

Lust for the Light

I'm at the bottom again, typical,
And I can't see the top.
The spiral path up is slick.
I've lost count of my setbacks.
Always, all the way back down,
Back down to the lightless lake.

My desire to reach the light,
Resilient and predictable,
Will get me climbing again,
Over and over and over,
To achieve relief at the top.

I trusted another one,
Another false acolyte,
An abusive, pseudo-prophet.
A delusion of grandeur.
My eagerness to become dry,
To part with the water from the lake,
Has hazed my foresight,
And blinded me to past wounds.

Countless times I watch others fail
And the despair the path brings.
The hard falls, bruising to the core
Beyond repair are the ones
Who lay motionless in the lake
Why do I strive for such pain?

Fear of being
Forever alone,
At the bottom I pray,
Ironically agnostic,
That some callous deity,
Hopefully, not the one who condemned me
To this cold dark place,
That I may take my final breath
Before I realize, I'll die isolated,
In the lightless lake.

— *Ash McCloud*