

## Cinnabar Island

### Free Throw

I can't stop staring at my fridge  
I know I need to eat but I'll be full with indecision  
At the end of the night  
Not like I have an appetite anyway  
It is what it is  
Why is our existence anchored down by contradiction?  
At the bat of an eye  
Needing food has now become  
An existential crisis

My stomach is writhing  
The questions arising  
Without any answers  
I'm losing track of time

Turn the lights off  
Lay down  
Deep breath  
And imagine...

Sounds of the ocean  
Sand on your feet  
The crashing of waves  
Revel in simplicity  
Of a body of water  
How much life it keeps  
What's left that is unknown  
In the depths of the sea?

Oh shit  
Oh fuck  
Oh no

God damn it, here we go again  
The realization of my petty insignificance  
It's really setting in  
Just how small that I really am

Descending and diving  
The oxygen depriving  
Feeling of pressure  
At the lowest, darkest point of the ocean floor

If maybe I just swim  
Kick as hard as I can  
With the current  
The undertow won't drag me down  
I can see the rays of light  
Reflecting down above me  
Just within my reach  
Is the breath that I need  
I breach the surface  
And swim to shore  
I'm feeling weak  
My body's sore

Wake up to sounds of the ocean

Face down on the beach  
Exhausted and broken  
With sand in my teeth  
How the fuck did I get here?  
I just needed to eat!  
Now I'm in my own bed  
I must have fallen asleep

When I turned the lights off  
And laid down  
Stem the tide of my thoughts  
Slow my brain down

Slow. My. Brain. Down.