

The Unkindness.

A sweeping unkindness

a swallowing darkness

rises from the deep

to the crumbling cliffsides.

Raining down rock and clod

to break below

and become

rock and clod

to become cliff again

to fall

to climb

to destroy.

This swallowing circle

hollow scare crows

drooping sun bleached bodies

this is everything you asked for

and more.

Now its here,

and you

don't

want it.

Song of Sisyphus.

running circles

song of Sisyphus

I want to find my nothing,
where is my nowhere?

can I dance between here and nowhere?

Is there a nothingness for me to hide in?

Is this the place I've been looking for?

green skin flaking off of my scalp

where has this doubt sprung from?

is there a well I can plug up?

can I find the place in the earth where the black blood runs from?

can I plug it up with my tongue?

can I plug it up with my fingers?

and let the sludge seep out the sides to be eaten by those behind me

never to see me again

can I drink this blackness?

or burn it on a pyre to favor the gods towards me?

is this my burning church?

I'm going to sit in this burning church until the darkness seeps out my eyes,
until I too turn to ash and dust.

See? Its not such a big deal, just a little bit, everyday.

can I shake this off like dandruff, can I scratch it all away?

make the dark thoughts, swallow themselves

whole.