

## **Dreams of Another Time**

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I left a part of me somewhere beyond the seas  
Defending the land of the free  
And am burdened with dreams of another time.

My mind drifts inward recalling memories of bases,  
haunted with visions of faces and places, as if reincarnated into the  
memories of the days I left behind.

A surreal hologram of images overtake the darkness  
And fill the theater of my mind with sounds, snagging-echoes of  
wait-a-minute vines.

I am a man with dreams of another time: old fashion laughter, old  
fashion fun, with jumbled visions and intrusive spliced-thoughts that  
flicker and skip like random clippings from silent films.

Confusion reigns with visions long removed, replaying without  
mercy. Voices out of sync. Sounds inappropriate to what unfolds  
before me, as if imposing unfocused delirious chaos; a rabid fever of  
the mind, without escape, I cannot overcome, control, influence,  
alter, or silence.

I am a man trapped within powerful dreams of another time, where  
part of me yearns to remain...and fears to do so.

Is there no way home?