



In solitary

To lift up my voice in song
in this world?
Sick with the pain of compliance,
cross-legged, head bowed,
unheard.
In hell I would sing on my own.
Beautifully,
and terribly, technically right,
cacophony with other songs,
all solo.
There would be harmony, concord
in heaven,
the music surrounding us all,
sending shivers of joy
down my spine.
Can I sing here? I don't know.
Barred windows,
fragmented and far from the light.
Slowly, softly, sadly,
alone?

Janey Antoniou (1957-2010)

Janey Antoniou wanted it stated here that she lived with Schizophrenia. Poem reproduced with her permission.