

Basil Warner

EXILE



Who goes there,
You ask.

I.
With hands glued on
Face sawed off.
Expression painted
So when my ship comes in
I could get
Through the door
Even on borrowed feet
Which should instead
Be wings,
Or a way to cross deep waters.
Done enough of this.
Told myself
To let go
Let go
Let go
The going, then, should be easy now,
But isn't.
My ill-fitting skin,
Once thick
Now's too loose
From all the jumping in and out
And living too long under other guises
And too often missing the boat
And forcing myself
To wave
As it sails past.