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Untitled

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BARRETT EMERICK}{UNTITLED

*To look upon the thing was to know It,
and in doing so I was terrified, for It was undeniable,
unchangeable,
It was.*

*For It was reality and
that made It everywhere
and in everything.*

*It was inescapable and to run from it was simply to forestall being overcome
It was immeasurable and to judge It was to fool your senses into fearful belief
It was full and brimming and thick with lung-filling
heart-stopping
mind-numbing
confidence in Its certain and ever sure path toward finality.*

*Unquestionable and full of bitter caffeinated wind,
It shocks you into consciousness and forces you to look.
It is passion embodied
It is truth personified
It is as bright and sweet and acidic as a fully ripened orange.*

*Like the smoke from an ancient pipe
or the words of an eternal storyteller
It winds forward like a road
cutting through countryside; sometimes fragrant, sometimes barren.*

*And on that road travels possibility
and probability
and potential.*

*And on that road there are bumps
and there are brambles
and there are beasts that will tear and bite and impede.*

*And yet the road travels onward ever onward
and there is no choice whether to follow or not.*

JASON GACCIONE}{UNTITLED

