

Toying With My Mind
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I saw him die.
Watched his Spirit fly through the windows of his
soul.

By dawn, his spirit wandered intrusively at will
and within, scraping ruts in my gray, seeding
them with dreams to be.

By dusk, I try to sleep;
Eyes squeezed tight but wide awake
As dreams play out upon the backside
of clinched eyelids—a game of chase.

I watched him shadow last-away . . . hoping he
would not return.
Prayers . . . not enough to sleep.
Helpless to rearrange the night of
wavering ghosts . . .

Is that really what I saw?
Would they think me *dingy dau* if I asked if they
saw it to?

Best forgotten. Unsaid. Checked at the grave.

I don't want to remember what it seemed to be;
It's mostly all for naught and I pretend a pause . . .
waiting for the tripwire . . .
waiting . . . hoping to tag the toe of the unfocused
bastard-fool toying with my mind.