

## Reel-to-Reel

*Sleeplessness amok*

(c) 2022, by Don Poss

Sleeplessness runs amok as I lay here dozing-faking sleep,  
watching fire and metal-rain—and eyeballs jangling  
on wire (courtesy of stressor#7), projected upon  
eyelid's wall.

Intrusive-thought flicker's a rudderless course—  
*I protest: Give me a break—*  
you played this reel last night.

Nearby in jungle's tangled-bush the protagonist  
laid shrapnel-dead; flare-sizzled shadows swung  
gleefully back and forth—a fluke embedded in my brain?

*Here They Come!* someone shouted, and I saw the drunken-like  
horde of men— twisting in kaleidoscope frames— bounding  
towards me in a raucous-rowdy accord.

I flipped my 30 rounds banana-magazines, taped  
bottom-sides together (*not in the script*) and fired where next  
the rabble might be.

Where last night's reel raised moments of terror and stench  
of adrenalin sweat— now bought a big fat yawn—I had wacked  
them all and stopped the film cold! And the Troll screamed—  
*"I've been screwed!"*

Now I can sleep, covers over my head, and turn the blanket up to ten,  
and think about the coming night of fighting back—has only just  
began.