

There isn't anything to say  
There aren't any words to tell you what it's like  
No images either  
But I'm reiterating  
how I've said it, how other people think it feels

It's hearing every voice in the room at once  
and yet only hearing garbled gibberish  
It's taking a step and watching the walls expand  
in their largeness, the space they take up  
It's looking at you through a filter  
of *something*, something too *real* to describe  
Like being stripped of every protective skin you have  
and being bared to the world as it is  
It's sitting perfectly still,  
and almost losing feeling in my limbs  
Like the strings that move me, govern me  
are barely even there  
It's floating off the ground  
even when I'm holding tight to the table  
And when I close my eyes  
I am tetherless in the worst way  
I am untied  
I am unbound  
I am undone

And so I'll sing the nothing endless  
within the confines of my glass skull  
all alone

I'm sorry I was staring with dead eyes at the wall  
as I tried to focus in on your conversation  
(A single real voice helps)  
I'm sorry I didn't speak to you this morning  
and we drifted apart without another word  
I hope your day is going a little better than mine,  
that you don't have a pit in your stomach  
and a lump in your throat  
and a mind somewhere far away from here

God, I'm sorry  
I love you

- Elle

To EON