

Howls in the Night

PTSD

(c2014, by Don Poss)

Another early morn; I lay awake
Another screaming night has passed.

My wife will sleep if I quietly stalk to the living room. It is dark, and the Dawn's yet to paint first brush of twilight on windows' shades.

The couch,
as lumpy as exposed brains, fills dark walls with images five decades removed: High Definition; 1080 pps, smell-orama; four-demon-sions; sounds muffled by tangle brush trolls competing for nibbles; birds of steel falling from the stars like falcons hunting wounded prey, as airborne beast's contrails swirled clouds glowing from super moon above; casting vague gliding silhouette-shadows that undulates over hills and black meadows, in friended search of its maker.

Dawn cleaves the night, casting living shadows of inanimate vivid memories only I can see in the dark light of the empty boxes where fright escapes roiling, and I cannot avoid. Contents littered throughout my head...waking colors too familiar, discomfoting, lingering, monotonous thieves of courage...all at once taunting threats to howl another screaming night.

I wonder what the numb day will bring as I walk amongst the living?

Indifference
Intolerance
Anger from the deep, and
Scorn without cause?
Count on it.

A mind game truce...
Could that work?
To see if my sleepless addled brain would figure it out;
as lame a quest as LBJ's impotent best efforts.

Oh look...
So soon the night approaches
No time to ruminate further,
Nor play the mind games of distraction with goal to derail the thoughts of last night's war...ready or not...

There be howls in the night and absence of light, where amber flares gutter and drool rivulets of white-hot intrusive-thought-cinders that wink out their surreal dancing parts of twilight dreams from that long ago haunting life...

that will not leave me be: a drifting mind; desperate to forget...struggling to recall...resisting sleep, cast upon meandering black-currents of huddled-umbrella shrapnel-memories...tangled...intertwined...and worst of all, a gorged-belly-roll of laughter choked by acid reflux of rotting-stress, long buried.