

ALL FOUR CORNERS

All I have ever prayed for
Was a wall with a window
Facing the west
So I can view the sunset
And play with my shadow
Watch him grow
Between my toys on the floor
Maybe he will be my protector
From the dark shadows
That snatch and crawl
From all four corners of this room
They smell my wounds
And they are hungry for
His wanting of more
More of me

Maybe I should have prayed for
A wall I could climb over
With neighbours next door
Whose children didn't want me to go home in the afternoon
I could play in their garden
Climb Yew trees and hide in their den
After the hand drew 4pm
And their dog could be my protector
From the serpent
That slithers when he walks
But he takes me back to the four corners of my room
He lures me with the rotten fruit
That I'm hungry for
The wanting of more
More of him

ALL FOUR CORNERS

All I've ever prayed for
Was a wall with a window
Facing the west
So I can view the sunset
And just forget
That I was left for you
To find
Hiding in one of these four corners
In my room