

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.