

Dreams

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Come and go, and sometimes not at all.

Dreams often linger in Twilight glow of haze and puzzlement.

Dreams of color stark as life melt with morning sun...like roses.

Rain, and sandman departed are as dreams spring soft,

Or like a horny toad,

Or reliving young deaths./

Dreams can be hopeful or remorsefully replay old loses.

And there are demons in My rear view mirror.

Yet there are dreams of tomorrow...and hope.

And I look forward to Dreams chained to my past set free.

Aborted Dreams

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Gods come calling
Cross them not.

Endless night;
Dawn shall not come for me

No glory in death
No peace in life
What then brings rebirth
Between heaven and earth?

And no one cares for the song
Of an old veteran this side
Of The Wall.

Indifference

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Shrapnel through forest trees; leafs falling like a heavy green snow.
Seconds of hell reduced the sapling to jagged trunk bleeding-splintered saps. Life soldiers lost.

Minstrel

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Sing no ballads when we are gone
Nothing you could harmonize
Could right the wrong for
Words you cursed us as we came home,
We still Remember...
Time, words, nor sweet song can erase that day.

Chase Omega

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

How infinite is God...
There at the beginning
The creation
The breath of life to Adam
The flood
Parting of the sea
And all through the eyes of the living in real time,
He watched mountains wither to valleys and depress into oceans.

Saw countless stars blaze alive and named them one by one
and flame to void.

Generations lived and died

Like brief flickers of light...a wavering vapor

Eternal is the I Am.

Not enough to live the life

Without sharing what life you are living--an eternal relationship with God.

End of The Road

(Life's little April Fool's joke...)

(c) April 1, 2014 by, Don Poss

Inevitable end has arrived and heart beats no more; alas, spirit has left the building.

No *near death event*, but real death and all that was now rots toward oblivion's indifference.

Seems not to be the great '*The End*' I always expected

But something is where no-thing should be

And I'm puzzled to see what will happen.

No blinding white light

No scorching fire

Just the quiet of where ever whatever I am

Waiting has put to rest the lie I believed

And waiting is the new fear.

Pox upon that, the waiting blight,

And why must I endure that smell?

Who's He?

Fading Glory

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

New guy in Nam would live forever.

Mortars came in

Bodies went out

A guy could get killed here.

Friends in body bags

Were flown away.

Letters from family's told

Of their graves.

Wounded and dead
All too near. There's no way
I will ever make it out of here.

Time passed and attacks
Got worse. Defend the Fortress...
Take a ride in a Hearst.

100 days left...I got my
Short Calendar. Just maybe...
Maybe, I'll get out of here.

Last day in Nam
I gave away my stuff
Got on the Freedom Bird
Flew out of the tough.

Home a week
No one understands
What war is like in that
Foreign Nam land.

No one
Lives
Forever.

Dreams Can't Hurt Me
(My World of Dreams)
(c) 2014, by Don Poss

True. Dreams are mostly shadows of long ago stuff.
Why does it mattered if they are ugly and rough?

Yes I saw the bodies then,
And have touched their names in stone.

What vision does my iD seek to paint so living and painful each night?
I hear Blackie bark and know he is trying to warn me awake. Too late.

I rewrite dream's ending, and tell myself it was only a B movie,
And lie the lies my heart knows are a desperate denial once more.

If dreams are only dreams, then why have I wakened, the sight still fading upon the lenses to my soul
and I set upright drenched in sweat?

Dreams can't hurt me... I reassure my reeling mind, and flip damp pillow to rest my head on something
drier than the last dream, and wonder if I bought the lies.

And pray there is no sequel to this night's dream, that is not real, cannot hurt my bod,
but can break my soul.

◀ **Isaiah 40:27** ▶

Lift up your eyes and look to the heavens
Who created all these?

He who brings out the starry host one by one and calls forth each of them by name because of his great
power and mighty strength not one of them is missing.

A Waste

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

They lost their lives today
Having thrown naivety away.

The Weary Victor

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

The battlefield was cratered and scorched barren;
nothing would grow there for a generation.

The warrior lifted his eyes to the heavens in search of something not of this battle.
A flock of birds winged lazily, indifferent to what men had wrought against men below.

Oh to be a bird...and wing away from forever memories of this day, the weary victor prayed.

Fifty Years Ago Today

(c) July 2015, by Don Poss

I landed in Vietnam
Fifty years ago today.
To think I volunteered for this dung hole in the sun.

At certain hours of the day,
I'll admit there was beauty

The enemy made their noise; each side killed their due
We had H&I (harassment & interdiction)
They had H&H (heat & humidity)

The good things were the bonds made in war
The bad was everything else

And when it was time to leave
I kicked Vietnam's dust from my feet.

