

ink.

the air around me stretches wide,
a vast, unyielding balloon,
it grips my chest, it steals my breath,
i flail beneath its tune.

i clutch the wisps of air i find,
but it snatches life from my hands;
the atmosphere, a thief unseen,
sows chaos where it stands.

my vision swims in blurred despair,
tears threaten, yet they stall—
i see the sadness, cold and sharp,
but cannot feel it all.
for though i glimpse the ache, the pain,
its burning truths evade,
my tears are ink, dark artistry,
a storm my soul has made.

not brine, but shadows spill from me,
a black and heavy tide,
swirling, drowning, beautiful,
but stealing me inside.
this vacant stream, this sodden sap,
it clogs and blinds my sight,
a maddened, seething tempest
that consumes both day and night.

my reason frays, my tether snaps,
i'm pressed against the ground,
some force unseen compels this weight,
its source i've never found.
each time it strikes, my chances fade,
my will begins to sink,
and helplessly, i drown once more
within this sea of ink.

the ink devours, a hungry beast,
its appetite untamed,
and i am left without a voice,
my pleas unheard, unnamed.
no path to freedom, no escape,
no echo of my shout—
my screams are swallowed, lost to voids
that blot my courage out.

i whisper to the shadowed skies,
a prayer for light, for care,
but silence greets my fading voice,
and hope dissolves to air.
the ink has gummed my voice away,
no cries are left to send,
my early calls, so fierce, now still—
a quiet, bitter end.

so answer me this riddle plain,
and let your thoughts unfold:
if a tree should fall, yet none should hear,
does silence mark its soul?
if swallowed whole by endless ink,
does art redeem its fate?
for here, i've penned my soul in lines—
a poem born too late.