

Losing Self

With eyes shut tight against the powerful sun, she lies back in the sand, though is somewhat surprised at the willingness of the grains to rearrange under her body. It's a comforting feeling; it's a familiar feeling. She's been here before. Sometimes in reality; sometimes in dreams.

Stretched out on her back at the edge of the world where the solid earth abruptly melts into liquid, she's free to think. But she can't. Thoughts no longer form. Physically the location is not new; spiritually it is.

Her days here as a young girl were invaluable. Then, she need only lie back, open her mind, and let the thoughts and feelings flow. A gentle offshore salt-filled breeze quickly carried away the worst moments life could produce.

Things have changed. She's no longer a little girl. Gentle winds are now powerless to carry away the feelings of despair and emptiness she carries with her as a constant reminder that her abandoned soul is slowly dying.

A deep, dark, nameless, aching hole of dimensionless proportion has expanded inside her taking with it the hopes and dreams that used to flourish in the previously fertile garden.

She's stuck. She's drained. Time has raced. Time has stopped. Numbness envelops her. Her body tingles. She doesn't trust. She doesn't trust herself. She feels empty and powerless. She relinquished her power to someone else. Her boundaries are blurred. She can no longer feel the distinct separation between her self and the external world.

Her tightly closed eyes no longer able to hold back the welling tears, she sits up with her face in her hands, shaking. Jaw clenched tight. Ribs constricted. Her muscles brace against a consuming rage she's powerless to understand. Her skin is etched with lines of tension and time.

She's afraid to turn around. She's afraid to look at the sand. She's terrified there will be no imprint. There is an imprint. She does exist. It's not too late. Maybe the garden will grow again. It's up to her.