When I think of Nam today
There are new roads, buildings,
And bridges. Our airbases are their international airports.
Forced reeducation was many South Vietnamese's fate.
Failing to fight for freedom
Was their pearly gate.
And now...It's too late.

Fifty years have passed
This very day
The cost was too high
58,000 graves

I have touched friends' names
On the black marble wall
I hope somehow they
Are waiting for us all.

Homecoming Home

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Twenty days till deros then I'm coming home, but Charlie tossed a metal bone and ruined my day, my soul to roam.

Fiancée that will never be,
Babies never conceived,
No grand kids,
No future?
My world took an altered course.

I wonder how it
Might have been,
Laughter, joy, trials, life,
If I had the homecoming and
Lived to see the victory day
Outside this box of tin?

Scrambled Eggs

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I write about things I could not change.

The worst did not happen to me, as it did to JB.
True they tried more than once, and more than once came real close.

Why does it matter...most are long dead ghosts
And when I lay myself down to sleep,
Memories of that year too often repeat.

By morning the last flare gutters out...
And the long night ...
twilight sleep at best, has stolen away the little hope for some rest.

Jun 2014. DP

Somewhere Over There

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Shrapnel through forest trees; leafs falling like a heavy green snow.
Seconds of hell reduced the sapling to jagged trunk bleeding sap

Mirage

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Rank bodies quietly drifting with current on narrowing waters dark brown from mountain's descent.
Tangle brush and foliage stand as dark gauntlets in warning and as silent witnesses.
Banyan roots dip to drink from black stained still-inlets of goo...and
water-spiders skate drunkenly, skittering a predator's dance upon insect morsels mummified.
Blood-sucking leeches gorge themselves black in unexpected blood-rich waters, ignorant of approaching
waterfall.
Four legged beasts padded silently along the root-knotted shore, hoping to join the feast no one was
invited to.
None of the guests wondered who had provided the banquet, which ideology or offense had placed
them on the wrong end of the food-chain.

Mind Games

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Dreams come and go
And sometimes not at all

Dreams often linger in
Twilight glow of
Haze and puzzlement

Dreams of color
Stark as life

Melt with morning sun
Like roses. Rain, and sandman departed

Dreams can be soft
Or like a horny toad
Or reliving young deaths

Dreams can be hopeful
Or replaying old loses

And there are demons in
My rear view mirror

Yet there are dreams of
Tomorrow

And I look forward to
Dreams chained to my past
set free

Still There

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

I have known The Lord as my Savior since age eleven. I will soon be 70. I am grateful for His presence in my life, and for the doors He has opened and closed to me. I have four brothers: one in Florida, one in Idaho, one in Las Vegas, and one in heaven. All of us living on earth are veterans; two of us still fighting the night war from Vietnam.

I wonder if there are some things that "Sorry" won't cut it with God.

Fade Away

Haight-Ashbury; heart of unquenchable darkness

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Sing no ballads when we veterans are gone
Nothing you could harmonize
Could right the wrongs, for
Words you cursed we still
Remember...

Neither time nor lyrical words can wish away
the ugly caustic biting-hate you hurtled—the
day I returned home from Vietnam.

Shadows of Light

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

A living mountain knows the marvelous view of the world as seen from the top...but never knows the joyous sight from the sight from the valley of its peak afloat like an island sailing on clouds.

A veteran considers every other veteran as brave and deserving of honors. Yet considers himself unworthy of rewards for deeds others call worthy.

Why is it so? The mountain...is worthy...the valley bathed in its shadow...neither would 'be' without each other.

Don Poss
Mar 10, 2014

Homecoming Home
(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Twenty days till deros then I'm coming home, but Charlie tossed a metal bone And ruined my day
Destroyed my life

Fiancée that will never be mine
Babies never conceived
No grand kids
No future
The world took an altered
Course

I wonder how it
Might have been
If I had the homecoming and
Lived to see the victory day
Outside this box of tin?

Dream a Little Sole Dream of Me
(c) 2014 by, Don Poss

I think of you...dream of you...
Back in the world...on the other side.

It is day time where you are
And night time where I am

If you looked down through 8,000 miles with X-ray blue eyes you would think the string of flares firing
the low clouds meant I am in upside down hell...

You would be right

I 'see' you walking...and I take a step... my soles against yours...the pressure inviting.

Silly...but somehow comforting... This nightmare's game of you

One hundred days a wake up.

Alpha

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

How infinite is God...

There at the beginning

The creation

The breath of life to Adam

The flood

Parting of the sea

And all through the eyes of the living in real time, He watched mountains wither to valleys and depress into oceans.

Saw countless stars blaze alive and named them one by one.

Generations lived and died

Like brief flickers of light...a wavering vapor

Eternal is the I Am.

