

Illusive Intrusive, Toying With My Mind

PTSD

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I saw him die.
Watched his Spirit fly.
By dawn, his spirit wanders intrusively at will, and within.
By dusk, I try to sleep;
Eyes squeeze tight but wide awake
As dream plays out upon backside
of clinched eyelids--a game of chase.
I watched him shadow-away.....
Prayers...not enough to sleep.
Helpless to rearrange the night of
wavering shadows...
Is that really what I saw?
Would they think me *dingy dau* if I
asked if they saw it to?
Best forgotten; left unsaid.
I don't want to remember what it seemed to be;
It's mostly all for naught and I pretend a pause...
waiting for the trip-wire...licking a midnight wound...
and with a leap
tag the unfocused-fool toying with my mind—
You're it!—
and ran saucer-eyed into the dark.