

Heavenly Black Holes and Earthly PTSD

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Late night (or was it day?)
I could not escape the months of darkness
Where the light at tunnel's end, Is The End,
shining wearily only upon the exit.

My brain shrugged a could-care-less,
equating PTSD to a massive black-hole sucking all matter of thoughts or en-light-enment
into itself.

At some unknown point PTSD and a black hole fall in upon self; the BH when it's universal weight crunches inward compressing into an iron core and in a near nano second pulsars out both ends until a cataclysmic runner-up big-bang scatters star-stuff to a localized new-beginning; PTSD, like BH, can have a similar individual-stellar reaction when the weight of past traumas seem to repel today's events amongst the living, yet somehow intertwining past, current, and future-hopes drawn so taunt threads begin to unravel and snap like Clydesdales drawing and quartering an injured Id flinging goo from the atomized brain-bucket into the abyss.

How rude.