Not enough to live the life

Without sharing what life you are living--an eternal relationship with God awaits the few...

Judgment is his jest.

Earthly death His passion.

Brother against Brother

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

So great the carnage of our civil war.., Nearly two centuries would pass before such reckless thoughts could not summarily be dismissed for our future.

Pray it not be so.

Pray we will be a nation of one once more.

Firelight

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Burning Clouds, aglow night long.

Like northern lights dancing their song... a fearsome carousel ring-around-the-Rosie -- snatch the golden ring if you can -- orbiting the air base.

A necklace of fired Pearl-light...
White-hot, blood-red. like
the face of a monster clock:
At 0100, the brilliant go-to-the-light that erases all else at end of life ...

At 2300... the faintest crackling sparks of life fade forever in wispy gray cinders, ghosting along.

Angry fire demons skate amuck
With blade tracks of fire sparking amber and red-yellow like talons raking within heavy clouds.

Roiling black catapulted balls of white light upward and fire a momentary universal big-bang-flare that
nova blinding scars, like a welder's arc without mask, and zig a jagged zag toward earth and imprint an
image on your soul.

A light mirage... flare light shimmering life's distortions before the fortress's pearly gates...
and judgment.

Lights Out

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

A New Dream:
Vietnam
Agent Orange
Blind and
Deaf

Locked in the Endless Void
Where dreams of Vietnam
Play out unending reality
Of light shadows of memories
Without ceasefire.
And forty years have passed

No day nor night a Viking heaven loops to Warriors daily battle unto death and Victors feast the night All
reborn at mind's dawn to hack And slay till enemies are vanquished...Valhalla.

Reality before blindness is
Now the dream

Reality before deafness
Now the ghost-songs and wind-voices of
Who, What,
When and Where.

Then Alzheimer melts the brain
He does not know who he was or is
And does not care

Nor remember the insanity of the last Valhalla's dreams only to replay it anew into eon

Like an eyeless fish wafting tail
Gliding in the black bottomless trench of the deepest abyss

Not wondering...
Just existing the moment

Cumulatively, this veteran's
Existence foretells a play of madness amok and hidden fear there will never be a merciful lights out Nor
coin amongst the crumbled dust of a forgotten grave.

Where are You Son?

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Family searched the fertile field where strangers told their son was buried.

Weathered wooden stakes, askew from trampling feet and those still unburied awaiting eternal rest.

Still, they plodded trying to decipher scratches of tattered paper

Praying for a few remaining letters of his name...to no avail.

Where are you son? Lord tell us that we might take him home....

A gust sept a wisp of dust across the field. Silence ruled the moment.

Yesterday's Shadow

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Aging veteran. One hand on cane the other on tombstone.

Too old to knell or do other than salute, he remembered his youthful comrade.

His mind's eye as fading as his eyesight in his twilight Yet he could not forget what happened, T'was like
yesterday

He could not speak for fear the tears would forever flow and prayed a silent prayer

Hallowed earth reclaim the dust that once was young and alive...
His soul summoned away these many decades ago.

Yesterday's Dreams

(Recycled)

(c) 2014 Don Poss

Fifty years of yesterday's dreams
Why are they still so real?

Sharp
Colorful
Violent
Subtle
Deceptive
Alternate-realities
As it was
As it is.

Replay after replay
Recycled-reruns
Same-same
Yet different

Uncertainty is all that remains:
Then, Warriors' shadows dancing
Now, Shadows' warriors jousting in my mind.

However it plays out it
Plays out the same.

A single night without dreaming
Is that too much to ask?

Is it crazy to dream dreams of
A distant past? Or is it only crazy if they last and last?

No one understood
Asking questions and
Checking boxes,
No one really cared

They could never understand
My difference, thinking it was merely... indifference

Indifferent dreams strong enough
To last
The reality of an over powerful
Past,

Seeking refuge in wake of day...
Why am I so angry? Will it ever pass?

Forgive the warriors. no longer enemies.

Another Life

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

A parallel universe ago
In another life
Another world
Young men went to war
Young men died, and killed

This life
Decades removed
Old men dream dreams
Of that younger life

Pain is a wonderful thing
Tells doctors what's wrong
With the body

Dreams like pain
Are windows to the brain.

Sugarplum Dreams

and Dragon Tales

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I Mourn for innocent youthful Dreams lost,
Unencumbered by lies,
Unscarred by rewritten history,
Unbound by wretched lingering memories that did not die with those perished in war and gleefully
ruminate and regurgitate shadows of my past torment and distress with revealed secrets once safely
boxed away now fled from empty chambers through opened wounds, and plague-havoc desiring to
wreck my sovereign mind.

