

Storms of the Night

(c2014 by Don Poss)

Typhoons , Monsoons and man-made storms
have not drowned my love of rains.

There for the glory

No need to worry

The war was bigger than I.

My wounds lay dormant,
to surface At times of its choosing and
erupt in ranging storm, or gentle rain...
A command performance I alone can see.

Healing happens,

For some I'm told.

PTSD is not for the weak,

and be my last dream,

take wings upon my last breath.

The long sleep

At last.