

My Insides Are Made Of Water

by Glen Binger

I am the ocean. My soulless organs live in all of its motionless movement. I am the low. The high. The in between. I am nothing. Back and forth, I simply float along: existing, rising, and then falling into a life that can be considered one big decision left undecided. I pass out every night thinking about why I'm so much smarter asleep than when awake. And every morning I wake up into a different tedious emotion to aid the creamer that's in my coffee. My life is everlasting. My soul is dead. And my heart is water. I float with the tide and drown with the under privileged fish born without gills. Day in and day out, I run through the motions; constantly swimming through the murky haze naturally dubbed 'the work week.' There is no Friday. I see through it; I always have. The ocean doesn't have vacations, sick days or three-day-weekends. Waves break the shore no matter what. They don't stop. I just want to stop. The only thing that keeps me moving are the empty organs inside my carcass. The ocean is dreary and so am I. My skin is empty. I'm not the only one. We are all soulless and we are all sad.