I fear the night more than ever, and mourn the loss of fading child dreams and slumber.

Flatbed Truck

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

In the mid 80' we lived in Mira Loma and had horses. Usually I would drive to the feed and grain and pick up several bales of hay, but for some reason I called to have the truck deliver hay one day. The driver drove through the double gate in to the backyard and paddock area and dropped off the hay. When he was done I told him I would get the gate for him so he could drive on through. He drove through the back which was like a dirt road and went through the gate. As he passed I could see into

the truck bed which had wooden slats and bales of hay in the back and I looked down and there was a heavy line of leaked oil and I just burst into tears. The driver was watching in his mirror and thought he had ran over my foot or something and stopped. I couldn't speak and wasn't sure what was wrong with me and then it just clicked about the gate and trucks and bodies at Da Nang. I never had hay delivered again.

My Lie to Me Worked

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

My helmet and uniform I last wore in Vietnam hangs ready in my closet.

When dreams permission comes I can switch posts with JB. Things will be different then.

Out of Darkness

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Flies the might of the abyss
Consumes the light of peace
Without remorse

Politicians decide when other men will die, and when to walk away at their whim.

Out of Gas

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Last January I was gassing up my wife's car and had just removed the nozzle from the tank when a man suddenly walked up to me and thrust a flyer in my face with a photo of a child and he said the girl was dead and he asked me for money to pay for her funeral. I lost it and jabbed the nozzle at him and screamed at him to get the F away from me. He ran. My heart was hammering and I got into my car and just started crying. I was furious and didn't know why. Then in my mind it was like seeing the dead baby in Vietnam as if it were happening along with the man and his dead girl photo at the same time. Someone was rapping on my car window and asking if I was okay. I'm not sure what the thought was happening. I drove off and went home and sat in the car in the garage for some time, until Kathy opened the car door and asked if I was okay, I didn't tell her what happened. I just went in the house and went to bed. I was okay in the morning, and it scared me to think about my reaction and what it meant and if I might be losing my mind. Months later I told my friend John Webster who told me I needed to talk to someone at the VA. This was the second time something like this happened.

Ambushed

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I lay still as if dead
Behind the rice paddy berm
Praying they would believe I was a goner.

Hours had passed
When I heard them at last
Whispering in their gibberish.

They poked and prodded
Jabbed and kicked but I
lay face down in the water.

I hoped they would buy it
Through a long straw I did breathe
Counting on their not wanting to get slimy.

It's true I was convincing
In my own pool of blood
And I would have believed my own con.

But there's always one who didn't get the memo, and I heard him splashing my way.

He flipped me face up and there I bobbed with that straw in my mouth like a hick.

Nice try I thought...an A for effort,
But that commie weren't born yesterday.

He pinched my nose till I opened my eyes and index-fingered a Shush.

With a wink he departed with my gold ring, and he left someone's Zippo in my pocket.

I rolled over
Hoping no one was looking
and as I thought I might live,
Felt bayonet in my back
and too quickly I did sink.

Well I gave it a try
No time left to cry
Night falls faster when
you're dying.

Neighborhood Assassin

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I lay in wait for that special date
When I will hasten you to your maker.

Pain free it'll be,
Me, you'll never see.

Your head will explode
Your guts will implode
And your bowls will make quite a mess like a colostomy bag air burst

Your hotdog lunch will provide a great brunch for a cockroach family of three.
Have a nice Day...
Well, morning at least :)

PS: *Sorry'bout the mess...*

Shadows
© 2014, by Don Poss

Young once
And brave
And life was an adventure before us

Do you remember
No fat
No fear
No concerns for each other

Mortars and Rockets
We no longer ran from
Just another day

And then it wasn't

The first nightmare
Endless FIGMO countdown

The welcome home
That didn't come
The healing yet to be

Politicians betrayed us
And walked away
It was only 58,000 sent to
An early grave.
And we
Old before our time
And youth a lost memory

No Time To Cry
(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Time to weep has come and gone
Tears no longer flow

Glory
Morals
Honor and
Mercy
Amongst the first to go

Hard is war
Courage ebbs and flows like the tide.

A hero one moment
Pissed pants the next
Courage a word for fools
Coward a word before first-battle

Life is worthless as a
Wisp of smoke that dissipates in
A gale.

No time to rest
No time to flee
No time to bury your brothers

Charging in to battle singing...
Lies of old men crowing for votes

Prayers murmured on the run
Mostly for yourself or
For morning's haste or
The fall of night

Wordless retreat
Voice lost in terror
I'll run till the carnage is silent

Fields of valor soon left behind
For now there's no time to cry.

Before I Wake

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Fields of Rose
Clouds of White
Starry host twinkles reborn
This very night.

