

1984

The Rivers of Saigon

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Recommended Citation

Dickson, Alex (1984) "The Rivers of Saigon," *Exile*: Vol. 31 : No. 1 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol31/iss1/10>

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The Rivers of Saigon

Thin rivers of red speed
through the whites of those
helpless eyes overflowing with
water leaving shiny trails
down her grimy face

Two tiny black islands
surrounded by white
triple their size in a second —
The terror
The favorite doll falling into
a puddle of mud

The scream slicing
through the smoke
Dropping like a doll
into the mud

Divorced from the task
The loud noise breaking
into the soldier's mind
Realizing his fingers
Blistered from the heat
of the trigger
He cries