Hadal Zone

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I sink into the trench abyss of grief
        as whale fall—
too vast for tender human comprehension,
        bringing life to the deep.

In this place, my unravelling is a feast
        for those in need:
to gorge upon memory and devastation,
        to take only

what one must take to survive
        in the dark.
How quiet it is, down here. How empty
        speckled with light

not from stars but within that which lives
        in the direst parts
of existence, places where no man can go
        but by force.

Open your hands.
Take what you need from this carcass
of spirit, and live.

Rise up into the light.