

Ups and Downs,
Once Upon a PTSD
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PTSD, with its Ups and Downs— Get used to it
Euphoric, life as it was; happy, good natured, and
Life was a blast.

Fun with everyone, going everywhere— and
didn't want to sleep—might miss the action or
something as neat.

Sleep— like a baby—or not at all.
Loving life; cruising in my '51 Chevy,
Girls in the trunk so we could buy snacks
at a drive-inn theater's intermission

Life was glorious— I would never die.

PTSD, The Downs—
I don't want to talk about it.
Triggers slowly, or in a finger's snap, lasting long as it wants.