



(Coda) The Room of Mind

My conscious mind is but
a small room, full of facts
of different kinds: it has
no windows and is rather stuffy.

Outside the room is non-
conscious mind; it is vast
and surrounds the room
like a wilderness over which
I have little control, although
I can venture there, which
is refreshing.

I've noticed that walking
takes me out of my own little
room. I've noticed, too, that
it's easy to get stuck inside—
very stuck. Before I
know it, forgetting that poems
are something like paths we make in walking,
I'll mistake again the dark
little closet where I've hidden
all the unpaid bills of the past
for the door which leads

... outside.