

SILENCE



I'm one man.

I hurt.

Mostly, I'm joyful.

Age crept up on me – threatening me with the unknown.

I have lost my voice.

I can't speak.

I swallow my emotions, my fears, my uncertainty.

I need to become an island.

I need to find the door on the right.

I don't want to type the following words.

I feel alone.

Age says I should be able to support a family.

I am not sure how much longer I can support myself.

I need to swallow my feelings.

I can't react.

I can't be weak.

I can't make a mistake.

I can't be scared.

I can't fail.

I can't even wish people I've known for a long time: Happy Birthday. Seriously.

How is that a thing?

I write.

And then I write more.

There is no guarantee it will amount to anything.

I won't stop.

I can't stop.

I need to walk.

I need not think.

But really, I must think.

I am breaking.

I won't break.

I love tomorrow too much.

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I know at the end of whatever the bleep this is – lay better.

Lay next.

Lay a happy day.

I'm one man.

Scared.