Still Here (orientated)

Joseph Kerschbaum

My sight has evacuated,
Fleeing from the sterile white light shining down onto my supposed corpse,
This was not what was supposed to be,
I am not supposed to be here now,
But I've arrived.
Or have I returned?

For a few select moments, the world was the womb and I was safely standing outside with a scalpel.
That black take of death before birth, birth before death coated me, I was warm,
I was gone.

My throat feels like an auto accident,
My teeth are open nerves and my skin is a forest burning down.

The doctors keep talking.
I'm not understanding anything.
The flesh I tried to leave behind hunted me down,
And pulled me out of the Lost and Found.

Lyrics submitted by Sarah K.

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