

First Flare

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Waiting to sleep...

Trying to clear my mind of creeping shadows of not quite black fields of unknowns.

Twilight sleep, and the first flare glows in the distant memories of hazy Da Nang,
where spirits still tread o'er bones of dread, fading, ever fading, to dust....

So goes the night...

another taunting mind-shadow lingering through generations. Unresolved.

There...but not.

Almost answered...

on the tip of my mind...

but not.