

Wisps of the Night

(c) 11 March 2016, by, Don Poss

Revised, 11 Nov 2023

Long dead shadows flicker-
dance a minuet in roiling
mind a 'slumber
I yearn for one night's sleep.

Exhumed memories,
Wisps of nights long passed,
Romp backside old cataract eyes
Daunting, scampering, in
Broken-locked chambers, searching
For the right cavern to enter...

*'Old hinges creek in loud protests...
Doors parting slowly, like groaning bones,
Spilling Darkness into the light
Coiled upon raised moat's drawbridge, it
Morphs to bomb bay doors,
Frantic to give birth to death*

*Birds of prey wing six miles high...
Bombs falling by the hundreds,
Tails wigwagging, indifferent to their fate,
Unhindered, uncaring,
No friends,
No enemies
Falling...
Falling free*

*Long strands of devastation...
Blossomed carnage tears the heavens,
Each flash a memory in Reaper's album
Of vaporized clouds and jungle scooped-earth
Returned molten to earth's First-Day...
Say La Vie*

*Fini...
Contented...
Eagles wing homeward to Nest.*

I yearn for night's sleep
Once more.