

There are no silent objects

You have appeared to me
At times
to be waiting
for that glimmer of light
apparition of colour
to break right through
your silence

Are you dead or are you waiting
You who has been
Waiting
Have you dissappeared again
Lain back down
into that space
beneath the light

Are you dead
or waiting

Feel how your skin
has become thick with age
An inpenetrable bandaid
Sticking to the soul
Soft like wet clay
Wrapped like armour
'Round your natural state

Are you dead or are you waiting

If you were an object
Swaying
At the bottom of the ocean
Back and forth
In faded remnants
of tidal waves above
Would the dark and the depth
Make you feel protected

Would you consider yourself safe
In a place
where all contrast levelled
And living became
an unremarkable motion
Barely distinguishable
from death

Your breath might now come
in ragged bursts

or flat but unafraid
Testing and probing
Amidst the water's salty taste
For just one drop
of some drinkable fluid
Knowing you are not yet dead

Then, from whence you came
A hand of light
Would reach
for you
Collect you
From your encased state
Don't you see that ray of colour break
Finally through
The leaden mass of histories
Stacked below an angry roof

You, guardian shapes
Fragile like leaves
Scattered like waste
Will you redeem me and take
these my offering hands
to let them pull you finally
onward

Since you have refused being caught
In these merciless waves
of illness
Where, neither lifeless
nor alive
You've swayed
for too many lifetimes

You can kick yourself upward
Into the light
Knowing
There are no
silent souls
residing in the archive