

III

I've left the voices in the rooms hiding the chitter the chatter the constant talk of confinement within the four solid walls extending to the green overcoming my mind creating images of strangers passing without a look to see if friend if foe if something wasn't shaping a constant fear of walking down the path of familiarity walking up to the same figure in the dark the same figure in the confusion of placement without the plasterboard and the tapping on the roof covering a safe comfortability the laneway provides freedom to feel the particles that weren't created weren't living weren't breathing from the other room.

IV

Solidarity of quietness from the room without my body lying on the scratched
scraped
scored material of
luxury distance from the time I read I felt I wanted to forget to move without thought of saltwater dripping
leaking
bleeding
spilling
from the images of the
street next the street beside me I felt the rake on my palm the smooth surface of forest outside the concrete
lines moving in directionless circles directionless feelings of droplets of leaves from a warmth without
knowledge of the hissing wind knowledge of returning back without the curves of branches I can see I wish
to feel
from
the
other
room.