

II.v: senescence

Bony brown trees shimmer and swagger in the gloomy alabaster light cast off by a swollen sky, the cat annoys me with his incessant commandeering of my lap, and I'm irritable. The typical recoil, born in part from the dissonance between society and I. A mental malaise washes over me like a junkie's first-hit rush, the chemical imbalance smothers my dreams, my hopes, my love and despair, the mental fabric of my mind ripped apart, the tatters flapping wildly in the psychotic wind.

A sullen grey sky, stratus clouds gushing baleful rain down on my car, on slate, cracked concrete, on my soul. Though it'll cleanse the car of its dust, though it'll erase the grease and oil that blot the chill of the ashen-colored cement, the pounding rain won't have any chance of diluting or flushing the anguish that suffocates my soul. I doubt anything will, save her falling into my arms, laughing, rosy lips pursed and waiting, arms wrapped around my head, tits and belly and thighs all pushed up close to my own body, conducting heat, giving warmth, firing life.

Dull greys and browns, an austere coldness, a cough, a headache, the skeleton trees of winter shaking forlornly in the icy winter breeze, lit up in a caustic diamond light that seethes and stinks of decay and death. It all seems too achingly appropriate.

Shades of dull metal swirl in my head amidst others of color, depth, meaning. An emptiness of space and time commingle with sere fields encircled by verdant conifers, stoned in frost, so numb and yet so real to the touch. Mountains, towering mountains contrast with the uniformity of mind imposed by the constant beaming of the same fucking four walls. Time rolls on impervious, of course, toward a destination that currently is pointed toward obscurity and wasted potential.

Uniformity of space, of time, of mind, of action, gives rise to vulnerability.

Patterns and influences repeat themselves in different forms, shapes, structures that only come into focus when sitting at the very fucking bottom of a deep black hole.

I'm pretty close to being there.