

# Clark Anne, Cane Hill

Here  
Upon these ghostly shadows  
Of men and women  
There are no smiles  
Singly  
They mingle  
With the greyness of the walls  
And at strange angels  
They travel on  
To nowhere  
Each a nucleus  
Of sadness and despair  
Small  
Or no conversation  
Passes their cigarette-stained lips  
They sit  
The lonely ones  
Sitting eternally  
In institutions  
That have become their eyes  
That have become their arms  
Their legs  
They are empty now  
Just shells moving back and forth  
Upon a shore  
Of some uncharted beach  
Up steep green hills  
They linger  
Like the darkest thoughts  
That push them selves  
Into your mind  
You cannot question them  
For they will not answer you  
They  
Are our deepest fears