

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.