This old forgotten man,  
a revered grandfather he should be  
Legs that guided a plow in rice fields,  
are stubs strapped to dirty  
thirty year old canvas covered wood,  
rusty metal rollers attached to the bottom.  
An empty nondescript hat  
lies in front of him  
on loose deep gravel.  
He sits and waits, watching with dull  
yellowish film covered eyes,  
while soldiers pass  
in and out  
through the gate.
Philosopher's Stone

Soldiers in crisp starched fatigues
wearing spit-shined jungle boots,

He should be kicking a hacky-sak
with other boys in a circle;
instead, he stands
next to a legless man.
A crutch under the right arm,
an arm that ends
at the elbow,
keeps him balanced
in loose gravel.
The right pant leg folded,
pinned to the rear jean pocket.
An empty battered tin cup
strapped to the crutch.

Walk past a battered tin cup, a nondescript hat,
a chipped bowl on a gravel path.

She should be in school studying art.
Now, she sits, in clean silk pajamas,
on the gravel next to the boy.
Her legs pulled up to her chest,
head buried between her knees,
hiding a once angelic face,
now scarred from a satchel charge.
A chipped bowl in front of her
on the deep
loose
gravel.

Insensitive eyes searching
for pleasure on Tu Do street.

J. David Morris II