

Loud

You feel loud right now.

Reverberating around my trains of thought.

Distracting, dissecting and disturbing the flow of my intentions:

Relating, working, continuing on;

The floor just seems unsure-

My footing less stable than a week ago.

What changed?

I can't quite grasp,

Whilst disordered eating consumes mind and light and life.

Irony rumbling around,

Like the echoes denied within my abdomen.

I will discover the floor once more,

I know.

But for now, I'm treading water.

Or perhaps; the water treads through me?

A well worn route by now.

Tidal, maybe.

Waves crashing, cresting and crushing.

Their crescendo overwhelming,

And yet-

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Cleansing also.

For I must use these waters to rediscover the bank.

Because I can only grow by passing through;

And sitting with you.

And listening.

Yes, you're loud right now.

Do you need something?