

0128

to be myself.

my every emotion, inner feeling,

each rip of my heartstrings

folding in a tight knot around my wrists.

to be myself is to be bound,

sacrificed at an altar constructed of my own bones

prying the source of my existence out of the dark cavity

imprisoned between my ribcage, blood spilling from the seam like dark rubies.

every star, a simple handhold

as i climb to the edge of the universe,

writhing as the Sun bites down on my Achilles,

and i crumble once again.

i have become Sisyphus,

pushing the impossible task

of immortality up my own spine,

using each rib as a stair step.

pomegranate dreams twine themselves

over the planes of my mind,

dragging summer evenings and bloodied winters

over the lines of my palms.

my fingernails scrape the *World Beyond*,

and I shrink back.

What is this feeling?

Is it nothing?

No—it's *everything*.

Every ligament, every fiber of my being

constricted and torn apart and sewn together

in an instant as the entire course of *everything*—

Not life, not death, not birth or decay

but every simple or complex thing to ever happen, or that is happening

at that moment, or that will happen comes collapsing in on my mind,

crashing through the ridges of my brain

like waves against a sandbar of corpses.

This is what it is to seep inside* of my mind.

Nothing, but everything.

Oh so much, and oh, too little.

Beauty and love and hate and violence

all collide in an orchestra of

bright colors and honking cars

and dull monotones and steady rain.

This is what it is to be myself.

Madeleine Lukovsky

0128 (*oh-one-two-eight*)