

**LIMITERS / *Robert Miltner***

Embarrassing experiences  
you had as a child  
still break  
into your thoughts  
like burglars,  
unexplained anxiety's scout,  
reconnoitering enemy territory,  
a castle's wall;  
you slam shut the drawbridge,  
unaware you're being undermined,  
sapped by insecurities.  
And after you have  
outgrown your environs,  
sent suburbs sprawling,  
the lord mayor will strut  
cocky and rotund,  
a puppet filled  
with gregarious air,  
while a child's thin cry,  
an echo in an empty bowl,  
will still be heard  
from the locked tower.