

Forty Years and holding

PTSD

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I called him on the phone
the rotor-dial spun slowly,
Thrilled to find the number
of a long lost I Corps friend,

Six rings...seven...
And he picked up the phone,
Hello, he said softly.

His voice older but same-same
I called his name, and said my own and asked if he remembered...

A pause so long I thought he'd hung up,
then he whispered...

Too soon...
Too soon...
and he was gone.