



# The Saboteur

You are the voice inside my head, the saboteur in waiting, unseen, unsaid.  
Ever lurking in the dark, watching, listening for the faintest of sparks.

For when I dream you are always there,  
to sow seeds of doubt, and those of fear.

Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, you proclaim the voice of reason, smiling.  
But behind it a lie, malevolent, beguiling.  
Any glimmer of hope, opportunity or decision...  
People, ideas and possibilities, you greet all with doubt and suspicion.

How you got here I do not know.  
You once praised and encouraged, but long ago.  
Now instead of 'you can', 'you should' and 'you will',  
your whispers are cynical, insidious, ill.

Shutting me down before I can blink,  
you're a slave to comfort and what people might think.  
The child once full of promise, unrecognisable now.  
Older, smarter, wiser, 'stay safe' is your vow.

But stay safe from what?  
You say I can't fail if I don't try?  
You'd have me tiptoe through life, so I can comfortably die?

Well damn your safety, and the advice you are giving.  
You're not my saviour, you're just preventing me from living.

Listening to you I'll be stunted and small.  
Instead of life expanding, I'll retreat from it all.  
I'm sick of 'no', 'you can't do it', and 'who are you kidding?'  
I'm wise to you now, and to your bidding.

If half of the cure is becoming aware, times up saboteur...  
I know that you're there.

Poem by Richard Liew