Horses. Dogs. and Veterans

(War's End)

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Horses served our horse soldier veterans, like majestic steeds of the wind.

War Dogs saved thousands in battle...for the love of their handler friend.

Wars end in victory or defeat, where amnesty delays the next round.

The vets came home and the animals were betrayed, while waiting for a kind hand.

They shot the horses and killed the dogs, rather than bring them back.

Veterans are loathed or despised by some Presidents, respected and loved by others. But nothing changes at war's end...

Old veterans are denied promised benefits, till most are dead or aging. Then nothing is too good and help re-promised, if old hands can grab the ring.

Veterans, like the animals,
are soon battered and discarded.

Promises, horses, dogs and veterans...all are soon forgotten.

For the spirits of veterans and noble war beasts, America has much to atone.

The Good Old Days

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

We went to war

John Wayne as a role model in a snazzy beret.

We were Young and Fearless,
When first in-country,
and life was an adventure before us

But no one needed rescued and everyone had a hand out

Do you remember
No fear
No fat
No dying allowed
John Wayne in black & white,
Zulu in Technicolor, and
Godzilla invited Japanese for dinner.

Elvis was drafted and so was Cassius Clay who refused to serve, embraced the Nation of Islam, said he was Muhammad Ali, and betrayed America.

Our war was Cinemascope with killer 3D and
Mortars and Rockets aplenty
so common
We no longer ran from the tube...
Just another day.

And then it wasn't.

The first nightmare,
Endless FIGMO countdown,
Stateside BS that always fell
away for lack of interest,
Friends DEROS'd in a box
Jane Fonda on Radio Hanoi
Stars & Stripes printing between the lines.

Freedom Bird aloft.

The welcome home
That didn't come
The healing yet to be

Politicians betrayed us pointing fingers and never to
Blame,
They hated the war
They hated us
They hated not getting re-elected.
Johnson bugged out
Nixon's Plan wasn't
Washington failed America
And walked away...sending
58,000 to early graves.

Kissinger's [In]Decent Interval bought Jimmy Carter time to silly-putty the nation's wounds with 17% inflation and Welcomed Home the Draft Dodger Cowards who died a thousand deaths before deserting their country and slithering to Canada.
Everyone loathed the military so the VA remained on the back burner...
G.I.s were betrayed, per government custom, like war-dogs and horses...abandoned to twist ever so slowly in the wind.

And we,
Old before our time,
Our youth but a lost memory
Never more to be the good old days before
Vietnam.

Before The Dawn

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Before The Dawn

The other side of the river awaits.

The stars chase the night.

Those who lived slink away.

The mind records it all.

Sound: was that a whisper.

Silhouette: enemy or innocent.

Scent: something is dead.

Touch: eye stinging sweat.

The mad-minute is coming

and judgment's sword is raised.

Night Sweats

(c) 2014 Don Poss

Imprisoned thoughts restrained within my inner darkness, a place I do not linger, spills forth, at times, into outer darkness, and threatens madness.

Mortars Krump.

Artillery booms.

The earth quakes from distant bombing.

The night glows Amber from drifting sizzling flares.

Green and red dots crisscross in the night, silently; someone else's war.

There are fewer of us in the quiet.

I awake with a start; my wife pats my hand.

I go into the kitchen for coffee, leaving the house dark, and listen for danger until it is safe. The doors and windows are secure. I set with my coffee, on the couch, eyes adjusted to street lights' glow through windows. Hours 'til dawn, I cannot sleep.

I do not want to sleep.

The hallway is black, and I look away slightly so my peripheral vision can see movement, if it is there. and the walls hue a dark black-orange which seems to drift casting shadows from potential threats.

I wonder if I am dreaming.

Poem - Something to Cheer For

...

Poem

Fog fills every valley of my muddled mind
and drapes a what's-that lingering yonder unspoken question
I tell no one of the sunrise
treasured in my heart

It's Snowing in Vietnam

Ashes of shadows
Of battles past long faded

Homeward Bound

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

The reunion is over...
Memories, like sustaining pleasant shadows, will last another year. Some friends will not be there when next we meet as comrades, just as once many did not return home, and will never more to stand back to back.

The puddle-hopper jet rolls smoothly into takeoff rocketing ever faster; runway markers blurring by and I think of Blackie padding along near the dangerous runway and sheltering from the typhoon winds and rains lashing indifferent to the wants of good or evil. And some thirty yards from asphalt's edge is a dark oval shape and instantly I remember the K-9 fighting-hole like bunker we covered in. When mortars rain down, the water-filled shelter was not a concern.

Wings gliding on decades of memories, as sunlight bounces across serpent streams and terraced fields of multi hues of green light and dark.

Wings of steel skip dappled clouds, as tossed memories plain rippled waters of long past dreams.

