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The Mind That Binds

by Kenneth O'Keefe

Like birds from winter's freeze I think to leave
It all behind me by escaping on
A stroll through summer-green wood. Limbs weave
Shadowy, breeze-shaken webs upon
The paths that wind me in a labyrinth,
Where fears, regrets and grievances persist —
Despite my effort — solid as a plinth.
Nearby, in brackened brush, a snake has hissed.

I could have stayed at home and suffered this
Poison, that chokes peace as it carpets my
Soul like creeper that smothers grass. I kiss
Hope for some narrow span of bliss good-bye,
Knowing how toxic thinking clings to me
As stubbornly as honey to a bee.

