

**Toying With My Mind**  
**(c) 2016 Don Poss**

I saw him die.  
Watched his Spirit fly through the windows of his  
soul.

By dawn, his spirit wanders intrusively at will,  
and within.

By dusk, I try to sleep;  
Eyes squeezed tight but wide awake  
As dream plays out upon backside  
of clinched eyelids—a game of chase.

I watched him shadow last-away . . .  
Prayers . . . not enough to sleep.  
Helpless to rearrange the night of  
wavering ghosts . . .

Is that really what I saw?  
Would they think me *dingy dau* if I asked if they  
saw it to?

Best forgotten. Unsaid. Checked at the grave.

I don't want to remember what it seemed to be;  
It's mostly all for naught and I pretend a pause . . .  
waiting for the tripwire . . .  
waiting . . .  
*and tag the unfocused bastard-fool toying with my  
mind.*