

Globs of cement suffocate your ankles  
Gray grit creeps up your legs, your waist, your arms  
Oozes into your screaming mouth  
Coarse tendrils puncture your skin, sink sluggish to clog your veins  
They burrow, cold as ice, into the folds of your brain, freezing your frantic thoughts  
You are solid, sure, forever  
You are no one anymore

Quiet... quiet...

Trees and vines and flowers flourish around you  
And tangle with each other

Quiet... quiet...

quiet...

*Oh, what is that?*

A voice like an electric shock crashes into your prison shell  
Ripples shudder across the cement, dissipate, vanish  
I struggle through the thicket that my voice weaved through  
A smile sings on my face when I stand, panting, proud, inside your clearing  
I sit next to you and lean my back against your leg  
The sky's rosy brilliance leaps into my mesmerized, hungry eyes  
I start talking, talking of nothing, talking of everything  
I start dreaming with my heart in the clouds

When poets dream

Cement splinters

And you remember your name