

Prospect #1

Many days and fewer nights so I'm told.
I've lost my time years ago so I'm told.
The explaining. The whispered words.
This will be the hardest part so I'm told.
I wish my mind would work unfold.
The explaining. The whispered words.
The front doors opened to the look of death.
Will this make sense?
Will this be comforting at all?
The questions dive in day and and night.
Nothing we can do. Nothing I can do.
Twists and turns must be answered.
I hit land so it seems.
The dirt chokes up my legs strong air then shoots down my throat.
Sensory overload in an instant of sense.
Charting through the old water that I pushed away to drown.
Into another.
To find and be found.
This is what I've set out to do.
Where is this door?

Prospect #2

The constant movement of my eyes.
I can feel but I can't open the lids.
The back of my skin is scarred, torn and broken.
A reflection of what I've seen.
(What have I become?)
They let these people recreate.
Maybe I should have ended it all. Too late?
Moving forward is a must.
Dig deep.
Commence sleep inside sleep.
Silence.

(An out of focus picture brings up a familiar scenario.
Three people fill the room.
There seems to be a fourth, but very small.
We are speaking about some sort of mission.
My mouth won't stop moving... talking way too much.
Even through the blur I can feel their stares.
This one sided discussion seems to be about what I am preventing.
Is this a sign?
Too late I've said it before.
The people then disappear.
I look about and the western sky seems to be red alone.
I can smell burning flesh scorched life.
I turn around and the face of death stares so grim that the lids finally open)

I'm close, very close. But something isn't right.
A horrifying realization is swept over me.

Home. The empty space of home.
All I've known is gone. All I've loved is lost.
Silence.