

Evade

My bed is white now and my floor
a tangle of discarded clothes
not satisfactory
to an invisible image.

I have little time
for petty concerns
and yet I am enraged
by the smallest things.

I have crawled into a tree
far above the earth
and listen now to bells chiming
over even city noise and cries.

On prison walls
I wrote eloquent words
scratched deep into stone
and cried for peace.

On prison walls
I drove my fists
into pain and
chipped away years.

I escaped that somehow and now
have nothing left to say.