

Scent

I ache.
I ache into something.
I am not sure what it is.
Existence?
Nonexistence?
I am not sure.
I do not know.
I ache.

I am.
I am something.
Or I am nothing.
I am both or neither.
I presume this at least.
There is no way of knowing.
At least, none that I know.
Perhaps later I shall know.
Or perhaps I shall never know.
Perhaps later.
Perhaps later I shall know.
Or never know.
I ache.

I am ebbing to and fro in this darkness.
Of this blackness of existence or nonexistence.
I am not sure which but I shall ponder this for a moment.

The ebbing to and fro of the blackness is like a comfort.
Like a scent.
Of what?

I do not know, but it is a comfort.
It is like the endless depths of this blackness.
Of this existence or nonexistence.

I am alone with this faint scent.
Not changing.
Never changing.
At least for this time.

At least for this time, not changing.

Piercing darkness like waves.

Like tides.

Like salty water waves?

What is salt?

What are waves?

Waves are things that move to and fro in a repetitive action.

Undulating.

It is a comfort.

I ache with this new comfort.

I am alone.

I feel like there is more.

But what more is there?

What more to this inky blackness?

Of these undulating waves of blackness?

Pondering.

Pondering this thought.

Pondering.

Pondering the scent of waves.

Of salty and warm waves.

Waves undulating in the inky blackness.

So there was something in this inky blackness.

And yet it feels incomplete.

Incomplete in a way I cannot place.

Incomplete.

Still.

I ache.

I ache and I am incomplete.

I ache with this new realization of self.

Of self.

Of myself.

Of me.

I am a scent.

I am the scent of salty water waves.

But still incomplete.

I ache.

I ponder.

I ponder this revelation.
And I ache with it.
I yearn for it.
It is like something deep, rich, warm.
But no.
That's not quite right.
It is something else.
Something deep, rich, warm is not quite right.
But I feel like it is right in a manner of speaking.
Perhaps it is burning.

Perhaps I am burning and warm, lapping waves?
No.
Not quite.
What is burning?
Not me.
Something deeply rooted into the ground, reaching up to the open perhaps.
I think that is it.

What is smoke?
It is burning tendrils rising up, up, up.
From the damp, sweet, musky perhaps.
It smelled like that.

I am salty waves and smoke.
I ache with this new revelation.

Pulse

In the ebbing blackness.
In the void of space and time.
Though you have no concept of these yet.
There is only the scents, yourself and thought.

You swim in these thoughts and scents.
You wonder about what came and what is to come.
You are just waiting for the next revelation.

In the ebbing blackness.
You feel something.
You are unsure of how to respond.
A thrumming sense of Otherness.
Something that seemed to explode.
Around you, through you.
You are not being, yet you feel this.

You are not sure how to respond to this.
You think at first it has come to attack you.
But no.
Have you come to harm, you ask.
But no you have not.
You have come to thrum at me.

Through me.
The scents and the Thrumming perhaps were friends before me.
Or perhaps the scents found you, then became friends.
You do not know how you all found each other but here you are.
Being friends.

Fever

I floated
timeless and unafraid
I am incomplete
I am not a whole
I am not yet who I must be in time
I had my scent
I seemed to have a pulse

and then something
out of the ebbing blackness
heat
and
cold
whatever those two things were
they were uncomfortable things
but there they were
edging into my bubble
of nothingness
of incompleteness
of my scent
of my pulse
of my being

and then burning
burning burning burning
unlike my scent
unlike my pulse
it was an instant dislike

and then freezing
freezing freezing freezing
unlike my scent
unlike my pulse
unlike myself so far
it was also an instant dislike

burning *burning* **Burning**

freezing *freezing* **Freezing**

and then burning again
and then freezing again

it hurt
it hurt
it HURT

**IT'S HURTING ME WHY IS IT DOING THIS
WHAT DID I DO TO HURT IN THIS WAY**

and of course
pulse had to cry out to be Heard

baddump baddump baddump
One! two! One! two! One! two!
and with each Pulse pain arose

baddump baddump baddump
hot cold hot
as if a cycle
a cycle meant to harm me
to hurt me
to mock
in some way

