

Hell's Pocket

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Bruised clouds sail gleefully indifferent, westbound without concern for mankind's waring-tantrums upon one another, as unseen colossal birds spew upon men-prey, who do not know they are already dead beneath jungle canopies that stifle sounds and filters nova's to candlelight.

It is Dark Mountain that separates the river and sky and nestles lost souls and missing socks indifferently ... caring not a whit its tangled vines have snared a pilot's chute of taunt white cords, like timeless icicles bearing morsels of dark corruption, where even sweet stench has long fled the dangling shredded corpse, encased in folly like the pendulum of an unwound clock.

Tucked between hills' cleavage, he dangles still, and glows briefly, rarely, as cascading sunlight spills upon the floor of his bottomless well ... where light and time are stillborn and howling gales above sing unheard siren's songs in hell's dark pocket of vile things ...

Then as now, a little bit of rain flails an old soldier's heart.
He reclined in his easy chair, arm crooked behind his head...
the memory not yet fading, eyes squinted shut, forehead wrinkled,
at the sight of the dead ...
half the world away and decades, *generations*, past.

Microwave clunked as it nuked another cup...
in his realm of little pleasure; much pain
and little gain—hope not much in the picture.