

Stowaway

by jaylin Sunday, Jun 6 2010, 10:47pm

international / prose/poetry / literature

i go to sleep to the rain
its pitter-patter in my brain;

i am in that room again
my Paris boudoir,
French whisperings
and yet,
i sleep alone.

i draw the curtains
just before dawn
before the sun rises,
sky is clear
rain dispersed.

menacing clouds on the horizon
sit black, silent,
yet imminent
ever-present
memories
ebbing and flowing.

i rush to the sea
its immensity swallows me whole
my doubts and forebodings
diminished

warmth emanates from the Sydney sky
as i float far from shore,
far from the lonely crowd
spinning aimlessly in their heads,
living without life
breathing without air
looking but not seeing.

i see it in their eyes
glazed over, blind;
they eat the bread
and drink the wine
offered
from gloved hands
without a questioning glance,

devoid of love or gratitude.

i stay away,
a stowaway
in my sea-bed
far
from those lonely people.

🔊 [These Days -- Jackson Browne](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2002.html>