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Ode To Serta

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Ode To Serta

Cover Page Footnote

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Ode To Serta
-Michael Cornelius

Staring up into
an inky abyss -

wading, lying
in an open
shallow grave -

wanting to go
not out
but deeper,
down in the dirt -

to feel the
embrace of
my mother
as I remember
nothing else -

but not being
allowed to go,
the weight of
a thousand
crystal demons keeps
me here -

they haunt me;
torment me;
tease me;
indulge me
but never let me
do what I want
rest -

moaning,
cursing,
thrashing,
kinetic thinking;
praying for
a savior
wanting all to
cease -

knowing it will
not
when I ask for it;
it will
only
when I stop asking
for it;
come only when
I no longer speak -

pity me,
pity us,
we are the damned,
we are the chosen,
we are the
unfortunate
souls
who
never rest,
never cease,
never sleep -

we are the
wakeful,
always vigilant,
allowing the
demons of
our lives
to creep not
into our dreams
but into
our thoughts
themselves -

doomed
for all night
to be tormented;
unceasing,
until Morpheus
our brother
at last
takes us in
his arms
and breathes
the life

out of us -

the more we want the less we get what we need

