

Path of the Abyss

Grief is waking from a horrific dream to find yourself looking at darkness.
You're frightened that you're still inside the nightmare or confronting a new terror.
You stand motionless, unsure you can move,
every *fiber* of your being wanting to scream
but afraid of what monsters may arouse.
Your footing seems perilous; so you stand.
One breath in, one breath out. Time has no anchor.

Ever slowly, awareness awakens, and you find you are standing on the edge of an abyss,
an unfathomably *deep*, black, foreboding – and somewhat enticing – abyss.
There is a sense of life in the far, far distance,
but you cannot turn from the darkness.
So you stand. One breath in, one breath out.
You cautiously cry for help, and for a moment, someone stands with you.
And then you're alone again with the void.
One breath in, one breath out.
A bird briefly catches your attention as it flies overhead.
Mindlessly, you take one step back from the edge.
But the darkness calls and again you're transfixed.
Days, hours, months run together.
You are alive, but not living.
The abyss consumes your concentration.
One breath in, one breath out.

In short bursts of bravery, you dare to glance around.
Life travels closer as you stand still.
Without thought, you swing around to see life bursting in front of you,
loud and in full color.
In horror, you quickly turn back to the void, senses overwhelmed.
One breath in, one breath out.
Again, you cry for help, and someone stands beside you offering guidance away from the precipice.
But there is an odd comfort in the quiet and uncertain moments of self, staring into nothingness,
and the world you hear around you is *loud* and untamed.
Days, hours, months.

Though the place you stand and the darkness before you are familiar,
the voice of life enters your stillness and beckons.
Guides appear without calling, extending their hand.
Tentatively, you take short steps of exploration,
and the abyss seduces you back again and again;
but its hold loosens.
Steps turn to paths, which turn to meanderings.
You discover flowers, and forests, and laughter.
Over *eons*, you are transformed.
You uncover mysteries and adventures.
Life is bright and loud and sometimes untamed,
and when it closes in around you, you turn to the abyss for comfort and release.
One breath in, one breath out.