The Abyss

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the abyss

we have wandered into the small hours of the night, but somewhere along the way, we became me. just me.

me in this dismal 2 am lacks light. lacks feeling lacks sense of sanity lacks mind. on a rooftop, suffocating beneath a sea of thoughts that won’t stop muddling the current. the gravel keeps digging in my skin leaving divots. I was told to look for the stars when it gets dark but they’ve hidden themselves in clouds, refused to be seen. even summer nights grow cold.

this is zero gravity. this is floating in nothing, sinking in everything, the weight of the entire ocean pressing against my skull. this is endless, bottomless silence and I am drowning in my own quench, chapped lips, watching stones sink into the dark black beneath -

there’s a beneath.

in this dejected, oppressive pit of silence, can you see the sea floor? can you make out the ridges of my torment or are those my shadows forming nightmares again, chasing me away again? maybe I should’ve buried those stones in my pockets, used them to build my own hollow grotto, trapped in the nothing between.

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