Carrion Comfort

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wrenching from the middle, going outward, tearing from the centre, not expanding, but leaving the centre empty, just leaving it empty, just leaving it, leaving him, leaving it empty

and there's such a thin skin left around now, such a molecule of thickness slick around the nothing nature can't do anything about because it's not there, because there isn't a middle, because just not there and you can't take a hole away, you can't take it

not

ending it. anyway, there's a bit somewhere on the surface (it's all, of course, surface) that firmly believes, he firmly believes that it may get better, he firmly denies that it will get better, it can't keep from bursting, it keeps from bursting, it doesn't burst, he

he

darks; he finds darkness inside, and even that's translation, even just such a fine void. anyway, too late

there was a quickening elevation, one bell, then three, kneeling, empty, but he firmly believes

trans-

itions from this journey to a longer or damper changing, and the inside shows through his eyes; his mouth he keeps shut, but the eyes aren't deep, but not even depth applies, only the rims and then

she crosses to the window, and in between the double panes of glass a fluid drives up and down, the view seen now through clear glass, now through a(n almost membranous) red liquid that shifts with thermal-chivvied shapes and bubbles, now not seen at all because she's closed his eyes; it's a hinged pain he holds now, just fluttering, opening

flies, and falls, and tried to flutter weakly up again

teeth clamped

it's a scent, now; learning about numbers and time, learning about the nighttime, and how he travels then, because you don't have to keep his mouth clamped tight to shield her, what she left or made or

sometimes on his knees, sometimes he kneels and slows down a bit, and just a hint of winter feels his limbs; his outside never wrinkles, pressing outward from the centre they left or made or

young masks in a small nightstorm ("you trying to say something?") but quickening his dark guts, his black guts, his nothing inside, he's nothing inside, just watch the skin billow, just watch the two tears form, dribbling down from cornea to heel on the inside, trickling down, freezing

leaving it empty, just leaving it, the centre, just going out, wrenching from the middle