100% PTSD

(c) 6 Oct 2014, by Don Poss

Max dinky dau, but not set free.
Dreams still rerunning as fast as they can.

Night hours snake by riding silent strands of cirrus memories,

TJ is dead
JB is dead plus, five others
TB is dead

PN is dead
MP is in a rubber room
GE is AO'd and memories fading like whispers of his laughter mingled in Da Nang's ancient soil...still soaked with defenders' blood.

Is there no end to Vietnam's revenge?

Still Night

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

It is a still night
The enemy is out there
His enemy is here
And we both are looking for
Someone to Kill
Blood to spill
and the night has just begun

I am locked in my own soul--
the killing has begun, and I laugh as spirits depart.

Raindrops drum upon my helmet
Souls fly away in silence looking back as their lives fade to a waste.

The battle has waned.
Dead men lay mostly covered
Others gather pools of warm rain in ghastly wounds...indifferent to any misery at all.

Where now is the enemy?
Did we win?

I Have Seen The Rain

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

CCR nailed Vietnam when they sang mind-salvation songs.
They asked the questions we still pray for answers to, and prosed them to God.

Have You Ever Seen The Rain? And sausages words of gold... strumming strings with a pick of been-there done-that.

Wandering round within a heart of pain.
I have seen the rain...
and wonder if it will ever stop.

Off to the VA for yet another talk and merrily try to force my round head into a square check-box,
and wonder if the chosen one is there who can answer

Who'll Stop My Rain.

Home from Nam

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Everything I touch gets busted.
All I worry 'bout is back in the Nam.
Real friends are still humping
Not feeling close, a world away
Too many have stumbled into an early grave...like Angels that never got off the ground.

PSA...higher than a mountain.
PTSD...like a chain-gang uncuffed.

Life...just another dream of Rocket City...
A looping funeral where nobody came...rifles fired just the same.

Setting in a meadow in a box in my mind...wondering what the ghosts are doing, back in the Nam.

A firefly...swinging light bulb...string of flares fizzling in the night...
Another day down to deros back in the Nam.

Forty Years and holding

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I called him on the phone
the rotor-dial spun slowly,
Thrilled to find the number
of a long lost I Corps friend,

Six rings...seven...
And he picked up the phone,
Hello, he said softly.

His voice older but same-same
I called his name, and said my own and asked if he remembered...

A pause so long I thought he'd hung up,
then he whispered...

Too soon...
Too soon...
and was gone.

I held the receiver to my ear,
pondering his last-words,
and lowered it into the cradle

Was it true,
What he had proclaimed?
Was it really, really,
Too soon?

How long will
Vietnam's deadly grip
Clutch the lives
of those
who served?

Barricade

PTSD

(c) 2014 by Don Piss

PTSD. like a roadblock gate to life, an descends at its own choosing. Invulnerable. Indestructible.
Insurmountable.

Vietnam veterans who can:

Climb over it;
Those strong enough,
crash through it;
Those still with hope,
crawl under it;
The desperate,
tunnel under;
The overwhelmed,
are defeated;
The crushed,
are still in Nam
with no hope for R&R,
Drowning in dreams of
a troubled spirit
Lost,
Lost...
And forgotten

Cheshire Vietvet

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Tomorrow's agenda's planned
out to the second.
They want to keep me busy...

You know...idle hands and all that stuff.

I procrastinate and am always
Late...I think it drives them fruitcake.

All the shrinks think I'm the crazy,
but the janitor knows...
I'm just lazy :)

Before The Dawn

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Before The Dawn, The other side of the river awaits.
The stars chase the night.
Those who lived slink away.

The mind records it all.
Sound: *was that a whisper?*
Silhouette: enemy or innocent?
Scent: something is dead.
Touch: eye stinging sweat.

The mad-minute is coming
and judgment's sword is raised.

Before I Wake

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Fields of Wild Roses,
Clouds of wispy mares
Starry host twinkles reborn
This very night.

And I awake...
Today is a good day ☺

Young once

© 2014, by Don Poss

Young once
And brave
And life was an adventure before us

Do you remember
No fat
No fear
No concerns for each other

Mortars and Rockets
We no longer ran from
Just another day

And then it wasn't

The first nightmare
Endless FIGMO countdown

The welcome home
That didn't come
The healing yet to be

Politicians betrayed us
And walked away
It was only 58,000 sent to
An early grave.
And we
Old before our time
And youth a lost memory

No Time To Cry

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Time to weep has come and gone
Tears no longer flow

Glory
Morals
Honor and
Mercy
Amongst the first to go

Hard is war
Courage ebbs and flows like the tide.

