

The Saigon Daily News

**To Bunny
(Offered free of charge, as a public service)**

By TON THAT THIEN

(A poem in blank verse on behalf of an unknown GI)

Dear Bunny, many thanks to thee.
For having dismissed the VC
From our mind, and crossed the ocean
To come to this warm & damp Veetman
(I am spelling Vietnam the same way as would a VIP)
Who makes a whirlwind trip
To this bewildering country
For a thorough look see.

Many thanks to you, my little Jo,
For having preferred the dangerous plane to the safe mighty Mo,
And come quickly to me,
When I'm blind mad at the VC,
The thick mud, the sizzling grass, and the blazing sun,
Even on the lookout not for fun,
But for a confounded enemy,
When I cannot always see.

I know you've got nice things at home,
Or, if you care, in Paris, Vienna or Rome,
You just ring a bell, and doors open to you:
And there's always a fat guy to say: "Coo Coo"!
Sit down there, and take those wraps off,
Look at the camera, and don't blink when the flash goes off,
And here's a cheque for a thousand,
Go and get brown on the sand".

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Thanks for making me feel like a real playboy,
And not just the rough guy depicted by MACOI,
For giving me something solid and American, which is thee,
Whom I can perhaps now touch and see.
Smile to me, talk to me, spoil me while you're here,
So that when you're gone, I shall at least have a sweet souvenir
Oh dear God, and real little Jo,
Who can blast me off my feet better than can the mighty Mo.