

Studio One

Volume 45

Article 12

2021

The Abyss

Sarah Neve

College of Saint Benedict/Saint John's University, sneve001@csbsju.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Neve, Sarah (2021) "The Abyss," *Studio One*: Vol. 45, 26.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol45/iss1/12

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.

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.

Sarah Neve
Minnetrissa, MN