





Secret places

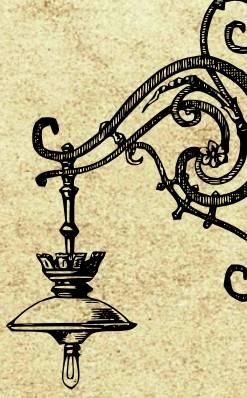
That cubicle of the school toilet
where you would hide to hide your
shame

A shame that lurked deep inside
your infant's mind

That closed alley where you used to
smoke alone at dusk each day
Exhaling away your dark thoughts
on clouds of silvery smoke

That patch of wild grass at the edge
of the hill behind your hostel building
Where you ventured alone at night
to feel the cold wind on your face





That corner of your bed
where you curled up most nights
crying yourself to sleep
a foetus again, still a work in progress

That dark corner of your mind
you visit often on sleepless nights
The one that refuses to rest

The nooks and crannies of your mind
bursting with memories
Half remembered half imagined
Those secret, intimate places
that feel most like Home

