

Surrounded

I take photos of my face behind a curtain.
I take these photos whilst travelling in steel frames.

Where is my ambition?

I think about Padgette in his cabin,
surrounded by a lake and ghosts,

I am in a swamp of spilt toys that lay on the rug,
haunted by weight gain, and repetitive strain.

When this time comes to an end
I will have to choose a new place to take photos,
maybe tidy up, eat less, take my time a bit.

Perhaps, I will write the next great American novel,
though I'm not American
nor a novelist. But should I let that stop me? Probably.

What would you do?
Will things continue as they did before?

Think of this,
will the past threaten to continue,
or the future threaten to never begin?

Thom Boulton