

# PTSD

*by* Larry Strattner

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.

