

The man looks towards the gray sky,  
Reaching his hand out towards....

Money, connection, hope, help?  
But all he grasps is  
The nothingness...  
And as he holds it tightly  
it starts to squirm...

*The nothingness?*

*what?*

[ A bird flies  
through the murky clouds  
of fog covered sky.

*point or how  
does it fit the  
with the  
nest?*

*want to  
be dead or  
alive?*

...like the lucky worm who just ended  
his journey, caught, squeezed, squirming  
in the bird's grasp yet  
still hopeful  
until motionless ]

*head  
Yasin*  
*/ what this*

The sky's clouds descend and cast  
silvery shadows over the evening's  
steely stillness.

~~The~~ Hollowness echoes to a crescendo, as the  
nothingness stops flailing and  
slowly  
sinks  
through the pores of his palms, digested,  
entering his bloodstream,  
through his veins, lodging in his heart.

*JASH  
7/6/07  
THANKS  
FOR  
YOUR  
HELP*

*fighting  
the  
inevitable*

He fights desperately, his fists  
clutched in rebellion, his shouts  
tearing the now darkened night air.  
Writhing, pouring out his tears.  
Hope? Help...

If only the nothing could leave through  
the eyes ~~ears~~  
the mouth's ~~ey~~.  
If only he could give it form, could  
see  
find  
expel this indefinable it.

*resigned  
to  
nothingness*

The next morning he opens his eyes,  
but no longer feels like crying.  
He no longer feels like fighting against  
the no help, no hope, no thing ness.  
Numb, he no longer cares.

*any for?*



As the sun rises,  
the man is in my shadow,  
yet I am ~~the~~ a  
shadow of the man.

*what this*