

**From:** [DPoss](#)  
**To:** [Don Poss](#)  
**Subject:** ILUSIVE INTRUSIVE, Toying With My Mind  
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ILUSIVE INTRUSIVE, Toying With My Mind  
(PTSD Poem)  
(c) 2017, Don Poss

I saw him die.  
Watched his Spirit fly.  
By dawn, his spirit wanders intrusively at will, and within.  
By dusk, I try to sleep;  
Eyes squeezd tight but wide awake  
As dream plays out upon backside  
of clinched eyelids--a game of chase.  
I watched him shadow-away.....  
Prayers...not enough to sleep.  
Helpless to rearrange the night of  
wavering shadows...  
Is that really what I saw?  
Would they think me dingy dau if I  
asked if they saw it to?  
Best forgotten; left unsaid.  
I don't want to remember what it seemed to be;  
It's mostly all for naught and I pretend a pause...  
waiting for the trip-wire...licking a midnight wound...  
and with a leap  
tag the unfocused-fool toying with my mind--  
You're it!  
and ran saucer-eyed into the dark.

Thank you,

Don Poss  
Sent from my iPhone