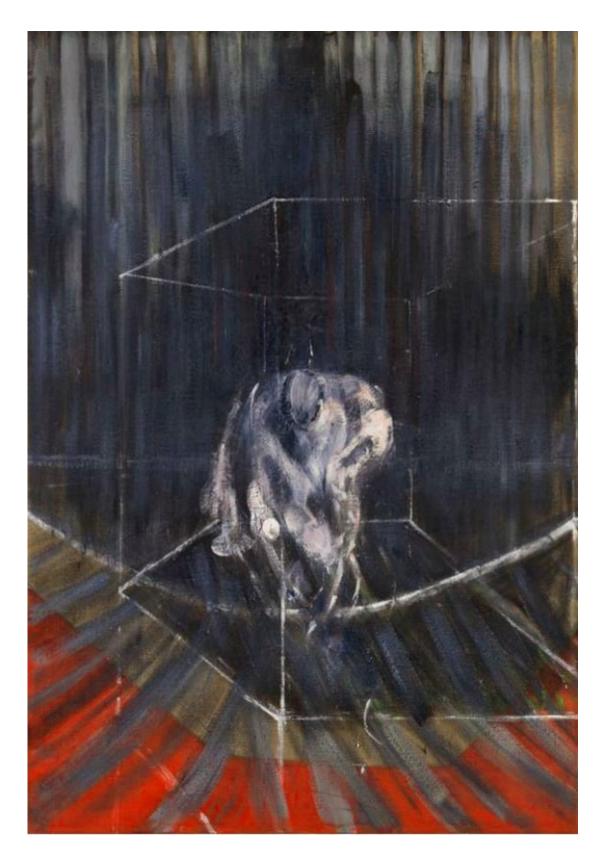
## **Two Poems**

by Paul Illidge (April 2021)



A Room in Zürich

for M.G.

No going to or coming from. Just here. Me. Alone.

I listen for sound but all is silent as a ghost mouth full of darkness.

Quiet I stay hour after hour listening to myself listen like a blind man does for the sound of lips when something explodes.

A telephone ringing off the hook. Panicked shouting outside my door. Glass breaking. Screams.

Cornered by moonlight I stay crouched down. Still. Listening as the shouting tears down the hall. Down the stairs. Slamming behind.

With me, well, you live with walls long enough, you begin to think like a room.

The Shallows

Life in the Digital Age Takes place in the shallows.

No more deep end. No diving, no jumping.

Life is a wading pool now, people in up to their knees, devices in hand.

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**Paul Illidge** is the author of *The Bleaks* (ECW Press), a Globe & Mail Best Book of 2014, and *Shakespeare for the E-generation: The Page, the Stage, the Digital Age*. His work appears regularly on Mental Health Talk.info

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