

# Lady in the Cave

*by* Patti Hall

Life strikes another blow and away I go:  
back to the cave to sleep, read, write, dream,  
soothed by rocking chair therapy,  
spend hours on hours looking at photo memories,  
lighting incense and candles,  
crying, howling out the injustices smothering me.  
Deluge myself with sensory comforts that cradle me;  
without these I am among the ashes of the dead.  
Not fit for the nurture of others;  
their sympathy shatters the broken pieces of my heart-  
the pieces I'm trying frantically  
to glue together with Gorilla glue mixed with tears.  
There's a lot of hard work to do here;  
leave the lady in her cave.

