

there shouldn't be a introduction

there is no silence

no.

There is sound.

Whine whine whine

it whurrs

crying

It's the light bulb in the porch light

The moth flies to it, drawn to a power.

Power it cannot wield, cannot contain.

It's the moon in the fresh sky

The people worship it, drawn to its tide

Nothing can stop what's coming,

nothing can stop what has already come.

The gears.

They speak.

They talk,

they live

They run away.

They come crawling back.

worship what has come

worship what has left us

save yourself for the future

or

lose yourself in the past.

I cannot do anything

I cannot move

I can't

We shouldn't

You shouldn't

But you will.

We all have.

Everyone does,

doesn't everyone?

I am not the outlier

I am not the savior

I listen. I learned. I lost.

I am not a former force

I simply am.

You simply are.

it is not real.

it does not exist.

and yet

It lives

It loves

It lost

It shows

It came to your 4th grade talent show.

It was the groom at your wedding.

It was lying next to the pool you swam in.

It was calling your landline

It taught you how to write a letter

It taught you everything you have ever known

It taught you everything you haven't learned,
yet.

It isn't good

It isn't bad.

it simply is.

The way you simply aren't

The way I simply could never be.

It is