were smiling.

And then I heard the evening gong,
A wailing of the Holy Monk clothed in yellow saffron.
I looked down . . . .
There, the perfumed river flowed proudly on
Past brushes and reeds,
Sharp-edged stones, great and small,
Yet, the mighty river determines its course . . . . ever flowing
In spite of all.

By Terence M.Yhip

## 3 Poems by Ho Chi Minh

Midnight

Faces all have an honest look in sleep.
Only when they wake does good or evil show in them.
Good and evil are not qualities born in man:
More often than not, they arise from our education.

## A MILESTONE

Neither high, nor very far.
Neither emperor, nor king,
You are only a little milestone,
Which stands at the edge of the highway.
To people passing by
You point the right direction,
And stop them from getting lost.
You tell them of the distance
For which they still must journey.
Your service is not a small one
And people will always remember you.

Morning Sunshine

The morning sunshine penetrates the prison, Sweeping away the smoke and burning away the mist. The breath of life fills the whole universe, And smiles light up the faces of all the prisoners.