

No Big Bang

Priests

I once had a conversation with someone
He talked to me of those twilight hours
Those times when your mind's on fire
When you can't sleep because the creative and analytical possibilities
before you are endless
He said those are the times he wants to write
I understood him but I was also flabbergasted
I couldn't comprehend his unabashed enthusiasm
It was as if he didn't know the other side of that
The other side I find to be so intrinsically attached to those moments
when your mind becomes a rocket

No words
No big bang
No big bang
No big bang
No
Big
Bang

I get the exhilaration but when you look down and see the sheer stupidity
of the roller coaster just staring you in the face as blank and
inescapable as the slab of concrete below
Just waiting to catch you, to crush you, your falling body, your skull
All of the sudden all of the science and evolution and progress
I mean sure, it looks good from a distance but when you're really inside
of it you realize it's fucking terrifying
The inexorable pull of "progress," when your mind keeps running along
the same narrow tract of logic for what feels like forever and the
developments are horrible and gruesome and haunting and your mind won't
stop and they're there
And you can't un-see them
How could one not be scared of that?

No crash
No big bang
No big bang
No big bang
No
Big
Bang

Oh, I know those times
Those times when your mind is a rocket propelling you through space
so fast but it can flip all at once
Suddenly I realize the rocket is just a prison
A small contained space with no real food, no companionship, no time
passing, no gravity
Just the weight of my own insignificance, my foolishness, and my hubris
is thrust into the glaring light that is the sun but much, much closer
than it was before, and all I want is to die

Not so much die as to be undone, to go back and undo it all
Make all of me as if it never happened in the first place

No birth

No big bang

No big bang

No big bang

No

Big

Bang