

Late Night Words of Another

The floorboards creak a song full of sorrow in rhythm with my tipping toes.
Does she know of my late night escapades? My trysts with the telly? My wild romps with written words?
How each night I fall in love with ghosts fixed in time, as I desperately cling to the notion that all is well.
I fear I have fallen in love again. A passing fancy, surely, but there it is nonetheless.
Not so much a deep dive,
a light splash, perhaps,
skimming and thumbing my way through the thoughts and words of another; never intended for me, but I devour them all the same.

The Toll

It's not quite thoughts keeping me up at night.
I wish it were thoughts.
Coherent, brilliant, captivating, beautiful thoughts. Alas, it's not that. No. It's *emotions*.
Wordless, yet stretching infinitely and smashing the character count to oblivion.
Heavy. So. Very. Heavy. Yet floating like the particles of the cosmos containing the universe in each and every atom.
Simple, yet boundlessly impossible to fully comprehend.
If only it were thoughts that kept me up.
Thoughts can be translated to words, which can be translated to art.
This?
Well, it's hard to put pen to paper.

How

You ever look around and wonder how?
How has my road led me here? How do I not know where I go from here? How is this possible.

The mind wanders, hopping from "how" to "how" like a celestial frog leaping from one great existential lilly pad to the next. How does one press pause on the train of how, which seems to be in perpetual motion?

Drink the ether of nostalgia, and harken back to days of joy. They are shimmering shimmering shimmering just beneath the surface; try to catch it! I dare you. It will quickly sink like the twisted steel of an anchor.

And what's left? The deep abyss and your own eyes gazing back at you.

The Night Ends in Draw

Internal struggles grapple within,
like two gladiators clinging to the hope that murder and conquest
will exalt them.
It's a facade. A ruse.
A clever trick that
the mind plays
to prop up its multiple concocted scenarios as being
arbitrarily opposed.
The truth is: there is no opposition, only composition.
And nobody knows what this mind is composed of.
Not even the mind itself. Paradoxical, surely.
The only solace comes from the high.
The pill,
the needle,
the hit,
the bump,
the sunset,
the glowing screen,
the page of written "epiphanies" and mysteries
that make the mind either ooh and ah or simply shut off.
One way or another, the mind finds a way to declare a winner or,
at the very least, a draw--
so that the match may end.
For that's all that it needs. An ending.

Healing

Spill it spill it spill it!
Open up and spill it until it flows so therapeutic and thick like syrup.
Until it pours it pours it pours out with no remorse.
That's the first step, isn't it?
Eventually the pouring slows to a viscous drizzle of love and hate and clarity and confusion,
and then even that sputters out to a halt.
But what then?
That's when the real healing can begin. Or so I'm told.
That's when you search the world and yourself for the perfect effervescent brew to fill up
with, and take flight.