From: DPoss
To: Don Poss
Subject: Silent War ...
Date: Tuesday, November 6, 2018 7:34:41 PM

Silent War ...
Still Fight'n, Still Dy'in
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We've been at war o'er sixty years, with dreams and tears and all its fears ... as if that weren't bad enough, agent orange is mighty rough, and takes its toll, gnaws the soul— a pound of life and festering offense, assaults the mind and severs limbs... and dream the faces of those long buried, long scattered ... we last left in contact...
touched by darkness' engulfing shadow,
felt hands aglow upon Wall's otherwise...
whispers another lingering last-prayer ...
still fight'n...
still dy'in...
still rotting away...
So long have prayed for
a merciful end...
forsaken, not taken, another day begins; last night of twilight-sleep and unrest, too little slumber, too pathetic a jest.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone