

## **Sheila Nicholls**

### **"Old Friend"**

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...if we were splinters of god  
it would be natural, then,  
for the mind to explore and grow like bronchioles,  
it could also be said that if you listen between the  
spaces  
that the possible directions we could choose  
are infinitely less restricted, than we thought before

old friend old friend, distraction  
can I walk on?  
or will I attach myself to you?  
...like I always seem to.  
with these stories that I cling to  
when the past is never real anymore,  
when the past is never real anymore.

in this longing for light,  
voyage on diversified synapses that fight  
through paralysis  
I got a answer for everything in these traps I set  
myself,  
when the possible directions I could choose  
are infinitely less restricted than I thought before

old friend..

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