Skew

Not One Is Upright

I've never been this far from home and it seems I've covered my tracks. The lines they're blurring fast when time grabs hold and doesn't let go. Monotony, this lifelong shore leave.
We never speak. I'm at a loss for words. Seemingly bound to the earth by roots strong as anchors, they beckon to me and insist I not leave. "Home" is where your heart will stay.
Listen here. You'd make me property, a furnishing deep inside your house and I would never leave because I'm not that strong, but my strength is not dependent on my will or my condition, it's the blood for blood salvation that is constantly fleeing my mind. I see the light at the end of the tunnel and desperately, frantically pull myself away from the blackness that spills from the depths of my past but frantically, desperately all I can find is the grey.

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