

JOURNAL

' Talking 'to you...
beats walking the corridors
of my own misty mind;
each footstep an echo
cutting into silence...
like a single-note disturbance
that each seem to threaten
awakening of even more.
Fear arising then...
to creep alongside me,
attempting to summon
every sleeping monster-thought,
that I have tucked in.
So talking to you ...
my dearest stranger-friend
is gold-dust and more;
it carpets my corridor

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