

Prison

by Adam Sifre

I am trapped. Condemned by your absence.

The world turns into

cell,

when you depart.

I wander in solitary, with only brooding thoughts (my guards).

Always, I plan my escape. Knowing I will break out of here, and
find my way to you again;

my brief parole, pardon granted by the touch of your lips.

Then there is release, and all walls fall away for a time.

Unfettered, your willing captive;

You smile, and I soar,

You touch, and I hum.

You depart,

A door slams,

Before the echo fades, I plan my escape.

