

PERDITION

"I've seen it," She admits, " Though,
I'm not sure what I've found,
I've been so deep below,
It's hard to breathe — let alone see,
Ocular vision stings from sudden light,
It's bright and pulls on my sight.

I can't go back up — I know that,
I have made my bed with demons,
I've lain asleep — no visual snow,
Would ever let me know, the warmth,
A fleeting fleeing in this layer,
One that I've dug in so deep."

Her eyes cast downward, she frowns,
"The qualia — you see,
It's a hard thing to retrace,
A mote of emotion filled with remorse,
My ego — If I ever go back up.
If I ever get to leave this damned place...

I'll be a beacon to those lost—
Purgatory claims a-many who enter,
If I can find it in the darkness,
So, to can they." Her smile was like rays —
Hopeful, and maybe a little warm.