

From: [DPoss](#)
To: [Don Poss](#)
Subject: Poem - Wanderer
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Poem - Wanderer
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Lost in the darkness of my mind
Melancholy in the fragments of some other time.

Names fading...forever on the tip of my tongue...whose's that person sitting next to me...Perhaps someone I knew when...young?

A moment of clarity entrapped in a haze
and all the exits lead down to
a maze...a whirlpool that gurgles up and down...and clogs and drains and overflows--

Dreams are like day and day like bumper cars and oft appear like spliced silent movies...frames clicking...something warring and freezing and scratchy and burning and always wondering why I see these things around

Could it be my mind is a bit unsound? I thought I knew him but my mind let me down...
Treading dreams alone.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone