

Poem -

52nd Tour
(Tôi Không Hiểu ... I don't understand)

Over Here....
(c) 2016, Don Poss

Languish
Languid

I reap the dreams of war I've sown ... plowed fields mulched dark red
and nightly trod those furrowed rows, of vanquished hopes and dread
over ... here

within my soldier's heart toil nightmare-shadows
grim spoils strewn from battle's gallows
where warriors twine in murky roil fateful plight at hand

Ravening dogs glean fetid droppings ... gnawing life from those who sing
Too weak to fly, too weak to crawl, his prayer wisps away
..... over ... here
and a few dogs slip away.

I spy a fighting-hole blown asunder,
sheltering the wail from man-made thunder ... and gage direction of the call
..... over ... here

I take up the coward's crawl, saucer eyes rake the plight of burst sandbag-mound.
I snake a hand--plowing fingered-furrows through rancid-sand,
and worse things I dwell not upon—
patting cold flesh,
feeling for a pulse,
the neck of a headless man

From somewhere a faint plea wings, and sighs a siren's call
someone ... come stoke life's fading flame, and cheat this unmarked grave ...
dust too soon to be.

Last breath severs an orphaned soul fears and pain grow eternally cold
Who heeds decaying echo's rebound ... stifled eternal by hearts last beat?
over here
Final utterance, distraught, faint, fading, and now the long sleep.

Lost within the nothing ... my dreams stir anew.

No one came for me.

No one.

I hear the daunting imperceptible summons ... a wounded, haunting-peal ...
lost within yesteryear's toll ... a webbed carousel without a ring to snag; gleeful tunes long sailed.

The battle's done ... yet battlefield's linger with sleeping snares, and
enemy scopes sweep wounded prey's pulse.

The *dark one* hovers
patiently awaiting harvest of bleating souls crying for help.
Like an old four-post bed canopy that silently lowers in the night
ever closer ... cocooning-embrace smothering
soul sucking from its withered prey.

Devil's padded, swirling-wakes of fog ... another over-here should do ...
whispered plea so faint, fell to earth ... lost prayer in search of a god ...
and he listened
the curs are feeding near by.

the dark one awaits his guiltless due ... fallen angels search out their prey...

voice raw and silent, heart-felt if-prayers promised,
Stabbing pain flings a wretched cry ... naked soul laid bare ...
shadow of ignoble death descending Gaping-maw fangs aglare ...
Hot breath upon his throat.....color long-fled from his face.

Lord of Evil smiled ... another soul undone.
Darkness drew his finger through blanket's veil ... fog-curdled trail begun.
Enemy rifles swiveled toward the plea ... and the dogs sniffed quietly along.

Raven lurked in ruined tree's charred branches cloaked in darkest haze
Wings unseen take flight, seeking the mournful plea
over ... here

Search in vain I cannot find what festers raw my Id
a momentary twilight-counciousness, dare not awake someone is calling
wavering sigh-echoes adrift, taunts talons eager for prey,
over ... here

On Nov 10, 2016, at 5:25 PM, DPoss wrote:

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I reap the dreams of war I've sown plowed fields mulched dark red
..... and nightly trod those furrowed rows languid sleep I dread

within my soldier's heart toil nightmare-shadows pale blood-gray warriors twine in murky roil a
waning cry a dying bray a wounded last-rasp rattles
over ... here

Raven lurks nearby black hole in the night
Wings unseen take flight, and seeks the mournful plea
over ... here

Search in vain I cannot find what festers raw my Id
wavering sigh echoes adrift, taunts talons eager for prey
over ... here

I spy a fighting-hole asunder sheltering the frail from manmade thunder, pleading
..... over ... here

I take up the coward's crawl, saucer eyes rake the plight
find burst sandbag-mound and snake a hand with moldboard-fingers plow furrows through rancid-sand
..... and worse I dwell not on,
then feel for pulse the neck of a headless man

from somewhere a faint caw wings, muffled by night-fog, and sighs a siren's call
someone, come stoke life's fading flame
and cheat this unmarked grave

Last breath severs an orphaned soul ... freed spirit soars to light

Fears and pain grow eternally cold

Alas, echo's the long parting breath that fades last cry of life that was
over here ...
over ... here ...

a waning cry ... a dying bray
a wounded, blood-gargle, fluttering croak

Don Poss
Sent from my iPad