

Lost and found

What did you find in the lost time?
I found my fears, and found
I had to learn to live with them,
Around me
And beside me
And inside me.

No longer can I turn my back and walk
Away from them, or drown them out with noise;
Now in my quiet life
And my unquiet mind
They echo louder.

They know me well, of course; they know the gaps,
The knots, the flaws, the scars, the weaknesses
That offer them
Their swift and silent paths
Into my secret self.

But: 'they' and 'I'? We are not separate,
My fears and I;
We live in the same skull
and heart
and blood
and breath.

My fears are mine, as are my loves and hopes;
Part of my being; but I still don't know:
Are they the good bacteria of the brain
Or the mind's virus?
Are they protecting
Or invading
me?

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