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## A Morbid Place

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# A MORBID PACE

jay huskins

Slowly. Scared in the liminality.  
It will happen, though not soon.  
Not for another hour or so,  
though an hour's so vague  
sans a clock for company,  
sans any man for company.

Counting breaths,  
try to make them slow.  
But the inhales quiver in chops  
as unsure lungs fidget in their box.

Not yet now, but soon it will be soon.  
Just another length of the night.  
Possibilities and improbabilities,  
make the meanings fall into doubt.  
While aching eyes scour  
hour by hour  
trying to figure it out.

It may have been longer than it might seem,  
though the end may be no closer.  
Yet every rapid beat of the anxious heart,  
marks a new moment, closer than the last.  
If only imperceptibly so.

If only time raced like the mind  
for "if only's" come too fast.  
And seconds, so gradual,  
everything's trapped in the past.  
The space no better.  
The breaths no calmer.  
And despite such fastidious focus,  
the abstract remains no clearer.

And so it goes on, indefinitely  
inevitably closer to-- the end.