

## Where to Walk

Resigned to walk  
in corridors of my  
dreams I don't know  
which destination  
to choose.

A town too petty  
to fit me, I wince  
at my mother's platitudes  
of the Lord's will.

I pop seams  
in clothes too tight  
for her tiny kitchen.

That home  
the resting ground  
of millions of  
notes trapped  
together replaying  
in loops of cells  
in my ear.

How silent must I be,  
how quiet the old house,  
How still the notes  
for me.

—Lucia May

