



The Achilles Heel

by Fran Duffield

When the silent days came,
and all was deathly still,
lit by mocking sunlight,
I had not known that I hung suspended,
head downwards, dipped deep,
soaked through, in the dark river
of perpetual motion

Blind to our Achilles Heel, the rush,
the speed of the gaudy carousel
let us forget it was going nowhere, that it must slow
and the mechanical music stops
while we reel, sick and dizzy
back to the muddy earth