

Once, a while back
I dwelled in a nightmare -
skyscrapers stared at me,
seeking my soul.

Fragments of voices,
attacking, condemning,
shouting obscenities;
what had I done?

Wheels scorching pavement
shattered the silence...
echoing jeers
jarring judgement.

No way to distinguish
the true from the false;
alone, so alone
in my anguish

I saw then a stranger.
I couldn't be sure-
but it seemed
I had seen him before.

Had he been the one
who'd sensed my sorrow
in a previous ere
of panic and pain?

The doors to his eyes
were wide with wisdom.
My past and my present
seemed known to him.

No fear of his
wielding the weight of his wisdom
his wisdom no weapon
raping my solitude.

We stood in silence ...
compassion caressing,
so softly soothing
my network of naked nerves.

Oh, just for a moment
I longed to take refuge
within the core
of his being.

But the barbed wire barriers
of proper behaviour
in public places
prevented my urge to embrace him.

Compassionate stranger,
I must confess -
at times of torment
I seek you still.

Alas, I must say,
I sometimes suspect
you are just
a mirage of my making.

by Marilyn Marchand