

The film of my life

The winds blow through, everything is white.
As ephemeral as my life, as cold and as bodiless.
One moment it is cold, freezing in fact, the next
All is melting, all form changes.

My heart is breaking, melting like the snow and ice.
Across its landscape blows the freezing wind. All storms
Seem to happen in the far distance. I stand and watch,
an observer – something I do not want to be.

The participant – so badly do I want to be active in my
Own destiny. Yet I sit apart, watching it all take place
In and around me.

As if I am watching my life on the TV.