

Tarot cards from a drawer

I remember, there were shadows, which frightened me
when I was a child, haunting figures, bogles.

I looked for a place, where I could hide,
from fear, the unknown, threat, school, dogs,
the milkman, darkness, the banging door.

No corner to hide, not even a cupboard.

I needed somebody to hold my hand
To protect my heart.

To put it into a safe place.

To keep my secrets safe
in the repository of my heart.

Light is shining through
the ice flowers of the attic window.

Light from a silver disc.



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