

Whipping Boy

Time's Patsy

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Matters not to the mind as it thrusts you through dimensions of
Times Past,
Time Now,
Time out, and
Time Future.

Where lives your thoughts? Do they lark-about in random jest?
Where do they tarry, catnap or slumber—?
Do you stumble unfocused without purpose or care about
the *where or when* you can't recall—or in bowels of cast away
dreams of unchangeable of things long Past?

Do you Dwell in future hopes
To-be...
Must-be....
What ifs, or,
Will I fail?

Are life's challenges now locked away in a box, until they too cannot be undone?
Focus on what's playing today.

This Now is what matters...moreso if you are marked scars from the lash of War—and
anxieties—a turmoil of lost-control. Or wallow in squalid pity or grief—an ugly self-
suspended life—letting darkness flog your soul.

Can you master Now's realities and let go of the clash-dreams put forth—?
Not that easy...you say.

The soul-snatcher would keep you forever stitched
within layers of his cloak, wrapped about his persona
of evil and wickedness—caged in an eternal-room with a
view of moonless shadows of gray—and starkness.

As if a future's could-be matters—You are still here in the Now.

Weld the past in its place.
Recognize the horror of things that happened—
you played not the only role.

There is daylight in your mind at the peak of melancholy's-curve
before a roller-coaster's fall into despair.
Remembering back at what happened means,
you are looking back from today.