

VIETNAM WAR

DREAM THINGS

PTSD ... and a Wakeup

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Dream-Things

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I do not seek answers...
but an understanding of how to defend myself.

I can fight men, win or lose,
but cannot fight the dreams that storm about
dwelling between the *thunder claps* of my night.
Dream-things, like huey-night owls swooping at scampering prey,
wet-things that slime from earth at scent of passing blood, or
death-reeking scavengers tilling soil for droppings of wrong I have overlooked...or
ignored.

Without warning those retrieved scraps are thrust forward,
assaulting twilight-mind, taunting, raping, enveloping, consuming...digesting,
and I am once more in the midst of unfolding darkest-visions...
swirling, unchanging-sameness...
eternal moments of shadowed-reality...
dimensional memories demanding rebirth...
refusing to be gone...*unforgiving*,
insisting on replay as if I have missed a lying-truth and do not recognize every micro-
frame that loops its way through the virtual night, long imprinted upon my soul, and
even now daring to infringe upon the fleeting solace of cockcrow, and dawn.

I awake...*or am I*...
Has it ended... *I see the searing lightening-moments even now.*
Was I ever asleep?

Dark Memories take flight from my soul...
Unspoken dreams...just secrets of the heart...the light too harrowing to endure.
Forgiveness ungiven, like malingering apocalyptic darts of tribulation.
Get-It-Right!

Why do they return...? Generations have slipped by...
Get-It-Right!
Why don't they stay in their ghostly box? Why now?
Get-It-Right!

365 And a Wakeup. I've dreamt *The 365* ... for over 45 years.
I yearn for the *And a Wakeup* moment.

Tell me how to make it stop...
before these dream-things consume me.



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Vietnam and Thailand
by The Light
of a silvery Moon