

sometimes
you think about demons
and other things that start with d

shadows and blurs
of everything
and nothing

fluid as memory
fluid as time

they scare you
because
they come without reason

into your stomach
into your hands

you try to remember a life without them
but there's no bridge back
to that place in your mind

you wonder if anything ever was real
how you became this you-but-not-you

you know you should know
you know it should matter

but there's no bridge back
from this place in your mind

you can't even remember the sun on your face
can't even remember
the sun