

The heavy dawn returns.
It shakes me loose,
drags the daylight in.

I rise inside this hazy room,
still stitching sight to sense.
Each blink reveals a mosaic.
I drift, misaligned.

The floor around me shimmers faint—
reflections sharp and small.
Metallic fragments cast their shapes
across the shadowed wall.

The light does not relent.
I turn away.
It waits.

—

My feet sink into cold routine
with no intent to run.

Beyond the pane, the wreckage gleams—
too far for hands to mend.
A broken piece for every dream.

—

I kneel, still breathing shards of light.
The room tilts sideways.
My hands grip the blame.

My fingers shake; the cracks appear.
I trace them to the edge.

—

You left me on the highest shelf,
too close to where I lean.

The ringing builds inside my head.
My pulse outruns me.

—

My thoughts fall like acid rain.
Time thins.

Every what-if arms the dark
I live inside.

Your voice vibrates through the glass,
slips through each splintered crack,
then disappears.

The mirror laughs.

—
But sound bows to silence,
settles into place.
A hollow calm claims the space.

The room closes in.
I sink into the stillness.

—
Beneath the floor that powders to ash
lie graves for every fall.
Silvered streaks of drying paint
drip down the ghost-lined walls.

Absence folds around my face—
a touch I've come to know.
On my tongue, the bitter taste
of salt I can't control.

—
The ringing fades.
That brink hangs open.
I rub my eyes from dizzy heights.

Nothing answers back.

I stand to leave,
my tears finding ground.
I empty my hands.

—
Night stretches long.
I search for ways to drown you out,
still drowning in my mind.

Gravity—that faithful thief—
claims what light can't save.