

## **Wanderer**

(c) 2016, by Don Poss

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  
wirring 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.