

An Afternoon

Tony Walton

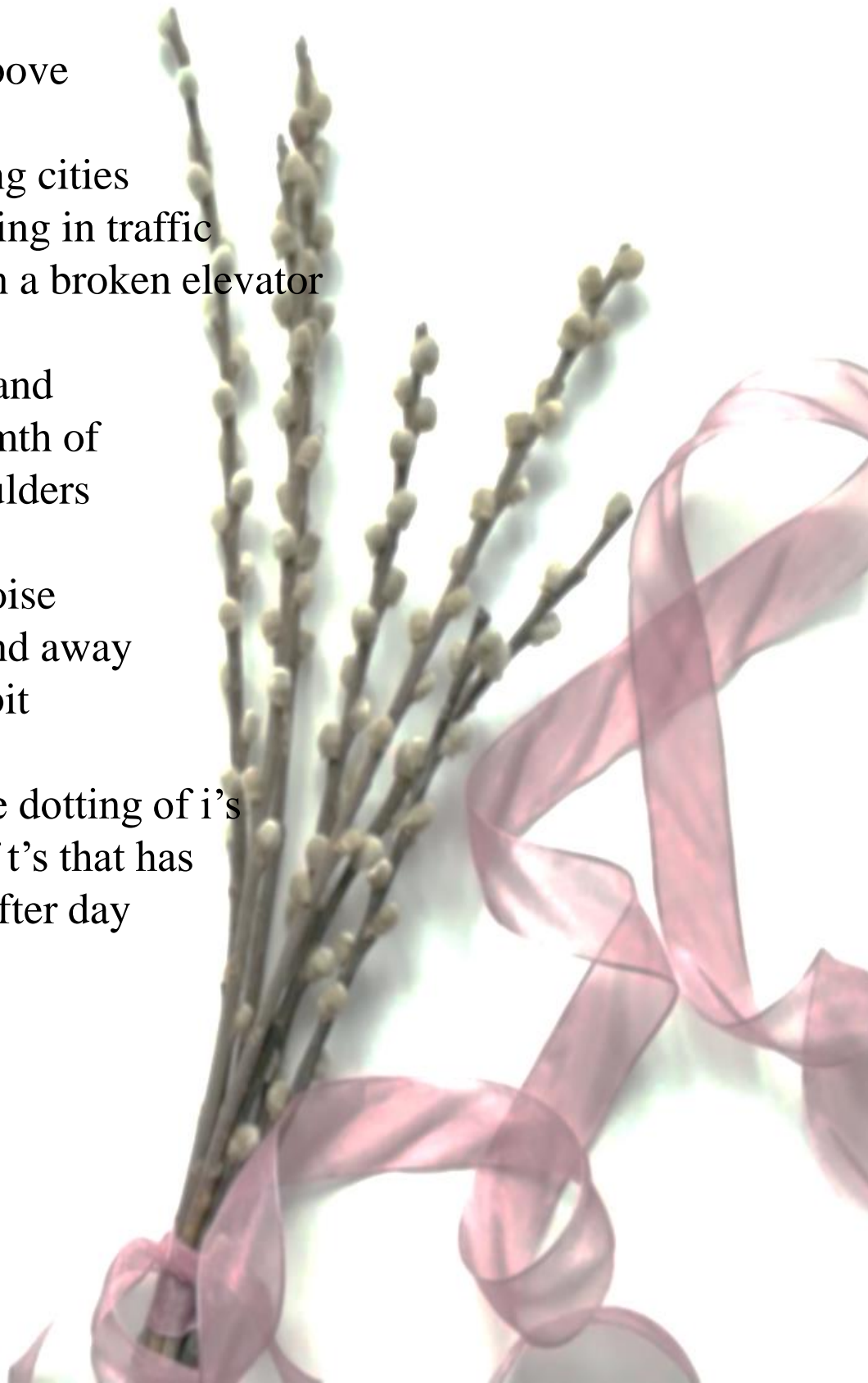
I am doing nothing
at the pool today
clouds drowsing above

someone is bombing cities
someone is screaming in traffic
someone is stuck in a broken elevator

I scratch my belly and
feel the butter warmth of
the sun on my shoulders

I am without the noise
of any language, and away
from the toil of habit

I am away from the dotting of i's
and the crossing of t's that has
become each day after day



I would ask you to stay still
as if you were absent from yourself
and you hear me from a distance

and now be silent, for a while,
just breathe in for 3 seconds
now breathe out for 3 seconds

Keep breathing

and I will do the same

I will now close my eyes, and
lie here with only the sound of
the bees in the grass

and you will stay quiet

and I will do nothing

and you will understand
the meaning of my escape.



Tony Walton is a photographer living in the Cayman Islands and has been published in Burningword Magazine, Literature Today, Boston Poetry Magazine, 82 Review and many others. His work can be found at <https://www.instagram.com/tonymwalton/>