

Insomnia

To what depth will i go. Though no man ready has been. No sure nautical mile to tell how far these go. Almost like it means absolutely nothing in finite resolve. And i coil a little bit harder, so that the air for them is hard to muster. I swallow it whole, and can't even digest the molecular substance that is initially opaque in matter. I'm coiling nothingness. Straight-No spiraling into implosion. Here I am. Every time too. Like a ready-bake-stop-watch. Generic in construction, unfathomable taste, and horrible rise. But like the child that made it, you don't want to discourage it's effort, so you delight in surprise.

To much like watching 2001: Space Odyssey's, To Infinity and Beyond with Pink Floyd's Echoes playing in the background. To much like synchronicity. To much like every time I grab some mushrooms, the trip just keeps on going. That's what I missed while I was in a lucid state on the couch w/ the T.V. blaring. . .so far away.

I won't find it again, not till sleep envelopes. The visions surreal. The Ghost of laudanum and absinthe takes the fun out of dreaming in technicolor. It's all the tones of blue-grey and you can still swear the highlights were neon. But. .that's just a passing reminiscence. To far away.

I check the red flashing 4:32am and there's to much left to complete this. Clarities setting in, in all facets and I just toss myself to the left. To the right. It's all clear but just like it happens everytime, I forget the final lapse over into transcendence.

So it's possible. . .