

COLD EMBRACE

Sydney Young

When I dive, I splash, I concave,
I trust the water to catch me, but to let me fall at the same time.
In unison we catch, we fall, we break, we slow,
we freeze, we no longer can breathe.
I cry to the sound of nothing,
but nobody can hear or see.
The water surrounds,
drenching my face,
It falls but where?
Stagnant.
I wish you could taste the salt,
know now how I feel,
to fall with me,
by wetness or by warmth.
I can't feel my heart any longer,
I want you to have it,
and do so as you please.
I trust you,
you are mine,
but the reality is;
you own me,

control me,
able to crush me in a moment.
A single splash,
a single drop,
a single breeze of air from your lips.
I am still,
and I want you to take control.
Move my ground beneath my souls.
It shifts, I walk.
The break in light has gone foggy,
I am blind.
the light starts to grow,
—gone it is darkened,
blank slate.
I forgot what it is to see colour,
a shape, a texture?
I feel and I see none.
What I once knew by sight I now know by sound,
I indulge,
a peace I could never experience with sight,
I am not distracted, just present.