

Powdered Eggs and Scrambled Brains

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I write about things I could not change. The
worst did not happen to me...
as it did to JB and Jensen

True, they tried more than once to kill me—
And once tried very hard.

Why does it matter now—the
ghosts are mostly dead—
When I lay myself down to sleep, Memories
wrack my head.

By morning the last flare gutters out...
At dawn the long night yearns to
sleep...
And twilight steals away my hope for rest,
and I wonder...
who's to blame.