

falling through

these last few days
I feel myself
skimming the surface
of some monster sadness inside.

sadness about
 rejections and betrayals of trust
sadness about
 starving through the days
 without passion or sweetness
sadness about
 forgetting what it's like
 to love and be loved.

I keep trying to avoid it
but I can feel it in my body
if I pay attention.

it feels like
a big bulge growing in my chest
a throbbing pocket of grief
that's swelling and getting close
to breaking through
like a boil under the skin
before it breaks the surface.

when I touch it I see
a boy standing all alone in winter
on the surface of a frozen lake
while below the ice
a dark mass rises from the depths
 not menacing
 not malevolent
but very primitive
with the consciousness of
one of those strange sea creatures that lives
 in the coldest blackest deepest water
massive blind and silent
it moves up toward the surface
and the ice is getting thin.

nothing frightens me more
than feeling my own grief
 falling through the ice
 into the deep unknown

I always feel like
 it's gonna kill me
I always feel like
 it's gonna swallow me whole.

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