

Sugarplum Dreams

and Dragon Tails

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I Mourn for innocent youthful Dreams lost,
unencumbered by lies,
unscared by rewritten history,
unbound by wretched lingering memories that did not die with those perished in
war.

Jagged dreams, like serrated blades, gleefully slash, ruminant-regurgitate visions
of torment and distress; unmasked secrets once safely boxed away, now spill
from empty chambers through opened wounds, and plague-havoc desiring to
wreck my shaky mind.

I fear the night more than ever and mourn the loss of faded child like dreams
and slumber.