

Live, Die, Repeat.



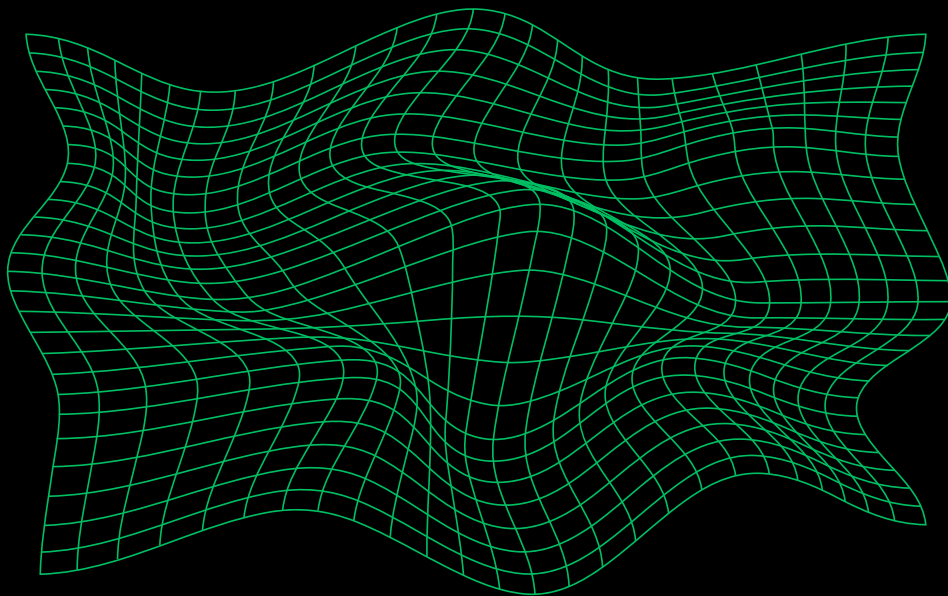
Nadim Sadaka



do you feel it?

that ache when you start over,
surgically remove another limb from that four-limbed clover,
submerge your self in cyan acid and watch as you're renewed,
unaware that this can only do so much to rid you of the pain,
those distant echoes from three carcasses before;
shells of what you used to be,
faded and hollow memories.

is the image of it too much for you to bear?
for I can taste your salted tears,
but beckon for you not to cry,
as you only have a limited supply,
and this vicious cycle has just spun once under our dying sun,



truthfully,
one might say that the worst of you is yet to come.

do you hear it?

that low hypnotic hum that runs through you and
your so-called friends as you dance and drink to forget,
sweat running down your face as a body clings to your waist,
sucking you dry with every flash of a blinding light;
it's cold-blooded murder,
a tearing of your strained fabric,
a multi-act movement of destruction,
but you're too blind to see it.

you're empty and you know it,
you live in joy and disgust
just to die an instant death
and then submit yourself to the chains of resurrection,
only to do it all over again.

you're empty and you know it,
you satisfy all your selfish desires
just to feed your flesh to the flames of roaring fires,
and then submit yourself to the chains of resurrection,
only to do it all over again.

I'm empty and I know it,
I waste each and every breath
to save you from a perpetual death,
but unlike you,
I can't just die to forget.

have I driven a knife into an already-open wound?
for I can see you start to wilt away into a state of silence,
but ask that you continue to do so;
your words are being watched by those who have no reason to,
and they will be picked apart.
after all,
each of you is a product.

how does one fight it?
the desire to be reborn.
you don't seem to have that strength,
the idea of another chance at another life
is like pure ecstasy to you,
and so you live each version in delusion and danger,
sleeping in confusion and falling into the arms of strangers,
sinking deeper and deeper into a void without an end.

you see your self as infinite,
a being that can exist without consequence,
as the moment that now-foreign feelings
of guilt and grief infect you,
you start over,
cleanse your self and look back towards the grey,
nothing more than just a concept you refuse to comprehend,
but you're naive to the fact that there will never be a version
of yourself that exists without the others.