From: DPoss
To: Don Poss
Subject: Poem - Hell's Pocket
Date: Tuesday, November 6, 2018 7:44:53 PM

Poem - Hell's Pocket
(c) 2016 by Don Poss

Bruised clouds sail gleefully indifferent, westbound without concern for mankind's waring-tantrums upon one another, as unseen colossal birds spew upon men-prey, who do not know they are already dead beneath jungle canopies that stifle sounds and filter novas to candlelight.

It is Dark Mountain that separates the river and sky and nestles lost souls and missing socks indifferently ... caring not a whit its tangled vines have snared a pilot's chute of taunt white cords, like timeless icicles bearing morsels of dark corruption, where even sweet stench has long fled the dangling shredded corpse, encased in folly like the pendulum of an unwound clock.

Tucked between hills' cleavage, he dangles still, and glows briefly, rarely, as cascading sunlight spills upon the floor of his bottomless well ... where light and time are stillborn and howling gales above sing unheard siren's songs in hell's dark pocket of vile things ... and decades later, a little bit of rain flails a soldier's heart.

He reclined in his easy chair, arm crooked behind his head...his eyes squinted shut at the sight of the dead ... half the world, and decades away.

Microwave clunked as it nuked another cup...

in the rhealm of little pleasure; much pain.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone