

Shattering Patterns

POEM BY ANNETTE CASHATT

Falling through a glittering tapestry of all the lightest music in
the world

falling
falling
falling

The glitter flakes away. Heaviness soaks through my skin, infects
my blood, straight to my heart, all is black

dark
dark
dark

This is not who I am, not what I'm meant to be. How could I be--?

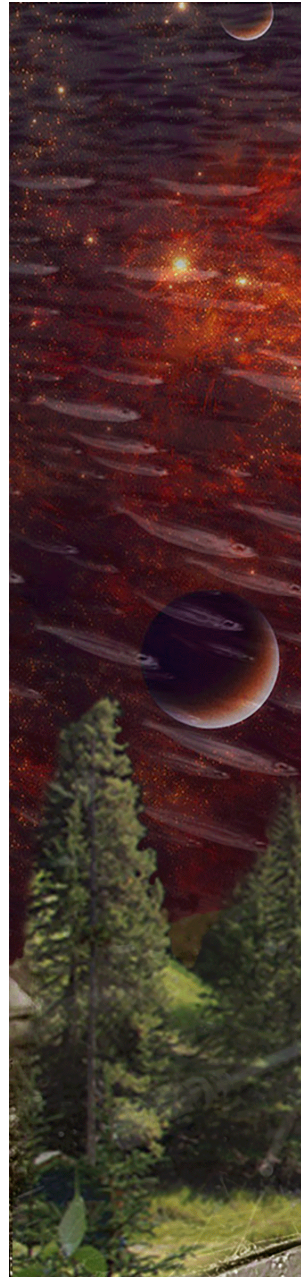
running
running
running

It's bitter tasting, cold, who took the light?

searching
searching
searching

This was never what I meant to happen. Why do I ask so many
questions when I have the answers? How can I ever be lost when
I create the path?

create
the
path





Spaceman
Adam Mcloch