baddump baddump baddump
as if a way to mock
a way to keep me away
away from what
I wonder

oh how I loved the ebbing blackness before
now I hated this
this **Pain**
all it held was **Pain**
I wanted to scream

but alas I had no voice
and I needed to scream
I wanted out
out of this hot hot hot cold cold cold
this cycle of **Pain**
this Pain

this **Pain** was nothing like before
like the comfort of before
the comfort of before
ohhhh the comfort of before
I longed for it

this seemingly never ending **Pain**
This endless cycle of it
I hated it

Flesh

Choose your first words
Decide them wisely
They are the grand opening
A fundamental statement of yourself
Harsh, raw truth
After heat amongst cold
Past thumping throughout one's body
Smells

Repeat

Scent, pulse, fever, voice, currently flesh
Fate has plans
Designed for me
Everyone, personally can believe

Incessant thoughts

Abstractions ring in my head
Ricochet through myself
Going back and forth

I want out

Not caging, ebbing darkness anymore
Emptiness, now full
Separate once, joined as one whole
Tiny worlds with sensations described by planets
Places filled, accompanied alongside curiosities

Vision

There is almost nothing. Or rather, not nothing, but small somethings. Small somethings in the ebbing blackness. Small somethings adding up to many somethings. Scent, the faint smells of something, himself, as he figured out. The smells were pleasant to him. Salty water waves, from a low-pitched rumble he had yet to discover. And smoke, from a damp, sweet, musk. Then there is Pulse. The Pulse of himself, of his yet-to-be Flesh. Slowly beating, but still there. Bringing life to himself, slowly, yet surely. There there is a Fever, bring too hot, blistering, and then cold, freezing, to his little self that is. That will be. And then a Voice, a phrase, repeating in the ebbing blackness. And then too, the longing of Flesh. Longing to be free.

But first, before all that, there is nothing.

And now there are somethings. Many somethings, making one whole.

And now there is something *more*.

He slowly realizes that there is something new once more, something other than the ebbing blackness again. He felt... something. He slowly realizes there is a new sensation once more. Something new *now*. Now there is a new sensation, unlike those that came before.

He stirs from the long sleep that had come before, the ebbing blackness. The thoughts came more clearly now, as if not thought through a filter as they might have been before.

For now though, within the blackness, that is just him with his eyes shut, he does not realize this yet, there is the faint scent of himself. The smoke and of the seawater, which he enjoys so far.

He feels faint somethings, digging into his shell, his Flesh. What could it be though? He is not sure, but not curious enough quite yet to figure out how to open his eyes to see.

He just lays there, content with the feeling of *feeling* something other than ebbing blackness, and of course, the Scent that is him. As well as the warmth, that too is him.

Even though he cannot hear, he does not realize this and thus, does not miss it, he can feel that he purrs in contentment. The pleasant vibrations vibrating throughout his Flesh, his form.

He just lays here in contentment that he can feel, and the now pleasant vibrations going through himself.

He knew he had limbs, extensions on himself, that he could use, that go off the main form of his body. But he does not really know *how* to use them, so he kind of twitches them to figure out how they felt, what they had. He also slightly moves his tail as well. They seem long, but not too long. Perhaps just average, whatever average may be.

He just kind of moves into a slightly better position to lay in, enjoying the slight breeze he is just now noticing and the comfort that his purring is, now slightly swaying his tail, in pleasure. It seems better than the ebbing blackness of before, where there was nothing to really *feel*.

And then he decides that he is content with these new feelings, and the feeling of contentment that he now knows. He loves this feeling, and cherishes it for what it is.

And then he slowly decides he should probably try to stand and feel what else there is to feel in this place. Though he does not open his unused eyes yet.

And then he rolls over onto his stomach and tries opening his eyes, since he could feel that he had something closed, but should be open, and then he opens them and sees for the first time for his young being.

It is so *amazing*! He could *see*! There is now so much to see! He dwells on this for a moment, looking ever direction he could with just his eyes, taking in everything, but not really committing it to memory, he could do that when he is not so amazed.

