

## The Neighbour

the day the sun glinted off  
his binoculars it was  
like something hitting you.  
the police, your friends,  
saying not to worry,  
his kind are usually harmless,  
but now you are afraid  
ever to be naked, you keep  
the curtains drawn most of the day  
but even then you can feel his eyes  
through the tense glass, his fingers  
fine tuning you, making you  
blur, clear, focussing you  
from your house into his.  
everything you do is circumscribed  
by his seeing, your life  
turns in transparent circles.

you check the locks repeatedly,  
but you only feel locked in,  
something in a cage, to watch,  
you are exactly  
where he likes you.

only at night, with all the lights out,  
do you feel safe. you pad  
from room to room, open  
all the drapes, stand  
in your nightclothes at the windows.  
in the dark you are equal, you  
have nothing that he wants.

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