**Lone**

Navila Nahid

There’s a space

between

the pull of the gut

and

the sweat of the soul,

where the chatter

of futile static

squats

to wreak havoc.

It mewls

and ganders

in the shadows

and sun,

waiting to resume

its blood-cry

in the dead

of night.

It reverberates

within,

devouring:

every breath,

every thought,

every inch of my being,

with a moment

of the future,

a hollow horizon

as infinity rises

and I stand

*severed*

from all.

*It whispers*

*softly,*

*incessantly,*

*waiting patiently,*

*conquering everything.*