

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“Darkness in the tunnel” (5/26/18)

I suppose I was dead,
or perhaps so close to its proximity
that I was wrapped around it spooning fervently
with a smile on my face

and how did I get here you may ask,
it’s so simple-simplicity, with death as a
proowler, it can happen to anyone.
having a good time,
festivities, of alcoholic orgies
music and static, what a celebration
faded and tips, I get too excited
like the shaking of a rattle from a snake
fading real low, like the world was mine
walking on the moon, traffic lights and a dark street
it’s night out and I’m spreading my wings,
gliding into blackness
it’s all dark, and nothing
and if you were to ask me about the afterlife
I’d say, life after death
it’s like a television set