

Dary Valley

by: Don Poss

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There is a Dark Valley near Da Nang
with rolling sinking vistas of darkness
where cloud-shadows
dance a plague on men --
sunlight is swallowed whole --
and life, *don't mean nothin'*.

Nestled between razor-back mountains,
not in mute slumber, but like a siren snare, the dark
waits patiently to sop the life of men and beast.

Soft globs of fire,
red and green etched lightning,
float and snap toward passing men of wings
slapping some to earth and waiting dogs
amusing others who wing away.

Airmen of arms, like wingless ants, stalk scent-trails
of copper sweet, and stench of coming death most
deceiving. Ancient paths layered by new, glistening
and compelling with dewless brass-shell memories,
doting earth here and there, enriched by blood of men
where tangle brush now blooms with vigor.

There is a valley near Da Nang, soul embracing ...
with pearls of night-light floating, sinking nearer ...
captivating ...
jealous of other memories through decades
'till life's end.

Waiting still ...
this Dark Valley of fleeting light beckons all within
sight.

Don't mean nothin'.