Imagine Me

Imagine your heart in cling film,
your lungs in solitary confinement,
your blood shivering,
your breath held down,
your energy behind bars,
your mind in a cul-de-sac.

Imagine a butterfly overwhelmed
by the thought of a meadow,
or a wizard too exhausted to hypnotise his cat
into believing mice are not the enemy,
imagine a castle made of tissue paper,
and hence, defenceless against hostile giants.

Imagine long days of gauze and guilt
where the cold streets are a contradiction
and people appear as far off,
in a heat haze,
nothing defined.

Imagine interrogating yourself
with you playing both Good Cop and Bad Cop
shouting and demanding to know
what you did with your spirit
then offering yourself a consoling biscuit,
one of this is your fault.

Imagine an ocean with no waves,
or a seagull
locked in an abandoned seaside kiosk
pining for the cloistered cliffs
from which, he once surveyed continents.

Imagine your fingers too fatigued to lift sugar,
this is who you are now looking at,
as I sit in the corner
with a coffee and blank panic,
wondering how I’ll make it to the bus stop.
And then imagine
the shackles vanishing
and a miracle like resurrection
elevating me to that place
where the grave is extinct
and shame exiled;
in their place, a brilliance of spontaneous forests,
with a banquet
where you are invited to taste rainbows;
and all that brokenness is finally explained.

Imagine me,
for it will be.
That future melody
is now being composed,
and I will inhabit
that restoration song.

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