



## Confidences

by Francesca Duffield

People have always trusted me  
with their secrets:  
but who do I trust with mine?  
who will lean in to my confidences,  
who will be my priest, screened,  
curtained in the safe dark?  
not you in the warm bed  
of the past,  
not you in the cold light  
of the consulting room,  
not even you,  
my old unreliable friend

perhaps it will be  
a nurse I never know  
when my words no longer  
obey my mind's commands

perhaps it will be  
dropped into deep water  
like sacred offerings

perhaps it will be  
only air and fire at the last  
blown in the wind  
over the hills of home