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Subject: Poem - Resurrection or Bust
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Poem – Resurrection or Bust PTSD © 2015 by, Don Poss

Ptsd will never go away; One could sooner change his DNA.

Must we forever ride the same rides; run the same day and night gauntlets in life--receiving blows from tormented memories--each time knowing the depths of chaos the ride will plummet; such brittle-cruel pale-shadows of the past--intrusive... unwanted... and always unable to dispel?

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 last night--pain electric; a surreal-nether-world of prancing what-ifs painted in white-light and darkness: an endless overwhelming loop of sleepless-weariness.

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.

Thank you,

Don Poss Sent from my iPhone