

## A Posture of Stillness

Pain hunts me

I am ever alert

For the fang in the shadow

The claw in the curtain

The needle in the sheets

Oft foil me as I have lost

The assuredness of temporality

The quick and quiet dodge

The immortality of youth.

Reduced to hiding

In a posture of stillness

Behind a face of repose

Wrapped in a chemical jacket

Countered with distraction

Fear lies worst

Alertness fails

No hiding in here

I have little breath for it.

I still cling

For life still seeks the seeker

And she is here

And I was never for shadows.

And God will choose the hour.