

Sleepwalkers

Vulture Industries

In a grey haze I find myself crawling upwards on cold rock shelves. Knees scratched and bleeding, my mind a blur. On a path, but I don't know to where. On my way I pass many folks heading up, down, some as inert bulks, some come shambling in jerky streams like sleepwalkers in a jittery dream.

As I reach further up the winding stairs, I sense gradual shifts in the air. It gets more cumbersome to breathe and climb and the fog thickens over a shrouded mind. The passing shapes now seem to notice me more as something alien, something deplored. As something dangerous, their faces tell, I'm a vile creature, an image of hell.

Countless shapes lift my body from the floor, drags me off in wonder as to what I have in store, will I soon be squandered? Like a match burnt out, like a twisted nail.. Like bad cloth torn asunder, yanked away with force as thread was wrong.

I was expelled from the dream; ushered into oblivion. Cast into the bowels of the great beyond, into the unseen, slowly devoured by the void, that dreadful endless sea.