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in the dark

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in the complete absence of light

where colors go to fade away

and where breathing never completely calms

there's an inhale... yes, and a pause...

then... afterwards, nothing

the beat is twisted here

it flows like pollution

oozing up from an upside-down sky

its drips, madness

and drops, decay

and we always laugh here

here...

... in the dark

eyelids move with the sound of a snail on thin plastic

almost stuck and never still

bent reality at it's will

but it's not all bad

sometimes it's raining

it... eases in...

and then

we stay so very silent

and we pray

make it... make it go...

... away

we're always smiling here

laughing

but it doesn't factor in

not in here...

in the so-so dark
we're unseen here

crudely painted
contours only

'tis all we ever need

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