

The Long Goodbye
Agent Orange
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Agent Orange, the long goodbye
That followed me home to make me die, dangling hope of remission, reprieve, and plausible lies to grasp, and once more ... I willingly was I deceived and endured another lap of struggles.

But ready or not my Short calendar days long crossed off to single digits
too close to call; my finally acceptance of the coming night that loved ones deny—their eyes seeing their future.
Anger roils, fades tempered-simmer ... for the horrors those who withered before me did suffer—body parts
whittled away...bloated torsos, blackened with death amok and kemo's beat-down...In anguish, and alone.
Why do I feel guilty for being killed in Vietnam, by the slow death?
soaked to the bone by that misty rain...my name unetched in The Wall's black granite, taunted by the quandary
allowing me to lay here,
surrounded by Friends, family I love, and memories of
those brothers snatched away, and others...amputated humanity,
Frankensteined away...
here I remain to fret fate's logic of why I was allowed this never-ending bought, languishing in pain, all hope
banished, as had always been, futile—hope had always been grasping at shadows blade that whittles me down to
dust's eternal sleep...yet grants me one more
Illogical gift...
the-dreams.....the-dreams, will finally stop, when ends this long goodbye, and I wonder...will I hear the flatline
beep when spirit springs away, on this last of my numbered days.