**Carbon 14**

Struggling in the black pit
I am not alone
All the animals wail and moan
I scream against inertia
Black words in my mouth
One second stretches as a dream
An eternity tested by carbon 14
Those who fight sink in even deeper
Other float upon the tepid surface
Death is stagnation; I shall cease to act
I shall lie face down in a pool of black
Scavengers waiting for an easy meal
Fly caught in tree sap
Death is stagnation; I shall cease to act
The Blood that pours so easily
Just as easily shall congeal
Insects feed upon my head
A wasp is caged, restless
Behind the socket of my eye
I feel his wings vibrate against my mind
Struggling in the dark abyss
a negative space, the light amiss
Polyphemus fossilized
Fossil eyes — I cannot see
I sink into my dream.

Words by Lynnette Shelley
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