

MARTIN WILLITTS JR.

In the V.A. Hospital

a drop of water moves mountains with letters,
the music of love, taking the forgotten & the left behind.

Under the constant shelling, he digs into the shoreline-sand,
crab-like, writing poems. Before he shipped out,

he stroked a woman's heart-line like a guitar.
Life was measured for dog tags. Now he is drooling

rivers of V.A. pills, forgetting names of today.
The night under fire was a bandstand,

his guitar was making love-stars
over lit mountains shaped as fists of bayonets,

bodies dropping as dark raindrops,
no end in our sight. Life is the chaos theory.

His kisses ascend necks, both the guitar and women,
take no prisoners. Jazz turns water into pain,

storming beaches. He surrenders to the dark
--- requests for back-up, denied.

The V.A. is where chaos is re-assembled.
He still leap-frogs into trenches, plants a bullet

like a flag, like a statement. Under the night-fire,
he writes farewell music,

his voice ripples through the mountain's ears.
In a photograph he is still twenty

digging a hole of bullets into foxholes with chaotic love letters.
Death is a young nurse: your deployment is approved---

The chaos theory is scrambled. His letters home are a mountain
moving haiku or kisses on a woman's neck.

