

Wisps of the Night

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Long dead shadows dance
A minuet in roiling minds a'slumber
Whirling twirling bobbing sobbing
In search of alternate endings.

Unhindered wisps from torched past
Crazed uncaring and intrusive ... black thoughts
romp drunkenly backside old cataract eyes crusted shut...
Daunting scampering, Veiled in haze, these shadows
prowl dark chambers of arc light,
screaching their night long anger,
PTS coiled upon French-doors
morphed in to closed bomb bay doors,
frantic to drop its load of joy

Arcs of light falls unhindered and smacks
Asphalt hard-earth with glee.

Shallow K9 graves bear witness of those
Left behind. They rise and attack the frantic mists of night
To free those taunted and cursed still.

Back to sleep they Bound at dawn . . .
And try once more to sleep.

Try once more to sleep