

PTSD

by Larry Strattnner

Sally knew,
when she heard the roux
of words, once said, which led me to
memories of Mogadishu.
I reached the place and traveled through,
producing dreams, which on review
sent me screaming all anew,
coughing up those faces who
wanted to bid me harsh adieu,
rife with pain and blood, my limbs askew,
with background music on kazoo.
Bullets flew, and I could not construe
the locus of the battle, nor who,
might fire the bullet, from the blue
to catch me, standing in the queue
for hell, or an equivalent to,
to answer for things I did, or didn't, do
for any, or for all, of you.

