

Robert F. Trotter

COMMUNICATION

Living here inside my skull
is like looking at a bright
sunlit world through a narrow
window from a point of quiet
darkness. The exit is a glassless
hole too small to let all of me
through and no one else, it seems,
can enter in. But every now and
then I take emotion and fold it
(bird shaped) and throw it fluttering
at the light. Sometimes it hits the
wall of my subconscious and falls
(unseen from the outside) to the
bottom of this lightless silent
room. But once in a while it sails
out and someone picks it up and
unfolds it and recognition comes
in smiles or tears or quiet wonder
and I see mirrored in that face
the things that keep me
shouting I love you in a crowded room.