

Sherwood, The Push Game

The daylight is awful dim
with shudders pulled rim to rim;
I'm staring at written words
but their sounds will remain unheard
(as I have not the strength to utter them).

And have I known this all along,
of this cowardice and envy?
And is it time that I move on,
breaking free from all that's empty?

It's hard now to run this race
when there is no human face
to call on in times of choice,
with no reassuring voice.