

BECAUSE

as I drive down this road
in this wheeled shell,
autopilot functioning
because I am lost in
those dark and winding corridors
behind my eyes,
and the doors in these halls are all
closed
because I was taught to close off
rooms I am not using
and though I would scream
I dare not
because it might echo in here
so I drive on
as there is nothing else I can do
but drive, radio screaming for me
Pink Floyd singing
'Comfortably Numb',
I sing along
because I know every word and note by heart
the lack of sensation feels familiar
in these still and airless corridors
no open doors to admit
a disturbing breeze
eyes turned outward to the road
because there are no mirrors in here
and their surfaces would reflect
nothing of interest, anyway
just to be safe
those doors are kept shut
because we must bravely bear our scars, after all.

Scott Chisholm Lamont

89-04-13