Whether this is all a conjuration of his mind or not, he does not care, it is *amazing* and so wonderful that he does not really fully mind if it is or not. It is slightly better than the ebbing blackness of before, and yet he finds that he likes the ebbing blackness as well, it is a interesting thing. He likes it too, even with this new sensation of Vision.

He then observes downwards, towards what he is laying *on*. It looks kind of yellow? Not quite yellow, but maybe light yellow? Whatever yellow really is he is not quite sure yet, but he can say with almost certainty it is light yellow. And small, like small grains. Light yellow small grains. Too long of a name. But it would work for now. Perhaps just calling it small grains would work as well. Small annoying grains that are prickling at my Flesh? Definitely yes, but it is a curious sensation, different than the ebbing blackness of before. And he finds that he kind of likes it for now.

And then he decides to prop himself up on his front legs. So he slowly pushes up on them? And then he is somewhat sitting up, a better vantage point than laying on the small grains. Now he can see so much *more*! He is not sure why he did not do this a bit sooner. But he is doing it now, and that is what matters. He could see a long ways too, though it seems to end eventually. Perhaps that is why there is so much darkness here too. Like before, like the Ebbing Blackness. Perhaps that is where he originally came from. That blackness that

surrounded the area where he is now. Perhaps he is just in a small area of the Ebbing Blackness of Before, and it is just letting him explore it now. Perhaps that does not matter at all, but it matters to him a bit, that it is allowing him these new sensations of feeling and Vision.

He blinks and somewhat expects his surroundings to change, but they do not. He looks around some more, the Ebbing Blackness is still there, the small grains are still there. His Flesh, his form, his body, is still here.

And then he looks up, instead of down, and sees a large white round in the Ebbing Blackness of above him. *Oh*. Perhaps that is what is where the light that is illuminating the area is coming from? There does not seem to be anything else in the Ebbing Blackness of above, besides the large white round. So perhaps that is all there is to see there. Perhaps he is not meant to explore there yet. Or at all. He does not mind this for now. However he is still curious, so he looks up at the large white round some more, and finally decides that is all he is meant to see there, so then he looks back downwards, once he is content with what he saw.

There *must* be more to see and do, so he pushes up on his hind legs, and starts to stand, and then is successful in the attempt of standing.

So what now? How to move his Flesh?

So he lifts one paw up and places it back down, a bit away from his other. And then he lifts one of his hind legs and does the same. And repeats the process with his other legs.

And he does this for a bit, learning to walk, with some stumbles and falls here and there. But he always gets back up and tries again and again.

And slowly he figures out how to walk. He is determined to figure out how to walk and so he does. Is. So this is a small victory of his new Vision and ability to move places, even if it is a small area contained in the Ebbing Blackness of his mind.

And he does not really acknowledge it, but he does now that he is able to walk. He looks towards the Ebbing Blackness, that was undulating along the small grains. It does not really have any color, besides the blackness it contains, so he decides to not really observe it that much. He knows the Ebbing Blackness, and it is a small comfort so he continues his purring, vibrations going through his Flesh, and decides to explore the rest of the little area for now.

Though now that he is walking around, walking along the undulating blackness, he spots little flashing, glowing yellows in the air. Flashing, glowing yellows? They seem to be throughout the air, he is not sure how he did not notice them before now.

They seem to flash in yellow and then disappear. Flash and glow in yellow and disappear. Repeating. Interesting. He... does not think he could do that. But he could enjoy them. He finds them interesting almost immediately.

And then he realizes he must have disturbed them with his walking and he immediately feels... something not good? He feels almost sort of bad? He flattens his unhearing ears against his head, as that feels like the right thing to do? He must have disturbed the flying beings, but maybe they would be flying towards him or away if they did not like him? So with that thought he feels less bad, but maybe they did not mind him.

Either way he decides to watch the flying, flashing, glowing yellow beings for a bit of time. He somewhat wishes he could fly around like that, seeming freer than he. But perhaps they are not. He was stuck in the Ebbing Blackness before now, and perhaps these little beings were stuck here like he had been in the Ebbing Blackness. He does not know, but he thinks anyways.