A hero one moment
Wet pants the next
Courage a word for fools
Coward a word before first-battle

Life is worthless as a
Wisp of smoke that dissipates in
A gale.

No time to rest
No time to flee
No time to bury your brothers

Charging in to battle singing
Lies of old men crowing for votes

Prayers murmured on the run
Mostly for yourself or
For morning's haste or
The fall of night

Wordless retreat
Voice lost in terror
I'll run till the carnage is silent

Fields of valor soon left behind
For now there's
No time to cry.

Neighborhood Assassin

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I lay in wait for that special date
When I will hasten you to your maker.

Pain free it'll be,
Me, you'll never see.

Your head will explode
Your guts will implode

And your bowls will make quite
A site.

Your hotdog lunch will provide a very nice brunch for a cockroach family of three.

Have a nice Day...
Well, morning at least :)

PS: Sorry'bout the mess...

Ambushed

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I lay still as if dead
Behind the rice paddy berm
Praying they would believe I was a goner.

Hours had passed
When I heard them at last
Whispering in their gibberish.

They poked and prodded
Jabbed and kicked but I
lay face down I'm the water.

I hoped they would buy it
Through a long straw I did breath
Counting on their not wanting to get slimy.

It's true I was convincing
In my own pool of blood
And I would have believed my own con.

But there's always one own didn't get the memo, and I heard him splashing my way.

He flipped me face up and there I bobbed with that straw in my mouth like a hick.

Nice try I thought...an A for effort,
But that commie weren't born yesterday.

He pinched my nose till I opened my eyes and index-fingered a shush.

With a wink he departed with my gold ring, and he left someone's Zippo in my pocket.

I rolled over
Hoping no one was looking
and as I thought I might live,
Felt bayonet in my back
and too quickly I did sink.

Well I gave it a try
No time left to cry
Night falls faster when
you're dying.

The Day I Died

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

The day I died I did not go to heaven--mortars only fall upon hell.

Mortars rained down and spread their joys of steel. Others to, felt the sting and adrenalin that masks the pain; sometimes.

Some were already dead.
Some were dying.
Someone was screaming.
Some were firing...but sounded like snapping fingers.
Some were even untouched by shrapnel or tears.
One just sat and stared.

I felt the weakness and numbness to life; my blood was pulsing ever slowly away. Why is it dark so early.

Tired.
Sleepy.
Scared...but not.

Someone was shouting.
Another held something high.
Someone fell dead...I wondered why.

Wind was beating...is there a storm? And the sky spun round and bright-not-bright swirled as a merry-go-round; why are boots sticking from that poncho? Why is it beside me?

Running. What is he holding up like that? Why is he chasing me?

People bouncing me. Poking. Shouting at me. What did I do wrong. Leave me alone!

The sleep.

A nurse...why did he have to be a man...told me I was in Japan. Why...how? What happened...are they alright?

He told me what he had heard. No one I knew was there. No one who knew the answers was here.

I never saw any of them again.

He said I would live, as he walked away. I was going home... because of the day I died.

I read their names on The Wall.

Take My Dreams Away

© 2014 by, Don Poss

Other side of my world, wings that drag me through the dark

Crazy as a loony.

Knuckle sandwich.

I remember before

Chained to the past,

Tail on fire,

Sweet misery of light

Pull its wings off and fry him in a can

Brain in a jar.

Stuffed in his chest of drawers.

Farewell party and back into the bush

Give my brain a bath

It was good enough for Jesus

Welcome to my mourning

Front toward enemy

Open season

No bed no breakfast and the view sucks.

Howls in the Night

PTSD

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

Another early morn; I lay awake
Another screaming night has passed.

My wife will sleep if I quietly stalk to the living room. It is dark, and the Dawn's yet to paint first brush of twilight on windows' shades.

The couch,
as lumpy as exposed brains, fills dark walls with images five decades removed: High Definition; 1080 pps, smell-orama; four-demon-sions; sounds muffled by tangle brush trolls competing for nibbles; birds of steel falling from the stars like falcons hunting wounded prey, as airborne beast's contrails swirled clouds glowing from super moon above; casting vague gliding silhouette-shadows that undulates over hills and black meadows, in friended search of its maker.

Dawn cleaves the night, casting living shadows of inanimate vivid memories only I can see in the dark light of the empty boxes where fright escapes roiling, and I cannot avoid. Contents littered throughout my head...waking colors too familiar, discomforting, lingering, monotonous thieves of courage...all at once taunting threats to howl another screaming night.

I wonder what the numb day will bring as I walk amongst the living?

Indifference

Intolerance

Anger from the deep, and

Scorn without cause?

Count on it.

A mind game truce...

Could that work?

To see if my sleepless addled brain would figure it out;

as lame a quest as LBJ's impotent best efforts.

