

My Voice

My Voice is never my own alone;
like a jigsaw, is split obscurely
in to tiny fragments
that piece together my decoupage mind
(as we know it).

Above the multicoloured influences
that scream or whisper in my ear
I fight for every breath
to keep my head above water;
deafened by the do's and don'ts
of reasoning of the people
in glass houses throwing bricks.

by

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