

Stony Words

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I recalled when I worked
On my mind
Under the tough old rocks
And the stubborn stars
Laying down those words
Placing them like cold bricks
One after another with coarse hands.

I come back to myself
Creeking under the unyielding words
That now turn to torment
Grating painfully on the gravel
Of my being
As I stand between dusk and darkness
The night eager to echo itself
In a convoluted layered meditation
Densely crammed and difficult to swallow.

I struggle against the stony silence
Of a life lived alone
Running away from others and
More from myself
Fighting the self for speech
And every word from the movement
Of my unloved low life.