

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 14

Number 1 *Seasonal Dreams*

Article 14

Fall 12-1-1994

The Sniper

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Recommended Citation

Allen, Altho A. Jr (1994) "The Sniper," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss1/14>

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Tales of Vietnam

The sniper

by Altho A. Allen Jr.

T'beau was this smart ass kid
I can see him now
Talking trash in his Cajun way
But meaning no harm

He just liked to talk alot
Said it kept his mind alert
Had to cause T'beau was a sniper
He did it for fun though

We killed silently and tried
To keep a kind of anonymity
In this deadly game we played
Serious business to us

There was no limit to the quarry
Day or night we could
Call our shots like fish in a barrel
"See that little star on his hat..."

Months went by and bag count
Was up high like brass liked
But it was raining
And mail was slow

T'beau told me one day in
That slow drawl of his
"I don't wanta kill no more
Ain't got no more challenges out there"

"But I sure would like to
Get that guy that
Made me what I am"
I asked him who that was

And with a lightening move
he reversed the butt of that
Well loved sniper gun smiled and
Said "Me" as he pulled the trigger