

From: [DPoss](#)
To: [Don Poss](#)
Subject: Poem - First Flare
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Poem - First Flare
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Waiting to sleep
Trying to clear my mind of creeping shadows of not quite black fields of unknowns.

Twilight sleep and the first flare glows in the distant memories of hazy Da Nang, where spirits still tread o'er bones
of dread, fading, ever fading, to dust...

So goes the night.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone