

Resurrection or Bust

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PTSD will never go away;
One could sooner change his DNA.

Must we forever ride the same rides;
run the same day and night gauntlets in life,
receiving blows from tormented memories,
each time knowing the depths of chaos the ride will plummet;
such brittle-cruel pale-shadows of the past,
intrusive... unwanted... and always unable to dispel?

Sudden unreasonable anger against those who love you... recognizing the pain caused others,
but unable to change or stop it in mid-stride: stuck in that moment again.

Daydreams...stark nightmares... scattered thoughts of decades past; as clear as last night--
pain electric; a surreal-nether-world of prancing what-ifs painted in white-light and darkness:
an endless overwhelming loop of sleepless-weariness.

Seeing their young faces... remembering snatches of conversations: sometimes, smiling...oft
times not; plays out afresh in the scarred and wounded mind of this old man.

Lord, I am exhausted...broken... save me from this fright...
spare me the dangers of the abyss
I cannot climb out alone; or take me home.