

Heavenly Black Holes
and Earthly PTSD
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Late night (or was it day? I could not escape the months of darkness ... emotional coldness was the light at tunnel's end, *Is The End*, shining wearily only upon the next exit.

My brain shrugged a *cold-care-less*, regulating PTSD to a massive black-hole sucking all matter of thoughts or enlightenment into itself. At some point PTSD and the black hole fell in upon themselves; I could not fathom which would consume the other first. The universal weight of opposing boxes of my id crunched, imploded, compressing into a fist—neither consulting my wants or dislikes—and like a cataclysmic runner-up to the big-bang scattered star-stuff of my cells in to a new-beginning; and I realized ... PTSD, can have a similar individual-stellar reaction. The weight of past traumas seemed to repel today's events with or without approval amongst the moment, inner-twinning past, current, and future-hopes drawn so taunt, like threads that draw taunt, tear, unravel and snap like Clydesdales quartering an injured Id flinging goo from the atomized brain-bucket into the abyss.

How rude.