

Dream's Puzzle

PTSD: Vietnam and Guilty.

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Only nineteen when he was killed.
It was my fault. I should have done more...
Done something.

Why him?
Why not me...or someone else?
I have to know...

Unanswered prayers.
Anger. Short tempered.
I can't do this...

It doesn't matter...

I blame him for dying.
Decades of haunting dreams ever
bathed in ethereal haze of night's despair.

He lives forevermore, waiting...or so they
say... perhaps in Heaven's light where God
turns nightmares to tranquil valleys,
graves to
gardens, and sadness never rears its ugly
head.

When fell suddenly the puzzle's blank
piece that answered all whys and
bequeathed a pardon to dream not that
dream again.

God ... *why* did You take so long?
What was I to learn?

Why him?
Why not me...or someone else?
I have to know....