

## **Facing my face**

Listen to the sounds within, the sonar of the fridge, the clicking of the pipes as the heating starts, the irregular clunking of the cooling system, the ticking of the analogue clock, the silent waving of trees in the wind outside, the air passing through the hairs in your slightly-stuffed nostrils, the rise and fall of your chest, your pulse when earphones plugged in, and the quiet without, broken only by the neighbour unlocking and locking three times each night before the sun sets, and the children's shouts drifting through the wall and your thoughts as you fall asleep and then the same again, the next day, and the next, sans everything, sans fin, but you, where are you but at the centre of this world that has shrunk, and yet so distant

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