

Hidden

by

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Originally appeared in *The Tower Journal* Vol.8 #1 (Spring 2016)

No one can find me here
behind an open door,
beneath a bed of webs,
within a cardboard box,
in front of open eyes,
on wild Socotran Isles,
in tales to save one's face,
like masks behind a mask,
in anger bound to bruise,
as kindness with a slash,
like heads within a cloud,
on fingers quick to point,
in flasks of Irish Gin,
on smokes with Mary Jane,
enclosed by rock and mud,
as one among the crowd,
before when time will tell,
enslaved in earthly Hell,
no one will find me here.

