

In Vastness I Transfigure

And Hell Followed With

Nothing in life could prepare me for such unendingness.
The cadence of my heart began to swell as I beheld what no man
had ever before.
A simplistic procedure now the bane of my entirety.
From sternum to pelvis, the incision cleaves the sky above the
silent tomes within.
And my eyes beheld such vastness that I had never know before.
This madness thus made flesh beneath me stretches beyond compre-
hension.
"Do these mortal eyes deceive?" I question as I kneel before et-
ernity.
By what hands and through what means was this monstrosity, this
endlessness entombed beneath the flesh of a man?
This index of untold dimensions and length containing every mom-
ent and thought of not only he, but of we the entire race.
Our very existence cataloged like fables in paper and ink.
Can such a word callous hearts such as it now shall mine foreve-
r?
Existence?
If we feeble things can call it such.
Enveloped in shadow, my heart in disarray, I descend through en-
dlessness within.
My very purpose now in question for I remain so small amidst th-
eir glory (the stars).
The edge of the scalpel caresses my throat, a means to an end i-
n fear of all I have known.
I have now only the screams of my former physical self.
The sound of its suffering comforts me for it is all I know in
this infinite darkness.