

## To Achieve Control

It will take the sound of water lapping ashore,  
sitting braced against the knocking shoulders of the tide.  
It's a fortuitous embrace, and the force of it  
suffuses saltwater and I am certain  
that I've glimpsed this new moment of old,  
perhaps in a different life cycle.  
There's never been a more familiar sound than the breaking of waves.

I hang inverted over a ledge with one foot tapping the rock.  
Preparing to fling into the void  
things that were never, in the first place, mine to covet:  
emotions, a compulsion to seek trouble.  
My chief comfort in the deep blue sadness threatens to keep me tied to familiar pains.  
I strain my eyes as I predict the future with my own sabotages.  
It medicates my desire for control, a throbbing and ugly infection.

I crave the familiar fear of the obscure,  
assembly of things that don't make any sense.  
Patience is a virtue that only exists when convenient, but someday...  
I will square my shoulders to the idea of a tight monotony  
laid in front of me in uniformed squares. And I will not budge.

But will I be brave enough to seek a brighter purview  
if I am so partial to the undertones drawn sunless beneath the surface?