

The Sundial

Psyche

Sleeping alone at night
In an empty house
No one can hear your lonely sigh
The walls are wide and claustrophobic
Where will you go?
To drown your sorrows

The phone never rings
The shadow of the night
Permeates the empty space
Where emotion once reside

There was a time of colour
And cheerful faces now like dust
All becomes black and white
Catatonic
Like the sundial
Shifting time

Another day is all in motion
Spring leaves to fall