

THE ART OF DOING NOTHING

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Mark Owen project

6th June 2013

Frozen in the center of busyness
too fast to catch the musky essences
of each surrounding reality.
My brain is overloaded with questions –
It's my voice I hear
but its talking over itself
like a layer cake,
over and over.

A rich tapestry of pictures clash behind eye-lids,
yesterday's childhood:
sunny drought filled days,
warm beaches, dripping bouquets of ice cream,
crisp clean linen sheets at bed time,
the puppy dogs needle teeth,
bubbly Babycham and Avoca
in fluted glasses with a sticky cherry at Christmas;
Aching belly laughter at Morcambe and Wise;
Granddads rough-chinned kiss
and warm daddy bear hug.

Today's routine:
the school run;
pocket money scraped up in silver,
food shopping,
dish washing with marigolds (with a hole in);
composing tomorrow's 'to-do's' -
a mum's taxi timetable
amidst scribbling down ideas for poetry
and reluctantly checking the
unhealthy bank balance.

It's all a whirlwind blur
sounds and colours
floating in the solitude of my mind.
Everything.
Nothing.
Something.
My eyes ache in their tired sockets
and my forehead is pitted with salty sweat.
Breath in.
Breath out.
Lock myself behind tightly shut eyes.
Escape,
The nothingness deafening my ears
until the purple tendrils of sleep
sucks me in to its soothing sinking sand
and I resign,

swallowed
in to an unconscious world
where real life exists
somewhere far far away.