

Goodbye, Me

by John Riley

There is that this life
the one I carry
to shops and meetings
when I'd rather
wave it bye
is quiet today.
The racket of me left
this morning and now
I can see thoughts
cross the faces
of all the others
like an old ticker tape
in a black & white movie
about a hero, perhaps a woman,
who survives crashes
and ends up winning.
They're reading
from their side
and I love them. I do.
When I turn my
ticker tape off
and all goes quiet
I think: "I don't want to . . ."
It's a strange thought;
the noise comes back.
The green heat of anxiety
ices my bones and I
turn my attention
to the ticker tape
of others
and this life goes
quiet again.

