

the inner rambunctious child that hibernates in me woke up in a cold sweat last night.
it's like that soft girl who could only be tamed by John Coltrane...
simply didn't exist.
only to be consumed by the feeling in my stomach
when the world stops after a leap.
feeling the world beneath my feet,
people like ants between my toes.
looking up to a future that doesn't quite exist yet without this moment.
without this inner rambunctious child putting that soft weeping child to sleep.
with only thumping & laughter to be my lullaby.
the splash of reality & the world continuing again.
like a wave, landing on my stomach.
ending that feeling.
i'm awake again, the soft weeping child.