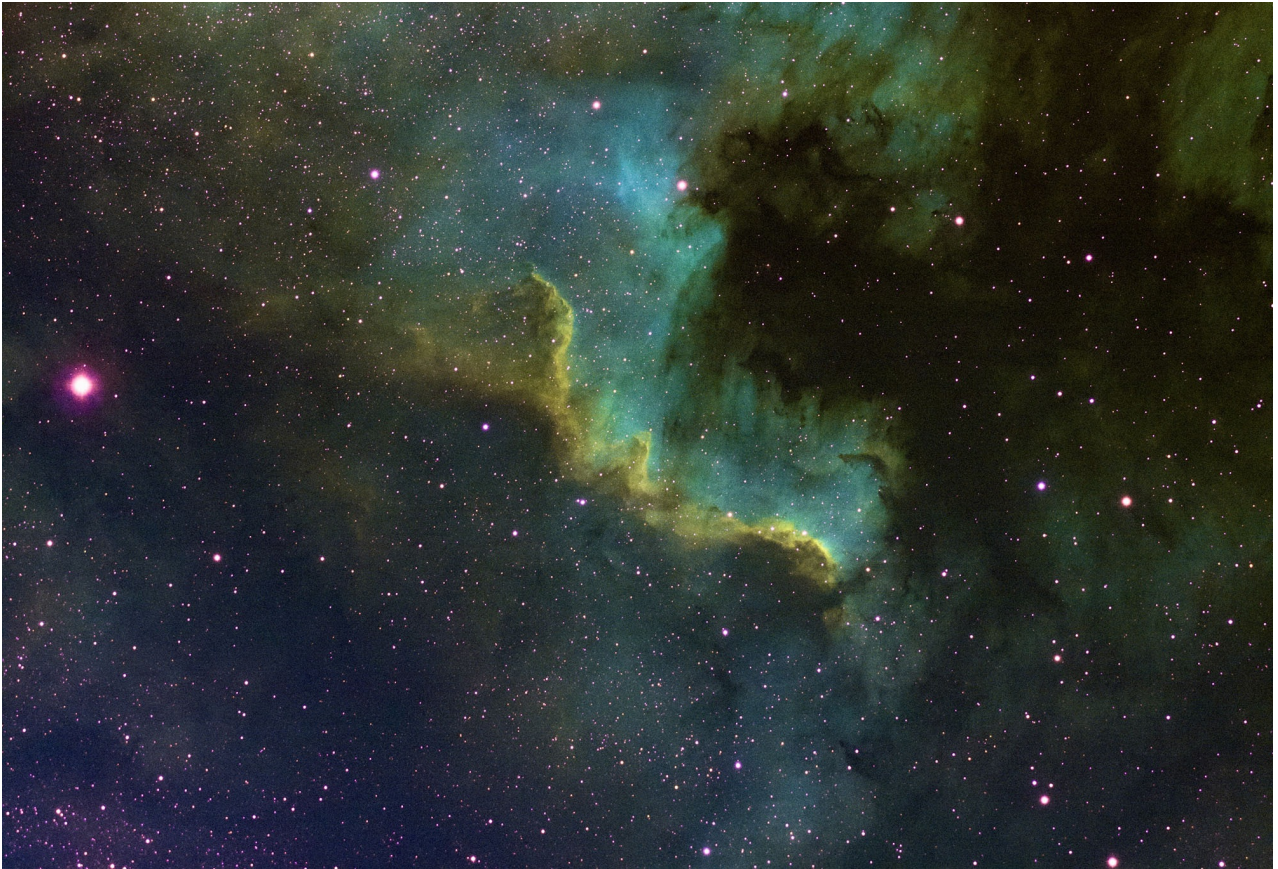


Towers and Tunnels – February 2015

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Catherine Heath

February 2015

I learnt to paper over myself.

High heels, like horses's hooves

Follow me over the bridge.

"I'm sorry,

I didn't mean to scare you."

So confident, it hurts--

Seduced by stardom;

The apple of their eyes.

Happiness erupts;

An explosion of stars.

Cards on the table--

Queen of hearts,

Ace of spades.

Possibilities float, like bubbles,

Over the rubble

Of eternity.

You're most like me in image--

We are like tunnels,

Deep and dark,

The wolf says,

And the buddha towers over us.

Celestial serpent,

Myriad face and eyes.

We are all floundering in darkness--

Help us seek the light.

Not what I signed up for,

But no one ever is.

We had some good times,

You and I,

Saw some awesome sights.

What once-loved,

Is now the hated beast.

The husky tenor of your voice,

Drops words so sweet,

Questioning the very being

Of you.

'I thought you were over it,'

Your naivety is charming,

And I'm sorry I screamed.

The fruit of the illusion

Must keep symbols transparent.

Boldly journey,

Past the stones,

Beyond anywhere that man calls home.

Haunting spectre,

Lilting memory--

Excitement throbs my veins

Like lost valentines.

Unopened letters hold most promise;

The only one we'll ever know.

(The tiger sleeps soundly)

So you'll confess your sins

Over drinks,

Charming the barmaid,

(Thinking you can see her soul)

But you'd be wrong.

Suppressed resentment

Results in anxious insomnia,

Laying awake in the hours

Leading up to dawn.

Listening to gentle sounds,

Of muffled discontent,

Building like a smouldering pyre

And you realise, they're your

Puppet friends,

Nodding sweetly,

But they don't really see you--

Not like I do.

Credit: Photo by [Aldebaran S](#) on [Unsplash](#)
