

The curtains drew open and bade me enter.  
A shimmer of curtains,  
opening and closing as I wandered through time,  
oblivious.

Now I am trapped in the darkness,  
where time is still,  
unable to go back or move forward.  
A prisoner between the folds and drapes.

Is that a light I see beyond,  
or is it just the reflection of years passed?  
I yearn for that light and the promises it holds,  
a second chance.  
I know now how it should be done.

How long must I wait in this timeless obscurity?  
How long?

*Maggie Bardsley*