

Standing Still



Here it is...

A finger on the pause button
– A figurative spoke in the wheel
Our lives on hold
Whilst we await release

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Who are we to chip and moan
When other are working hard?
Saving lives, making lives better
We're the idle, the ones inside
Waiting out the endless storm.
We do nothing. What are we for?

Can a writer be so, without a pen?
A carpenter without nail or hammer?
A shepherd without his flock?
A fisherman without his nets?

So let me pick up my blade once again
To cut through this dense morass
Of uncertain futures, blank pages
Virginal until conjugated with ink.
Let us write for now; not wait
For the balming light of our audiences.

Are we still standing...
Or are we merely standing still?

John Llewellyn James originates from Wales, but having spent more than half their life in the Province, considers it home. A poet with many voices, often writing in the narrative prose-poem tradition. John intends on producing their first anthology, *Neither Fish Nor Fowl* very soon.