

LISTEN

Excuse me, listen to me,
Yes you with the Black gown
Which makes a contrast
With your non tanned
(Therefore unfashionable)
Skin.

Listen to me.
It won't take long. I just
Wanted to ask you.
What's wrong?
Are you tired or stressed?
Or attached to another time...
Are you depressed?
Or maybe bored.
Is it me?
Should I go?
You must find me a terribly
Unromantic and dismal
Figure, asking you questions.
You'd rather not Answer
Me.



Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!

Is it easy?
Forever frozen in time
In your position?
Do the walls rub your elbows?
And though we (the viewer)
Can't see
It.
Do you have long purple streaks
Bruises.
Where you've been resting your elbows
so long.
I don't know.
You don't answer.
I'm obviously beneath your attention.
I'll leave.
Sorry.
Just thought you might want to,
Listen.

By Zoe Barnes, Grantham, Lincolnshire.
The poem is based on the drawing **O Melancholy** (1928).