

Wanderer

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Lost in the darkness of my mind
Melancholy in the fragments of some other time.

A moment of clarity entrapped in a haze, I had sat on a log my mind in a daze. All the exits lead down to a macabre-maze...a whirlpool that gurgles up and down...and clogs and drains and overflows--

Names fading...forever on the tip of my tongue...whose's that person sitting next to me...Perhaps someone I knew when young?

Dreams like fluid hints appearing as spliced silent movies...frames clicking...something wirring and freezing and scratchy and burning and always wondering why I see these things loutering uninvited.

Could it be my mind is a bit unsound? I thought I knew him but my mind let me down...treading dreams alone I then remembered last when I saw him, prone in the deadfall, brains drying on this very log.