

Trapped

Seeds of thought
germinate
and
grow in my mind
but never do they
reach
the (dark)
inner sun.
So
I compel my
wayward consciousness
to be
silent;
Yet
when hope
waters
these seed thoughts again,
I
fall
back
into
thought
once
more. Trapped.

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http://scars.tv/cgi-bin/works_e.pl?/home/users/web/b929/us.scars/perl/text-writings/g8687.txt#Trapped