

The VA Pharmacy by Emmy Lu Daly

"Now serving #156 at Station #3."

One by one, on and on.

Dumbed and numbed

Veterans all.

WW II, Korea, Vietnam,
distant wars now.

WW II – the "good" war

Korea – the "forgotten war

Vietnam – the "Wasted" war.

#156 slowly raises his head,
pushes his wheel chair,
his one leg plaid panted,
belly hanging loosely.

One more trip to Station #3.

What'll it be this time?

A pill for his cholesterol?

Maybe something for his COPD,

Or his "a-fib"?

How about a stronger pain pill for his arthritis?

Whatever. He's supposed to be grateful,
lucky to get all this care and drugs.

So he takes the rx slip, smiles a little.

The young dispenser smiles back and says,
"Thank you for your service."

They all say that.

#156 pivots his chair and mumbles,

"Oh, son, I hope you never know."