

Life, Post-Supernova

**Trying**

**empty**

**a pitch darkness**

**it pulls itself through the whistling of the wind**

**Invent falling, so you can**

**wish for wings as bright as silver stuns, as sharp as a thousand surgeon's scalpels, to pull light  
pin-pricks into the void and draw sparkle out of nothingness, to end the emptiness by filling it  
with constellations, as beautiful a notion as was ever breathed all silver-misted into the cool**

**but find that wings have not been made**

**and darkness consumes you**

**Forget falling.**

**Forget everything.**



***Trying Again***

No one has what it takes.

Until one day, they do.

there is

as always

another one to replace

The many who have filled the pit with their voices

but the void is still hungry

And will take another ticket holder down so low that the bottom of the barrel looks kind

no one has what it

takes

I'm so hungry.

And this world has never looked so sharp and delicate

so sugar coated.

and never have I felt more strong

with teeth enough

for all the world to fit inside.

Experts agree:

The void is falling, and fast. At nearly one-hundred and twenty miles an hour, that deposit of nothingness so named "the void" is more of an accumulation of decent than a proper lack-of-substance. The question is, where is it falling to?



***And Again***

it made you cry  
the first time  
you skinned your knee

(but now you do it on purpose)

“So you can feel again,”

Your words;  
Forced down your throat by an oh so familiar hand

Let's play  
diagnose the freak

(but you do lash out at other people)

And it's okay  
because you're a harsh person  
and they can't tell you to not be who you are  
so you yell at your parents  
so you yell at you teacher  
so you yell at your boss  
so you yell at the cashier at the mini-mart where you grab an energy drink before leaving  
town for twenty days.

(not even you know where you go)

(All you remember, when the paramedics find you, covered in blood, with three teeth missing  
and half of a twenty dollar bill in your pocket, is the cool feeling of falling from the inside out,  
and being in control. The memory makes you smile just like you did when you were three, and  
you got marshmallow swirl ice-cream and it dripped onto the fresh spiderman bandaid on your  
knee.)

Really?

Because that's not what the police records say.

Honestly,  
Doctor,  
I feel better than I've felt in years.  
But ravenously hungry.

(starving)



***Try, Try Again***

I didn't think that I would try  
trying doesn't happen to me  
I just had nothing better to do

because giving doesn't happen to me  
pain happens to me  
taking happens to me

And every moment I resisted  
and I don't think that I shattered completely  
because I could still taste the energy drink  
that I hate but it's the only thing that keeps me awake-  
-anymore

and I saw that number 23  
Exploded  
Casting numbers 24-46 into a shining film of golden light  
Filling the darkness with a momentary blinding light so pure and good  
That I almost cried  
But he fell dim instantly  
He s

h  
a  
t  
t  
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r  
e  
d

never hit the ground

So I spat into the void.

That's what happened:

And no one here will believe it.

I think it saved my life.

I just didn't let it get to me.

So I got to it first.

And it didn't feel like falling into the void

Even when my eyes were telling me that was what happened

It was like the void was falling into me.

Two twin decks, the new being shuffled into the old.

Natural.

It made a lot of sense, what happened afterward. The void is still here, even if you can't see it. I

think no one will fall into it, though, anymore.

Oh, I'm still falling. I'll always be falling. No one can ever rescue me.

Definitely not you.

But number 23 tastes like cinnamon candy.

(and I'm so hungry)

Do you have a stick of gum?

Do you people even have gum here?

Thanks.

So yeah, I dealt with your problem.

And your crazy backwards-magic-tollbooth-world is good and done with me, right?

Can my statue be right over here?

Okay.

No, I don't normally do this.

Yeah, that spitting thing. That's my official statement.

Do I get any money for this?

Great.

So that's it, then.  
Back to the beginning?

