

# 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.

