

Concert

Lightening shimmering
shining glinting
an illuminated self
image.

A mind is boggling
over the brim,
the colours flow
from an orangey red
to a bluey green.

Fluorescent candy
pink edged guilt.

Extra self it's dark.

Saving the beams
which gleam
yellowy cream
from a rotary lamp.

My hands
move, but
I notice
that they are
no longer
attached
to my self.

Looking down on black
stockinged legs
encased in nylon,
I notice my red shoes
are nailed onto the ground.

Reflecting upwards
I see lights inside me,
touching the inside
walls of unfathomable
crannies,
buried in my mind.

Running away
from the orient
to the occident
and back east
yet again.

Ascending gliding
along or around
the never ending
moebeus strip.

From the ceiling I slide away,
drop splash splutter splop,
falling falling down and further

The hard solid floor is pressing upwards,
whilst I press downwards.

My toes ache
my soul is numb,
feet stuck to tights, which are stuck to shoes which are
NAILED TO THE GROUND.
Which is nailed to a room which is nailed to reality
somewhere far
from the travels of my mind.

Sue Wilton