

## **Rock Around the Clock**

I sit and rock, back and forth  
It somehow comforts

They speak to me no longer  
They bring my drugs  
They feed me food

I sit and rock

They have no idea what I know  
And what I don't  
I cannot look them in the eye  
I just stare at the ground

As I rock

I am a prisoner, trapped in my own head  
Unable to reach the key to free myself

So I rock  
Back and forth

Sometimes others sit near me  
I hear the sounds but it is safer not to engage  
So I rock  
and they leave

There is only one thing I would wish to ask  
but that would mean talking  
which would open the floodgates of interrogation  
So I sit, and I rock and I try to work it out

If I allowed my mouth to open, my question would be  
"When cars are on tv, why does the car move forward whilst the wheels turn  
backwards?"

One day I may work it out  
But until then

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I shall sit

.

And rock