

ENEMY AND FRIEND

Keith Fisher

The door is closed, the curtain drawn

Alone

eyes closed ears blocked

nothing – nor glimmer nor sound

only myself my bygone thoughts

nothing but my past and haunting failures

prone upon the floor, face to the ground

nothing but emptiness and loneliness

empty silence – my enemy

The door is closed, the curtain drawn

Alone

eyes closed ears blocked

my mind sees all: my past, my present and my future.

prone upon the floor to revel in the quietude

to feed me strength and distil inspiration from yesterday

eyes turned to the light

no longer loneliness – my enemy

but blessed solitude – my regeneration

solitude, my friend