

The Cleaner

By **Helen J. Dixon**

The castle of my mind
has doors, tightly locked;
hiding rooms, with dusty furniture
propped up by fear and doubt.

The Cleaner kicked down the walls of exclusion.
Transcended the corridors of pain
and revealed the Heaven beneath.
Tossing aside suspicion, misgivings
of past slights and rebukes,

he burst in, and with gentleness,
tenderly picked up the debris left by
countless callous others;
the wreckage of those who rented space
and with indifference, trampled
the magnificence found within.

Now, by one sweeping gesture
he liberated my psyche
The palace is cleared and my
rapture unrepressed.

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