Oh look...

So soon the night approaches

No time to ruminate further,

Nor play the mind games of distraction with goal to derail the thoughts of last night's war...ready or not....

There be howls in the night and absence of light, where amber flares gutter and drool rivulets of white-hot intrusive-thought-cinders that wink out their surreal dancing parts of twilight dreams from that long ago haunting life...

that will not leave me be: a drifting mind; desperate to forget...struggling to recall...resisting sleep, cast upon meandering black-currents of huddled-umbrella shrapnel-memories...tangled...intertwined...and

worst of all, a gorged-belly-roll of laughter choked by acid reflux of rotting-stress, long buried.

Storms of the Night

(c) 2014 by Don Poss

Monsoons and typhoons
And dreams of man-made storms.

At least the war has not
Denied my love of
Gentle rains and ..

There for the glory
No need to worry
The war was bigger than I.

Healing happens
For some I'm told.
PTSD is not for the weak

My wounds lay dormant
At times of its choosing
And erupt in gentle violence or ranging storms, A command performance I alone can see.

The last dream
At my last breath
The long sleep
At last.

Ready on The Right...

(c) 2013 by Don Poss

Nothing uglier than civil war
And war is never civil.

Shoulder to shoulder,
their friends not abandoned

They lost their lives today
Having thrown naivety away.

Falling Down

Keep moving. The wolves of war are feeding tonight.

PTSD Happily Ever After

(c) 2015 by Don Poss

PTSD will never go away; One could sooner change his DNA.

Must we forever ride the same rides; run the same gauntlets
In life--receiving blows of tormented memories--each time knowing where the ride will plummet;
brittle-cruel shadows of the past--intrusive...unwanted...and unable to dispel?

Yes.

Sudden unreasonable anger against those who love you...recognizing the pain caused others, but
unable to change or stop it in mid stride: stuck in that moment again.

Daydreams...stark nightmares...scattered thoughts of decades past; as clear as yesterday...pain
electric; a surreal-nether-world of prancing what-ifs painted in white-light and darkness: an endless overwhelming
loop of sleeplessness.

Seeing their young faces...remembering snatches of conversations: sometimes, smiling...oft times not; plays out
afresh in the scarred and wounded mind of this old man.

Lord, I am exhausted...broken...save me from this fright...spare me the dangers of the abyss I cannot climb out of;
or take me home.

Hallowed Fields of Languor

(c) 2015, by Don Poss

Oh distant fields where perfect meadows slumber, as battlefields in waiting. Sentinel pine trees stand guard from
pasture's edge to yonder distant rolling hilltops; scent of forest on balmy breeze combs treetops where eagles
survey their domain, as azure skies spill liquid amber light through lazy
checkered cotton ball clouds, casting dappled shadows o'er gentle swaying dandelion fields dancing
a game of tag with scampering deer to nature's song of tranquility.

Pray the battle come another day, another year. Let nature cry joy o'er this field of life...and no one
ever apply Lincoln's immortal words to this peaceful valley: "The world will little remember what we
say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

Let war find another field to whittle names on wooden crosses...and there be nothing for the world to remember,
save this sacred valley of soft fragrant green grass...white and yellow flowers...where
peace abides...mortal spirits are renewed...and seeds of distress never sowed nor reaped in dreadful harvest.

Heart of Darkness, Flags of Glory

B-57 Canberra crash

Da Nang AB,

12 January 1966

Innocence through darkness
and decades in between.

Forty-nine years today have passed
and the war is more than just a dream.

I can see the bomber sliding and scraping on its nose, till the bombs blew and changed everything.

Two men died that day
And many thought they too were goners.

All who saw it happen cannot forget, and on this date each year say a prayer for their families.

Siren Song of War

PTSD (c) 2015, by Don Poss

A young man heeds the siren song of war as no other; stronger than the mating song.

My father and WWII uncles told me in war there is no adventure, glory, singing while marching,
as movies claim: only boredom...terror...broken spirits and men...and death, and nothing is ever the same. They
did not tell me not to heed the call.

I put away my toy soldiers, enlisted, and volunteered for Vietnam; it didn't matter that as honor
guard for bodies returned from that land I saw them lowered, forever, into ground.

I saw you take a round and fall;
someone dragged you to cover and yelled for help.
He knew what to do and started pumping your chest; blood gushed;
and told me to breath deep breaths into your mouth; blood-air spouted from your wound.

The enemy fled
And then you were dead
My breath still in your lungs.

I watched the medevac fly you away...
I'll never forget till my dying day.

Forty years later I wake in the night
still tasting your coppery metallic blood and
Wondering if I killed you by not doing it right;
Tell me, please tell me if I did right or wrong,
That I might sleep one restful night.
