

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