

The Call of the Void

That sensation,
standing at the edge of a cliff,
or a tall building,
inches from high-speed traffic,
glancing down a deep hole,
that feeling to just step forward,
and take your life.

It' s not wishful thinking,
or some kind of suicidal impulse.

It' s the other side.

It' s calling to you,
seducing you,
tempting you,
to find out,
just what exists,
beyond the beyond.

You just want to see what happens,
you must see what' s on the other side.

A part of you thinks you' re going to do it.

Maybe you will,
nothing' s for sure.

But there' s a force out there,
and it calls to you,
and you only,
screaming your name,
reaching for your hand,
wanting so badly to pull you down,
and show you what there is to feel,
in that cold state of emptiness.

It lends false promise,
with the art of persuasion.

It asks you to roll the dice,
but you' d never do it,
and you know that.

But the tongue of the void,
it speaks all languages.

Consequently,
it speaks your language.

It hears your mind,
it penetrates your thoughts,
and with each thought,
its tongue sharpens,
looking for that sweet spot,
the one you call will.

So while you' re one small step from death,
death is two ahead of you,
and you best not stray,
from your mind or your heart.

For the edge of the cliff,
the edge of the roof,
the edge of reality,
beyond where the void resides,
this is where you die.

It' s tethered to the underground,
ascending under rule.

The rule of perdition,
the hot fist of it' s Son,
the one to see your soul,
and raise you two,
at the price of one,
small,
step.

That' s the call.

The call of the void.

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