

## The Orphanage

A strange word - Orphan.  
Memories of dirty faces,  
torn clothing  
empty eyes and empty stomachs  
form its definition for me.

American guests by day  
and Viet Cong visitors by night.  
How confusing.

Buildings constructed of hand me downs,  
gutters and down spouts formed  
from Canada Dry pop cans  
discarded by thoughtless GI's.  
One man's trash  
an orphan's treasure.

American guests by day  
and Viet Cong visitors by night  
How confusing.

A gym set made from sticks,  
games drawn in the dirt,  
artwork on the wrist -  
lines of blue ink  
forever etched in my memory.

American guests by day  
and Viet Cong visitors by night.  
How confusing.

Thirty years later  
one American visitor  
no Viet Cong  
no orphans  
no garden  
no nuns and no orphanage.  
How confusing.

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