

The Unfreezing Zone

Where is peace and comfort?

Twisting daggers in my heart,

Burnt wrists soothing relief.

Hamster ball relentlessly turning,

Catapulted by hunters to a desolate bog.

Stealthy escape to a secret cave,

Desolation crossroads looming,

Compassion guide gently signposts the long steep stony path.

Small tortoise steps while hunters pursue,

Guide flags up imminent mountain escape road.

The forest awaits with dappled light filtering through spring canopy,

Sweet bluebell perfume,

Serenading birdsong carry me to the Bothy clearing.

Alone at last, terrifying chase is over.

Invited to stay, finally calm in this warm comforting presence.

Leaning back against the closed door, peace pervades.