

## **Wanderer**

(c) 2016, by Don Poss

Lost in the darkness of night-thoughts...  
Melancholy in the fragments of another time.

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

A moment of clarity entrapped in a maze and all the exits lead down to  
a haze...a whirlpool that gurgles up and down...and clogs, drains, and overflows--

Dreams are like bumper-cars and spliced silent movies...frames clicking...  
something wirring and freezing, scratchy and burning, then gone.

Could it be a bit unsound? I thought I knew him but my mind let me down...  
Treading dreams alone... as a wanderer, roots ensnarled in the past.