

The Unknown.

The void is not as lonely as one thinks,

The world is quiet.

So down the world falls.

Below my feet, stuck here

unable to escape this bottomless void.

Sacred of the unknown.

I turn my gaze up towards what would be the serene skies.

But all I discover is a seemingly endless blue.

Clouds dusted along it like someone dipped a paintbrush in indigo ink and dabbed it along a vacant canvas.

And like the world is upside down, water washes over head. Flooding the sky like a big briny blue ocean.

Empty ocean.

Endless ocean.

Hopeless ocean.

Whales swim overhead like humongous skyscrapers,
rising.

Engulfing me.

Empowering me.

Enabling me to swim in this sea of hope.

Warm waves of courage wash against my skin.

Am I finally free from this nightmare?

I feel as if I'm going up and up. Closer to light.

Wisps and willows of doubt try to stop me.

Sucking up my desires like a drought.

Yearning to be free.

But I prove pristine and ready for my destiny. I have been through it all. Come out on the other side.

Got a trophy for my troubles. But it meant nothing.

Because am I really free?

Light is now all I see,

I feel free like one of those whales leading me to safety.

Now I can see again, up in the clouds. Seeing another small human being, on the ground, waiting for something....

The unknown.