Wisps of the Night

(c) 11 March 2016, by, Don Poss  
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Long dead shadows flicker-dance a minuet in roiling mind a ‘slumber

I yearn for one night's sleep.   
  
Exhumed memories,  
Wisps of nights long passed,  
Romp backside old cataract eyes

Daunting, scampering, in

Broken-locked chambers, searching

For the right cavern to enter…

‘Old hinges creek in loud protests…   
Doors parting slowly, like groaning bones,  
Spilling Darkness into the light  
Coiled upon raised moat's drawbridge, it Morphs to bomb bay doors,   
Frantic to give birth to death

Birds of prey wing six miles high…   
Bombs falling by the hundreds,  
Tails wigwagging, indifferent to their fate,   
Unhindered, uncaring,

No friends,   
No enemies  
Falling…  
Falling free

Long strands of devastation...   
Blossomed carnage tears the heavens,

Each flash a memory in Reaper’s album

Of vaporized clouds and jungle scooped-earth  
Returned molten to earth’s First-Day...  
Say La Vie

Fini...  
Contented…

Eagles wing homeward to Nest.

I yearn for night's sleep  
Once more.