

Lights Out

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A New Dream:

Vietnam

Agent Orange

Blind and Deaf

Locked in the endless void
where dreams of Vietnam
play out unending reality
of someone's memories, without ceasefire
to see if he *got the message...*
and forty years have passed.

No day nor night
a Viking heaven loops to warriors;
daily battle unto death and victors feast the night...
all reborn at mind's dawn to war again, hack and slay
till enemies are vanquished... Valhalla.

Reality before blindness is now the dream.
Reality before deafness, is now the ghost-songs and
wind-voices of Who, What, When, Where... or and if.

Then Alzheimer melts the brain.
He does not know who he was or is ...
does not care nor remember the insanity of Valhalla's last dream,
replaying anew into the eon, without close-captions.

Like an eyeless fish, wafting tail,
gliding in the black bottomless trench of the deepest abyss,
got wondering...
existing in the moment... madness amok...
fear there will never be a merciful lights out and dust of a forgotten grave.