"D-DAY" (original)

I

The Invasion had finally started,
We were off on a cruise of doom.
a mask of a smile on lips parted,
But a heart beneath full of gloom.

II

we knew it a big undertaking-
We all understood our job.
a beach-head was in the making,
a showdown with Hitler's mob.

III

Sam was thinking of England,
Johnnie, his wife at home.
a joker put on a swing-band;
my thoughts began to roam.

IV

our boat cut thru the grey mist
and sped us on our way.
many who looked at the watch on their wrist
Knelt down and began to pray.

V

out of the mist loomed a murky wall-
It was Hitler's Western defence.
Here was our goal and it had to fall
Was the flash to our inner sense.

VI

The cry, "Saddle Up", was the go sign,
The decks suddenly filled with men.
We were headed straight for the coast line,
God! don't let this happen again.

AFC 2001/001/6555 (MS03)

VII

Thru smoke we saw ~~many~~ sunken ships,
Proud in their ghost-like hue.
For they had scored their winning hits -
What more could you ask them to do?

VIII

The air reeked of death all o'er.
The water a blood-dyed red.
For a minute our heads seemed to lower,
A silent prayer for the dead.

IX

Our craft didn't make it the first go;
She maneuvered to try it again.
The minutes seemed like ages though,
Ere the prow of the boat hit the sand.

X

So into the icy water we jumped
As the shells whizzed overhead.
Many a pack on rifle dumped;
It was sither that or be dead.

XI

The beach was a literal graveyard.
The "ferries" had taken their toll.
For the lads before us the road had been hard,
But they had continued to roll.

XII

a deadly barrage from his 88's,
And the "Boche" had us eating sand.
It was there that some of our boys kept dates
With the "Boss of the Promised Land".

XIII

John took the count - God save his soul!
War is terrible, I know.
But maybe its best he's reached his goal -
He's gone where the brave men go.

XIV

Sam, he got it below the knee.
A "million dollar" wound I guess.
and thus my partner was taken from me.
At least for awhile he'll rest!

XV

Joe and Robbie were caught there too,
and Sergeant Moe in the legs.
So onward, Boys, its for me and you
To grind these Nazis to dregs.

XVI

yes, the beach was won at a terrible cost,
But "They" didn't die in vain.
If it wasn't for them, the day'd been lost
and we'd had to start once again.

XVII

So raise the Stars + Stripes on high,
Ring praises thru our land -
For the valiant fightin' men who lie
On a "Flanders Field" of sand.

XVIII

We're marching forward the "fighting 7th" –
We're out for some Nazi blood.
And we won't stop til we stop this curse,
This nation ruled by a thud.

XIX

Yes, we're driving onward, this mighty team
To meet a beaten foe.
And the valorous boys we left on the beach
Are with us wherever we go.

XX

This story, though not completed,
Leaves a message in its wake:
We have never been defeated
And we can give more than we take.

Edward Bluemen Commander USN

In writing this poem, I was thinking of the boys who came in with me – my pals and buddies – but I dedicate it to all those who made the landings to those brave lads who preceded us to these fighting fronts where against terrific odds were assailed Nazism & superiority to those who made the supreme sacrifice – for the liberation of mankind. For in preserving democracy they not only preserved the rights of a free world but those of a free Christian World.