

Muffled

by Adam Sifre

There was a spring, filled with cool water and warm days.

Gentle

rains

that

made

me smile,

storms

that

made

me ache,

Winds that made

me free.

Right there in the middle of everything,
for no reason at all, there was this hole.

I remember thinking:

"it's just a small thing.

No big deal."

Then I found myself at the bottom. It wasn't deep. Not at first.
Plenty of sunlight streamed in overhead and I heard running
water;
and birds.

It was colder than I liked, but there were patches of warmth.

It wasn't so bad.
a little sad,
but not bad

Sometimes the hole felt deeper
was deeper.

The sun didn't shine those days. It was damp.

Still, there were kisses and nice dinners and drinks and casual
friends, With a few nights of real heat.

I would smile then, glad to be out, believing I was out.

But always there was a false patch of ground up somewhere ahead,
between me and my stream.

No matter how lightly I stepped, how hard I tried,
I'd find it and with clumsy feet I'd break the pie thin crust

tumbling
 back
 into
 the hole.

At times I understood.

It was always there. Always the same.

I had been in it hundreds of times before, and it was never a big
deal.

Stumbled, fell, jumped, sank.

Always temporary. Always finding my way back.

But the people. The ones I

Needed to extend friendly hands,

secure me with loving embrace;

warm me with sweet words;

and restore me with the small acts of kindness.

They had gone.

Faded.

Left.

Leaving only false images.

So for now, I am alone in the dark.

And it's cold. And I'm sad.

A little scared.

But there is a warmth in me as well.

A spark. Something beautiful.

Something I don't always see, but others may.

Somehow there are always others that see.

And they will come.

They will come with their own dark places

And we will help each other climb out into the heat.

We will bathe in the springs and find things

forgotten and lost and familiar

in each other.

