It’s a night where the light of the moon smears into the sky’s black canvas like the muddy waters of a painters brush.

*-Dreary greens, stone-gray blues, an off-white sandy gold*

It’s a night with crisp air, not cool enough to awaken the skin and liven the hairs on an arm, and not warm like an embrace from the universe.

*-Just biting enough to make one alert of the vastness of the earth, the darkness of life in this moment, and the irrational fear of disappearing.*

*-Unsettling. Anxious. Air.*

Are you the only person that can feel the earth rotating beneath your unsure soles? Moving so quickly you might spiral off?

         Out of this world.

*-What is there to hold on to?*

*-What is there to trust?*

*-Where is there to go?*

It’s an empty night with pacing,rushing, taunting air.

*-Should you run?*

*-Can you run?*

Not on a night when the earth spins.

Silence pulses into your ears and pores, solidifying your blood vessels, stiffening your muscles. A mute tongue and a racing heart.

A mind as murky as moonlight.

*-Breathe*

*-What else can you do?*

*-Breathe*

Dark Crisp Empty Night

*-Can I stay here?*

*-Is this home?*