Old Friend

Sheila Nicholls

...if we were splinters of god
it would be natural, then,
for the mind to explore and grow like bronchioles,
it could also be said that if you listen between the spaces
that the possible directions we could choose
are infinitely less restricted, than we thought beforeold friend old friend, distraction
can I walk on?
or will I attach myself to you?
...like I always seem to.
with these stories that I cling to
when the past is never real anymore,
when the past is never real anymore.in this longing for light,
voyage on diversified synapses that fight
through paralysis
I got a answer for everything in these traps I set myself,
when the possible directions I could choose
are infinitely less restricted than I thought beforeold friend..

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