



WHAT IS LEFT TO SAY?

I toss and turn in the middle of the night,
Hope after hope not to think,
Not to go back to the past,
Not to visualize the future.
All I want is to sleep.

Perched up in bed, I implore,
Meditate, irritate, finally suffocate with
the sight of decorative cabinets lining
before my eyes, cementing all spare spaces
with multiple bric-a-bracs of the golden time.
I shudder and panic with the thought
Of committing myself between the four walls of
A prison in which I can't escape.
Anxiety and mental torments are nightly visitors.
All I want is to sleep.

The sense of isolation, loneliness and senility
Wrap around me and squeeze out all
My self-confidence only to leave me doubts and insecurity.
What is left to say but to endure?
All I want is to sleep.

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