

## The reverse approach of things

To bare my eyes to the inconceivable  
To inhale and exhale persisting peace  
To blink and swallow and still detect only serenity  
no invisible shackles hooking me to my bed  
all ailing snugly shelved  
To lie, unmoving, to not sway the soothing silence  
To haunt sweet nothingness forever  
Basking in confounded senses  
While my innards contract with joy  
To float away on this cloud of bliss  
To stand and dance with eager limbs  
To feel  
To glow  
To *live*  
At last

...

Yes  
This is still me  
Do I dare move  
Will my bountiful bubble burst  
the agony return  
Do I have the strenght to believe  
No  
Better not hazard it  
and embrace  
this wistful balm  
while it lasts