Being here

They're as close as I come to church,
these fallow rooms of spider plants
and magazines, where the telephone shrills
for someone else, and the outside world
is a distant drone, and time itself is out on call.

I bow my head, and contemplate
the carpet-tiles, or choose a text
from age-old Readers Digest : Laughter,
the Best Medicine ; I am John's Spleen.

If I seem at ease, I'm a green
-room actor, secretly burdened with lines :
"sharp" "right here" "it's silly, but I just can't seem…"
But when the voice annunciates my name, I feel
...regret. I like this room, perhaps it heals.

Kathleen Jamie

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