

Second Wind

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Remember the Vietnam nights when
we were young and rockets rained till
morning sun, and now replayed
decades of nightly-reruns as we grew
older, and strong men we served with
fell away, as all will on judgment day,
and Sol's earthly light bounced our
stories where youthful-us still fight the
war, eons in the past long after we
have puffed to dust—our wheel chairs
long stellar rust, into deepest space
where galaxies flossed on wars' end
disgrace, and distant worlds tweak
their magic scopes amazed at our
flickering time-frames, like ancient
film painting cosmic streaming-dreams
of when we were young and rockets
rained—and the rising fireball was just
the sun.