

Corruption
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I feel everything. I am made of rotted flesh; an open wound stung by salty waves fleeing home, gushing out of their infinite socket, agitated like the downpour forever alive in my conscious/subconscious— dreaming/daydreaming; falling in an everlasting void of peaceful oblivion. (A firework feeling in my stomach; stars erupting from their shells –dying/ a grandiose awakening of my past loves.) I rather die than to be trapped in my own head for another misplaced juncture of a lifetime. Life is precious for a living; only needed while amidst its torrents— when the ocean is ice comes our death; utterly boring, worthless, forgotten. So I am rotting in a pile of skin and bones; the earth embraces me in its rage, in its peace, in its heart aflame, and I am resting in a delightful solitude of permanent nothings. Nothing but the constant buzz of flaming outbursts erupting within its core; reminiscence of past conundrums trapped in mine. Nothing but the dome of a moonless ebony veil stretching beyond the skyline; nude like a retina without a pupil or a soul without a body—both prowling for eternity and never reaching their vital half to make themselves whole. Is it absurd to compare oneself to a moon, a mere planetoid orbiting to a greater deity, forever dependent but never complete? I am not the one standing atop and observing emptiness, helpless and lacking. I am the hole itself; the decaying gap digging in the marrow of bones, in the crater of ribcages, in the molars of jaws, and corrupting vessels whole until teeth limp, limbs sink, skin peels off, over and over and over until nothing. I am nothing. And that is everything.