

POEM

Flutterings

A fullness in the neck,
a slight fluttering of the heart,
a warmth of the skin.
No need for coats or heating.

And then the crescendo of the flutterings,
all goes quiet with the feeling of being
removed and disconnected from the body.
All energy seeped out now.

The pill is swallowed and abstinence follows.
And gradually, the crescendos lessen;
we are now in the second movement of this concerto,
diminuendo or andante perhaps?

Further visits for the jelly but the nemesis remains,
hidden from the waves. Beware the silence now,
as the flutterings may return at any time
with renewed vigour. Be vigilant for vivace
as andante may not last forever.
Will this concerto ever end?

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