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Subject: Poem - Heavenly Black Holes
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Poem – Heavenly Black Holes and Earthly PTSD © 2015 by Don Poss

Late night (or was it day?) I could not escape the months of darkness ... Where the light at tunnel's end, Is The End, shining wearily only upon the exit. My brain shrugged a could-care-less, and equated PTSD to a massive black-hole sucking all matter of thoughts or enlightenment into itself. At some unknown point PTSD and a black hole fall in upon self; the BH when it's universal weight crunches inward compressing into an iron core and in a near nano second pulsars out both ends until a cataclysmic runner-up big-bang scatters star-stuff to a localized new-beginning; PTSD, like BH, can have a similar individual-stellar reaction when the weight of past traumas seem to repel today's events amongst the living, yet somehow intertwining past, current, and future-hopes drawn so taunt threads begin to unravel and snap like Clydesdales drawing and quartering an injured Id flinging goo from the atomized brain-bucket into the abyss.

How rude.

Thank you,

Don Poss Sent from my iPhone