

Genesis

The heavens open

And I am

falling, falling,

Air rushing around me.

I hit the ground hard,

But am off running,

A dark stain in my wake

on parched earth.

Tracking on near-invisible paths,

a barely perceptible indentation,

The scent of damp earth claustrophobic

as I burrow, seeking escape,

Deeper, squeezing my body into a crevice

sucking in, then bursting out

Into a tunnel.

No light has ever penetrated here

The air is heavy, metallic.

I skid and slide on slickened rock with gathering speed

downwards

Until I bounce, gently, painlessly, against a stone wall.

I stop. And hear the sound building,

The soft murmur

of a thousand, a million, a billion others

Like me. Collective voices rushing towards me

building

crescendoing

to a deafening roar

Then halted.

We sit,

patient, impatient

As solid surface gently dissolves under our tears,

And sighing, dissipates

like breath exhaled.

We slowly carve our way forwards.

Dark nothingness tentatively reaches creeping fingers,

Finding its way through new space

born in the wake of our infiltration.

Capitulating to a primordial pull,

I slip away, separate,

dancing with gravity.

A tinkle sounds

barely audible as I drop quietly,

Come to rest in a cool pool

Embraced in a liquid grave

deep in the limestone's newly-hollowed heart.

The end of my journey,

But a genesis nonetheless.