falling through

these last few days
I feel myself
skimming the surface
of some monster sadness inside.

sadness about

rejections and betrayals of trust

sadness about

starving through the days without passion or sweetness

sadness about

forgetting what it's like to love and be loved.

I keep trying to avoid it but I can feel it in my body if I pay attention.

it feels like

a big bulge growing in my chest a throbbing pocket of grief that's swelling and getting close to breaking through like a boil under the skin

before it breaks the surface.

when I touch it I see a boy standing all alone in winter on the surface of a frozen lake while below the ice a dark mass rises from the depths

not menacing

not malevolent

but very primitive

with the consciousness of

one of those strange sea creatures that lives in the coldest blackest deepest water

massive blind and silent

it moves up toward the surface

and the ice is getting thin.

nothing frightens me more than feeling my own grief

falling through the ice

into the deep unknown

I always feel like

it's gonna kill me

I always feel like

it's gonna swallow me whole.

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