

Hues of the Id

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All the ones who fought and fell
All the ones who walked through hell; sour dreams of raining mortars and rockets; future
generations with dreams of little-bombs still singing.

Some felt guilty they had lived so long
Others wondered if brothers died for their wrong.

Warriors came home burying the war in troubled Ids, and hidaway their duffle bags of whys
and what-ifs.

The Id lay dormant till a time of its chosing
Laying in wait;
Patiently contriving an altered fate
And pounced with a vengeance upon one once strong veteran,
now unprepared, vulnerable, and at risk.