

Something mine

Silence.

No, there was something before
lights, people, color
life

It's gone.

Bed sheets rustle gently
Sliding against the subtle cavities of skin
Friction, warmth
Sting of day

The tight ball that use
to be my consciousness is lost.

Exploded,
just vast shattered remnants.

Cloud of dust splits making two
then more
and more.

What was it before?
I try to remember
but the pictures float further
Just one hand, one grip
Failure.

It's gone
I know what it was

Life.

It disappeared lying in the morning sun
cuts across my eyes
I debate closing them
decide against it

I feel nothing as realization hits
No point.
Future is everything
Yet holds nothing but vacant space.

Check the clock: 20 minutes
legs won't move, arms heavy
If it was 25 minutes I'd be better
just 22 minutes,
21?
yes, that would be better

Routine, mindless
What I lost makes it worse

Though,
what I had wasn't real
maybe it was, but it wasn't mine
I traded
Traded for something less
something
bleaker,
routine

Something mine.