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## Edgeway Road

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*Edgeway Road // Maria Psarakis*

A certain kind of blindness put its hooks in my head one evening  
so I couldn't see how empty my hours were.

Their strict contours seemed suddenly diffuse,  
the edges wet and ragged like a chewed pear.

I looked up to the incandescent face of a clock in its tower  
and mistook it for the late spring moon.

That evening all I could do was walk.

First, in the park,

searching for a bench that I had once

lain alongside

when the gravitational pull between

my ribcage and Earth's core became overwhelming.

A pointless hunt – I could never see it again,

for the same reason that it is impossible to find the trees

grown from peach pits you once spat to the ground.

Then,

to the fields, as attractive and unbearable

as arrogance,

tangled acres of yellow flowers and Saxon bones

and lacewing flies churning overhead.

Hidden there are hollow things,

a ring of pebbles I stepped inside because I didn't fear

the sensation of pouring hydrochloric acid on my palm – the cold

watery burn of dissolution.

There is no more becoming lost, there is only becoming

and losing and losing what you become.

I must walk until I understand this, until I am able to  
break open my jaw and devour it fully,  
and for that I still cannot rest.  
So I continued, that evening,  
past the park and fields and motorway,  
drifting forward to one day meet the radiant grey ocean and  
make my peace with the periphery.