

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“Light at the Tunnel” (5/23/18)

White...the whitest of the white

So white it is bright

Squinting my eyes the way one adjusts to light after a long bare look
at the sun

I am here, I can't see myself

Any part of me for that matter

I am transparent, with only floating eyes that are the only part
Of me that are solid

The pendulum is swinging

I'm seeing quick flashes of memories of the past, present, and
Of the future in the many possible ways it could be.

Those are called parallel universes

I see my son as he is a boy at 4 years old, long hair, and wild

With a roar one would say is a lion's

I see him as a baby and I see him all grown up

I see him as a teen and as a man

It's so white in this tunnel

There's my brother with me at the donut shop

Playing arcades, King of Fighters

He is walking, and there he is in his chair
I even see him the way he'd be, without that chair
And just look at him run again, so fast
And it's so bright in here, and the grass is that much greener
Swings and slides from the parks in the projects
And I see the wheel from the Wilhall
I hear these laughs,
So funny, I recognize the humor

I think I make out a sweet piano melody
In the background.
The tranquility is overwhelming
I am awestruck
And I feel ecstasy
People claim of seeing a white light at the end of a tunnel near life and death

I didn't walk towards the white light at the end of the tunnel
I'm seeing my life flash before my eyes
The light at the tunnel.