

## Stowaway

by jaylin Sunday, Jun 6 2010, 10:47pm

international / poetry / post

i go to sleep to the rain  
its pitter-patter in my brain;

i am in that room again  
my Paris boudoir,  
French whisperings  
and yet,  
i sleep alone.

i draw the curtains  
just before dawn  
before the sun rises,  
sky is clear  
rain dispersed.

menacing clouds on the horizon  
sit black, silent,  
yet imminent  
ever-present  
memories  
ebbing and flowing.

i rush to the sea  
its immensity swallows me whole  
my doubts and forebodings  
diminished

warmth emanates from the Sydney sky  
as i float far from shore,  
far from the lonely crowd  
spinning aimlessly in their heads,  
living without life  
breathing without air  
looking but not seeing.

i see it in their eyes  
glazed over, blind;  
they eat the bread  
and drink the wine  
offered  
from gloved hands  
without a questioning glance,

devoid of love or gratitude.

i stay away,  
a stowaway  
in my sea-bed  
far  
from those lonely people.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2002.html>

♥) [These Days -- Jackson Browne](#)

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-81.html>