**the depths**

it is quiet down here.

 - so eerie -

it is calm, and

there is no sound but

the distant echo of

shimmering caverns and

the rustling of

sea trees and tiny fins

 - and ominous booms and pressure and -

it is good.

it is peaceful down here.

 - so oppressive -

it is loose and freeing, and

there is no disorder but

the gentle swirling of the currents, and

beneath your feet are

swathes of soft sand and

the tickle of waves and corals

 - and jagged rocks and flashing teeth and -

it is good.

nothing moves

for eternity,

or

a few moments.

this far from the surface,

time does curious things

like thrash about in circles,

spiraling down with the whirlpools

or

sink backwards,

dissolving into the numbing cold

or

halt in the inky dark,

catching its breath before

continuing its perpetual slump

in a vaguely forward direction.

sometimes

you let yourself be

carried along

with the ebbs and flows and

whimsies of the waves.

you float forever, until

you don't.

you sink instead,

but slowly, very slowly.

even sinking

requires more effort

than you can bear.

sometimes

you fight to rise,

to ascend,

to break the surface

of your cage.

but then you remember

that you're afraid of the bends,

and also sunlight, and also living,

and also bees, and you forgot about the bees,

how could you forget about the bees?

but it's okay, because

there are no bees in the water.

so you plunge back downwards

to keep out the bubbles.

and feelings.

and bees.

it is comforting down here.

 - such unease -

it is kind, and

there is no fear.

there is no fear.

there is no fear.

you would like to stay here.

**Departure on Arrival**

free and high is where the sky guy dies.

he has never looked down at where his old home lies;

doesn't yearn to return. has severed all ties.

he lived there once. now he's from a place called Away.

he escaped, and that's the way he wants it to stay.

(*really* - at least, that's what he says.)

molten memories erupt unbidden into splatters

like approaching pairs of bare feet in flight: patter, patter;

colliding with warm earth and buoyant, airy laughter.

fading, fleeting images flicker and twist

like damp shirts in the breeze, a glimpse of skin sun-kissed,

the scent of contentment suspended in the mist.

drifting through clouds, he remembers their faces

or, not their faces, but how they occupied their spaces;

how their spacey faces were somehow not out of place -

that's who he misses most.

the rest. the *waste.*

the ones left behind, the ones whose fate he evaded.

the ones whose sorry lives had made him so jaded.

(the ones who were happy, even as they faded.)

the sky guy's been summoned back to the place from which he was birthed.

he floats suspended, torn between the clouds and the cold dirt.

before he lands, he's already gone, so he won't feel the hurt.

(but, secretly, waits for the last moment to close his eyes,

to feel the soil that bore his dreams once more before he dies.)

**Night Walks**

*Black.*

a bridge, suspended above a stream

of flashing lights and gasoline.

on the far side,

glowing windows warm the night air.

on the near side

waits the dusk of elsewhere.

cold wind rushes my lungs,

stiffens my toes and tongue.

I won't move from this spot,

as immutable as any lamp post

on this darkened path.

*Red.*

the gravity of habit

demands I walk forward,

a moth to the flame.

but on this empty, frigid night,

I am my own light,

I shine my own way.

blood rises and floods

to match my coat and hair,

a living match to ignite the air.

a torch to be gaped at when seen from afar

by the flotsam on the stream.

giddily spinning,

frozen and grinning.

*Black.*

my eyes are dark.

soulless, they say.

my soul is not hidden away in there,

it's outside me, lurking about, hungry.

standing icicle still, I merge with the night.

my eyes are dark.

my eyes shine bright.

*Red.*

when I close my eyes

I see

not what there is,

but what could be.

that is,

not a lot.

*White.*

a blank canvas.

I am the painter

and the painted

and the paint.

*White.*

it has begun to snow.

*White.*

I shiver, I cower.

I am devoured.

**Cycle**

contently cocooned,

I do not wish to emerge.

I shall eat my wings

the soaring penguin

dreams not of bright skies, but the

kingdom of the waves

fog rolls in, silent,

swallowing the horizon.

the hills slumber on

the murmured pulses

of the tear droplet's echo

tap the distant roof

the waves come crashing,

snatching my castle away.

I begin again

**A Distinct Lack of All that is Sane in this World**

Listen

You don’t have to be here

You don’t *want* to be here

*I* don’t want to be here

Yet here we both are

I’m no poet

You know that

*I* know that

Yet here we both are

I suppose they do say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder

Whoever “they” is

But let’s be honest here

*No one* is going to behold *this* as beauty

You know that

*I* know that

Yet here we both are

Do you hear the clock?

Ticking away on the wall?

Tick…

 Tock…

 Tick…

 Tock…

 Tick…

You’re wasting your time

The same as *I* am wasting *mine*

We only have a finite amount of time in this world

Why not make the most of it?

You could be doing something far more productive than reading this

*I* could be doing something far more productive than *writing* this

Yet here we both are

…

You’re still here?

It’s impressive that you have the will to go on

*I* hardly have that will myself

By now this page should be a barren wasteland, devoid of all traces of human existence

Yet here we both are

You know what?

We share a special connection, you and I

This joint loss of sanity

Loss of sense

Loss of all meaning

We’re trapped down this rabbit hole together, desperate to escape

Desperate to return to the real world

Desperate to do whatever it takes to escape our present situation

Yet here we both are

All good things must come to an end

Unfortunately this is the antithesis of all good things

So we may be trapped here for a while

Me and you

You and I

The two of us, united forever in this limbo of senselessness

Yet here we both aren’t