

Happily Ever After

PTSD

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PTSD will never go away; One could sooner change his DNA.
Must we forever ride the same rides; run the same gauntlets
In life--receiving blows of tormented memories--each time knowing where the ride will plummet;
brittle-cruel shadows of the past--intrusive...unwanted...and unable to dispel?

Yes.

Sudden unreasonable anger against those who love you...recognizing the pain caused others, but
unable to change or stop it in mid stride: stuck in that moment again.

Daydreams...stark nightmares...scattered thoughts of decades past; as clear as yesterday...pain
electric; a surreal-nether-world of prancing what-ifs painted in white-light and darkness: an endless
overwhelming loop of sleeplessness.

Seeing their young faces...remembering snatches of conversations: sometimes, smiling...oft times
not; plays out afresh in the scarred and wounded mind of this old man.

Lord, I am exhausted...broken...save me from this fright...spare me the dangers of the abyss I
cannot climb out of; or take me home.