

Regarding Viet Nam

by Gary Hardaway

At some point, my lottery number
was in the mid 300s. I was safe
for whatever reason. No need
to burn my draft card. So I burned

My Social Security card, instead.
No problem- when I needed a new one,
there it came, delivered by the USPS.
Though I felt at risk, I never was.

My lucky guilt follows me, here and now,
in Century Twenty One, the most appalling
of centuries, which will find us gasping
at its end, if not sooner. My history

will never be repeated. I am sad, beyond reason.
I am relieved, beyond reason.
I am released, beyond reason,
though I am released, with absolutely no reason.

