

The Search for a Light in an Abyss

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In an abyss.
An endless void.
When one stares down,
the abyss glares back.
Inside the dark are
unending days
and sleepless nights.
The cramped walls whisper:
"This is where you are,
This is where you will be,
This is where you belong".

Attempting to live
in a void lacking purpose
feels as if
pushing a rock
up an impossibly steep hill.

or

in a tunnel with light behind you,
there will be light ahead of you,
it is too dark to see from where you are
yet its faded warmth presses against your skin
you must walk a path, the direction doesn't matter.
If the heat fades, pick a new destination
there is no guarantee of light
but darkness is assured if you remain.

Reaching the light
feeling its heat.
I imagined the abyss would burn away,
cowering.
But it only receded
into the back of my mind.
The void scares me.
It is my sleepless nights,
and endless days.
Shivering in the dark, forgetting warmth.
I don't wish to return, but I know I will.

Like Sisyphus, pushing his boulder
I trudge along, struggling against despair.
but, eventually, akin to the stone
I roll back into the abyss.
Yet each time I enter,
the glow grows brighter,
burns hotter
and the boulder becomes lighter