

## BLOCKED

“Why are you here?” asked the pilgrim.  
“What are you doing here, so far away?”  
I was looking at him and he seemed very familiar...  
But where have I seen this tarnished look?  
I couldn’t remember. I kept silent.

“Go away! It’s not the place for a scoundrel. Out!”  
Glancing at him again, I saw in his look—myself.  
I turned around and dragged myself away,  
but the question was there:  
Where?

My thoughts were racing,  
Looking for the way out.  
I was drawn by the wind to the ocean,  
the rocky waterside that happened to be there.  
“Stop!”

It followed me everywhere, that voice and that look!  
My thoughts were rushing. I wanted to go back.  
To my life in the colours of the rainbow,  
to my home, and to my child.  
But my thoughts were rushing,  
and the voice next to me was screaming,  
“Halt!”