

Time Bomb
Sonia Burns

Because you are a dead end.
A cul-de-sac, where there is no one
home, an abandoned bicycle
on a lawn, wheels spinning
slowly in afternoon sunlight.
Because you are vacant;
a cold water flat with no tenant,
a *To Let* sign behind your eyes,
waiting for a visitor
you don't remember inviting.
Because you are unbroken code,
an enigma which will remain
unsolved, impenetrable jargon,
hieroglyphics; womanhood
written in invisible ink.
Because you are barren
and bewildering; the frozen maze
at the end of *The Shining*,
a caretaker who does not care,
a lonely song with a sad ending.
Because you are as shallow
as a puddle on a farmyard track,
a pond where the frogspawn
will never hatch, no Moses basket
hidden in your rushes;
Ophelia drowning
amongst your water lilies.
Because you are lost blueprint,
unflicked switch; a biological
clock which does not tick.
A hand grenade with the pin intact
slowly corroding as the years pass.