

This Sadness

By Glenn Currier

This sadness weighs heavy
its tentacles reach into my body
suck my energy
into its darkness.

My breath
shallow, tentative, halting
unsure of the way through
this thick and stuporous fog.

I fall into it
reluctant
fearing its pain
but knowing
its creeping tendrils
will find me
wherever I go

to escape.

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Written 5,21-12*