

Poem- Wisps of the Night  
By Don Poss  
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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 recoiled upon french-doors morphed in to closed bomb bay doors, frantic to drop its load of joy

too frail rotted-wood to clasp rusted-iron nails, these decades long restrained from escape.

Arcs of light falls unhindered and smacks  
Asphalt 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 ....