

Long Ago In a Foreign Land
(c) 2015, by Don Poss

Oh bitter dreams
Why stalk me so?
What have I done to earn your wrath?

Bullets sang and stirred my ire to fire
and fight at once an unseen enemy.

As I could not die I charged ahead into
dreams that will not fade; nor do they
fear my scorn.

Why ...
do you stalk me?