

god was crying at the bottom of a well

--look at the sky, it's like the Ocean--
Kazuki Tomokawa

--our pillows side by side
the heartlessness of my dreams
the moon sets in the west
a winter's midnight--
Akamine Oyakata

in the blackness of this room there's only me and clicking keys & you sleeping fitfully in this bed
we share but we no longer sleep at the same time, always exchanging hours, handing off dreams
rather than sharing them, & when i pull you close to feel your warmth surge through me you roll
over & when i wake you're gone & when i sleep you're plotting an escape in the dreams i can't
see through the blackness surrounding & confounding

&

&

all a mistake made too soon & too fast & too often

there are nights alone with you i fear this was

to be alone with you

lonely touch

scorch'd memories

i want to scar the blue sky
 crack it open & drink
 turn it black paint it Deathly
i seem to be wandering naked at the bottom of a long season underground
 crouched in a ball at the bottom of this well
 i see a light
 it's not inside it's all around
 i hear an echo
 but it's not mine
 i hear the face of god muffled
 by a throat clogged with dirt
 by a thousand miles of ocean
 a waterfall trapped in this well
 dry & useless but i'm lying
just to keep you here hearing
 don't ever let me go
 just never let me go
 there is a light
 i saw it in the well
 the face of a god wailing
 surrounding me in caustic cries eternal

the sky so close behind your head
these were our days
leave the streets and buildings behind
find a cabin past rivers over mountains at forgotten forests named nothing
we'll drown
together
in a lake
the way you always dreamt
an ocean fell in love
with a stone me
your hair spreads weightless
deep beneath the surface
distorted sky
warbled sunlight swallowed
by our water
& in the blackness as we fall
deeper into madness
to love Deathly
your face smiles
bubbles flying
becoming birds singing
rising to the ocean of sky
swollen
take my hand as darkness holds us
& breathe no more

we screamed for Death & dying so long but i never wanted to be a star in the ocean of the sky
asunder

i wanted to show you that living is so much more than waiting
that life is its own reward

it's like holding a ghost
my chest full of sound
 of light
when i step outside
 away from pavement
 from concrete & brick
dying grass claws at my feet
& i fall back
 autumnal winds blown wintry through me
 insects sleep & die & won't find me here
but the earth rolls over
 hiding the sun
 blooming moons in the sky
 a thousand stars blossoming in that ocean staring down
 & i had nothing to say to eternity
 no rhymes or songs
but sky breathed into me
so far away just beyond fingertips
a ball of white fell
 i opened my mouth & took it inside
 replacing my heart with bright & light
 mountains in my head
i closed my eyes & dreamt of that godface in the well of the suicidal days drowning underwater
& when i opened my eyes the moon still shown against the blushing sunrise tasting of autumn
apples freshly fallen but when i tried to speak the light came out as a fruit unseen & unknown
dropping into my hands but not burning
 held aloft
 glass
 i pulled the universe from the stars
& it was glass
 i stayed
 in that field of greygrass holding my star
 but then it rained & blotted out sun
blotted out sky
 & then light rising from my hands back to the sky
i swallowed a star
 & felt what gods feel when they know they can't drown
 no matter how deep down the well goes
 because life is not a fight
 it's a song
 a dance
it's like holding a ghost

when i sit in a tree i don't feel at home or at ease
i feel earth & sun & wind
i hear everything that ever sounded
every echo every touch
& i open my eyes to reality's tapestry
painted eternally
& i become a feather
carried by mothwings
dust & light
life

it was god at the bottom of the well
crying alone
i cupped its face & it told me to smile more often
to walk lighter
to breathe easy
because the gods weep for us
& our sadness
we give you so much
the crying god said
& i held it
promised this god in the well that i'd live better
if only it promised to shed less tears
for our brokenness