Valley, Valley

(c) 2018 by Don Poss

Valley, Valley 'neath twin-mound hills... why is your dream so dark...so surreal?

Same-ol-same-ol dinky dau blues...blaze a rutted path each and every night.

Why do you taunt me with your endless-mindless trail without

start? Why the same beginning in jungle-dark: absent the dawn, or wizard's lunar light?