

# *A Time to Remember*

by Randy Briere

Not a bugle was heard  
Not a funeral beat  
Nor, even a drum sounding retreat  
As over the ice the corpses were carried  
To that hill, where our GIs were buried  
Six feet by 2 feet and 1 foot deep  
In a Korean hill they sleep  
Both young and old, perhaps one wonders  
“Why” These 1600 had to die.

No little white crosses to bear their names  
But they were not buried in shame  
Although they lie in unknown graves  
They were 1600 American brave.

There were no useless caskets  
To enclose their breast, only GI clothing,  
For their last rest  
All colors of men, black, brown and white,  
Now 1600 faded lights  
A pill, a powder, or medicine of any kind,  
may have saved them from that yonder hill,  
Those 1600 now lying still, in their illness, tossing and turning  
Most of them knew there would be no returning,  
Some went easy, but most in pain  
Did these 1600 die in vain?

For those of us who may go back  
To enjoy life's fill,  
They will still, be there on that lonely hill  
Forgotten by some, yet remembered by most.  
They will be “1600 in their last Post.”

*This poem was written by Randy Briere in the Prison Camp of North Korea where Randy spent 36 months as a “guest” of the Chinese. It is dedicated to the 1600 Americans who died during the first winter.*