Specular Reflection

Between the Buried and Me

[Prospect #1]A twisted crash... vibrations forming my personal currency.
A lifeline... a sweatbox, the linear mind as one.
Who would have thought?
This distant face...
Distant life... never before seen.
Deep sleep in deep sea. Nerves torn from their ends.It has been three nights and still the puzzle is cut by a shaky hand.
Carved out of improper materials... imperfect directions.
A crushing sound soon awakes. Where am I?
The taste of sand wipes away the grime of my past life...
The life I fled... the grip I loosened.
It has all caused an even pressure. The kind they show us on our screens.
I've become what I've force fed my entire life... a drifter's dream... a loner's mind.
Wanting what they have... their perfect smiles and heartless lusts.On night four they come back.
Awaking a new life. Over and over... like I've been there before.
Living and breathing, but still choking.
A mirror stares back. I contort like the wheels in my head...
Still nothing happens. Please wake up.[Prospect #2]I open my eyes to the smell of morning skin.
The soft touch of your hair.
Your breathe I breathe in.The reality chases and catches up on actual alertness.
Im awake... a daydream... alone. Silence.
This is the last few years rolled into one instance.
I need something new.I jerk back in and out of a daydream self.
A backwards day... water surrounds.
A cool breeze wrapping its smell around my skin.
The mid day siren awakes what was a false idea of sleep.
Daydream society. Walking past what we used to see.Beginning again.
(The runners come to a halt. The air seems half full)
Walking into a certain state of suffocation.
Confusion surrounds... day after day.
The questions I face... the dealings I deal.
Do I complete me? Do I complete humanity?
This day will determine it all.[Prospects #1 and #2]Mirror stares back again. I contort like the wheels in my head...
Still nothing happens. Please wake up.
Please wake me up.

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