

Sleazy Road to Heaven

Pitfalls Along the Way

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Late night (or was it day?)
I could not escape months of darkness
Where the light at tunnel's end lived;
ever allusive as a carousel's golden ring.

My brain would not shut up; shrugged a *could-care-less*, equating
PTSD to a massive black-hole sucking all matter of thoughts or
enlightenment into itself.

Puzzle it out and then you can sleep . . . the voice it my id taunted.

You win . . .

At some point PTSD, like a black hole, falls in upon itself, sucking all hope, or care for life . . . a universal pressure of weight crunching inward compressing into a core in a near nano-second, triggers like pulsars explode, cataclysmic runner-up to a big-bang, scattering mind-stuff to a localized new-beginning (sort of); A similar individual-stellar reaction when the weight of past traumas seem to repel today's events from the living host, intertwining with past, current, and stifling future-hope drawn as taut as woven threads ripping, unraveling and snapping like Clydesdales drawing and quartering an injured Id, flinging its life's unique essence of who he was from the atomized brain-bucket into the nothingness of abyss. What comes forth from that pit is never the same as was. There are no what-ifs, or even ifs.

How rude.

It was a sleazy road to heaven, but I slept through the alarm.