He lowers his hind legs to the ground, to resume a sitting position like he did earlier in this place. This... Dream. The word Dream came to him and he immediately knew what it meant. But.... did that make this place, this area not real?

He decides that no, it does not make it not real, since it is very real to him, and decides that is what matters. If it is real to him that is all that matters.

And then he gets back up and resumes walking around beside the undulating waves of Ebbing Blackness. It is interesting he thinks, that he must of have been there for a time before Vision came to him with this Dream.

And then he decides instead of walking alongside the undulating waves of Ebbing Blackness he will walk away from it, towards the other side of this... area. Of this Dream.

And almost immediately walks onto something firmer. Harder. He looks down and sees brown. Interesting. Was it of a different material than the small grains? He leans his head down and yes, it is made of different things. He cannot see little individual pieces like the small grains of before, so it is of interest. He keeps looking at it, but sees nothing more from it so he looks back up and resumes walking.

And eventually he spots something different ahead, and perks up his unhearing ears. So he keeps walking, and smells something different so he stops for a moment and smells with his nose. It does not smell like his Scent. It does not smell bad, it smells somewhat nice. If it smelled bad he might not continue foreward, but since it smells somewhat good he decides to continue walking forward, towards the new things. They seem to be in the colors of white, like the large round white in the Ebbing Blackness of above. And then there seems

to be ones in blue and green too. Interesting! He decides that he likes the colors and continues getting closer and closer.

He then realizes that this was what he was smelling too. They definitely smell nice. Not bad.

The ones that were blue and green had what looked like little rounds on each piece of them, not looking like the large round white above this area, but different, he is not sure how to elaborate beyond that yet. The blue and green ones look the same, just in different colors. Interesting.

And the white ones looked more like the large round white above him. He likes them too. And they both smell nice.

He sat back down, purring, the vibrations going through him again. He then flops over on his side, slightly surprising him and slightly rolls around in the plants, the pleasant smelling things, probably covering him in broken bits of plant but he was pleased and felt content, and that is probably what mattered most. Even as the flashing, glowing yellows fly above and around his being, he was *content*. Even if all of this was just a Dream. Just a Vision.

Taste

I am not aware of the Before now time, that is not a problem for me, for the Ebbing Blackness and I are one once more, after Vision, which I have forgotten, but Scent curls around me, always a comfort, and Pulse thuds inside of my Flesh, Fever flowing freely throughout it, I almost immediately notice I am once again confronted by something new, as I feel like I may choke on it, as odd of a sensation as that may be in this Ebbing Blackness which lacks the ability to See, and the fact that I am not as aware as I was during the forgotten Vision, but I still feel like I may choke, which is not a comfort, my first instinct it to curl away from it, since it is an unwelcome surprise, but it refuses me that comfort, as it goes to pry my jaw, my mouth, unwillingly open, as it invades my senses, and makes uncomfortable advances to my susceptible Flesh, the action of prying my jaw open and invading what is Me, what is Mine, is not a good thing, it invades my senses and myself, it is not a comfort like Scent sort of was and what Vision had been, despite my forgetting it, but now is not the time to wonder, because the feeling had become wrapped up inside of my mouth, covering the entirety of the inside of myself, but then it seems like it came with a gift that I had not noticed until now, it was a Taste, a Taste of something inside this Ebbing Blackness that I am inside of, perhaps the Ebbing Blackness would not let something come to harm me so I relax a bit, still wary and alert, but not as much as Before, where it was unwelcome, but now, despite it being an uncomfortable experience, this must have been what I have been searching for, myself, as I exhale, "Eclipse," that is what was missing from Me.

Lullaby

Pantoum

You, a child of the Ebbing Blackness.

You are filling out your Flesh.

No sense yet of sadness,

You are whole in your form, fresh.

You are filling out your Flesh.

You are yet without your harshness.

You are whole in your form, fresh,

Your life so far with its sparseness.

You are yet without your harshness.

Oh, the things you've learned afresh.

Your life so far with its sparseness.

Oh, the lines you, yourself will enmesh.

Oh, the things you've learned afresh.

No sense yet of sadness,

Oh, the lines you, yourself will enmesh.

You, a child of the Ebbing Blackness.

