

Old Veterans, Poems, and  
Stolen years  
© 2013 by, Don Poss

Can one forever pen a cloud,  
or form prose of leafs like a swaying palm or  
ancient oak word-tree combing forest breeze...?

Can one surf the sea, days beyond land,  
or launch from ski slope to ride word-winds like a sail  
or meander and spiral within wind chime tinkling frost  
and share that happiness with all who care to read

Can one go to war in distant lands until spirit wings away,  
and black quilled words spill fear and loss,  
until scribbled tales of wounds of heart and soul  
are all that's left...wondering all the while  
if that *pestilence* infectious epidemic of war  
will somehow end and life return to *as it was*  
when Freedom Bird tucks wheels beneath wings and  
soars away from that diseased shore.

And if not...

*if not...*

what words can one old veteran cast smoldering on  
parchment that bears not the monotonous ping of pity  
and everlasting remorseful questions of 'why'.

Will days return once more to gentler  
freer times not yet gone mad with greed and  
body counts and bomb damage assessments and  
incoming rockets-rockets-rockets! where words can  
once more flow like a maple leaf down cool mountain spring  
babbling gleefully over eon-smoothed stones and new memories  
and day's only care begs dodging twigs and sparkling sunlight...  
and does not reek of forced lies that all is well.