

My Involvement in an Adolescent Subsidence,

As Told in Vowels

By C.C. James

A

I crawl after midnight.

I arch my back and knuckle my hands.

With the spirit and fluidity of a feline behind me.

I inhale the garments, with my eyes wide open in the bottomless dark.

I listen intently to the night's silence,

Before creeping to my next scent.

I am glad I hear no noise, this is not for human eyes.

I show my incisors to the cat and hiss.

I tongue my paw and touch my ear.

The cat hides while I drink her water.

She knows to submit.

So long as the family sleep, I am free to roam...

E

My sleeve is damp and crumpled

My face is burning sore.

Pink wall.

Yellow wall.

Blue wall.

Fall.

I

The world is still.

Nothing moves, not even light.

Fabric hangs loose and motionless.

My limbs have dropped in silence.

Nothing moves.

Tears sit just behind my eyes.

Occasionally, threatening to push under and out.

But mostly they just well inside my head.

The future wells inside my head.

The past wells inside my head.

The morning wells the most.

The harsh words used are now so definite.

Words well.

But the water sits still.

Not even the wet of my eye moves.

O

When I come back, I want to come back as the rain.

I want to soar through the air.

And gather in corners blown by breeze.

I want the calm of no power of thought,

And I want the peace of no power of sound.

I want to drift and swirl and roar and drip.

I want to fly high above the land and pass without a care or grip.

I want my hackles to rise in a winter storm.

Then I want to disappear in the summer morn.

U

In a magical twilight of baby blue and orange I find peace.

Lights on matching colours of the sky,

Clouds rested in suspenseful peace.

The trees black in the distance,

Dotted around ready for bed.

The light gently resting on one in particular.

Every colour of the spectrum except thankfully red.

I found my moment of antiseptic peace.