

# Spiderwebs

**By Its\_2\_am\_and\_Im\_Still\_Writing**

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*So, to get over some recent drama, I wrote this at about 2 in the morning, and I rather liked it, so....  
enjoy?*

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**Chapter 1 - Spiderwebs**

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# 1 - Spiderwebs

4/18/06 Spiderwebs

I'm lying in my bed, it's getting close to tomorrow, but I could care less, sleep is for healing and dreaming, and I feel like doing neither right now. In my world now everything is reduced to shades of gray, except for the neon blue pool of light from this monitor, and what little color there is bleached out and paled. All of this fits well for me, for once the environment matches my mood, tired and shaking and restless. A spider-web of streamers is falling from the ceiling, I imagine, in a fevered way, it falling and me being lost, trapped in it, so that maybe time will stop. I turn over again, feeling like a mountain, a coal-mine, stripped and full of tunnels and weak spots. I remember, falling asleep in your arms, unaware and happy, terrified and at home, then waking to an empty bed. Even now, the level of aloneness and sinking has never rivaled that. I should have known, should have seen the intention in your eyes, in your step, if I had ever cared to look close enough.

Once I dreamt there was an ocean, and then I believed it gone, imagined a closeness, a connection, a knowing... now it's all gray waves, cresting on the shore and the looming beauty and horror of a never ending horizon, stretching out, pushing down and making itself irreversibly known, obvious. I never thought I'd kicking at the walls of green tile, wanting to scream but not wishing to wake the whole world, so instead falling and staying there until the impression of little 2x2 squares had left their marks on my skin. I let the water fall over me, feeling the rivers flowing from my fingers and finding their way to the drain. I felt like a mountain, being worn away into nothing, maybe to be a canyon in the next million years, feeling like just a collection of parts. The sum of my parts. It's funny, I couldn't write about love and how you looked one sleep-deprived morning as a train provided a soundtrack and we were existing, but now there are words for pain and the feel of green tile under my skin. Now, the words run, prompted by an afternoon, tearful call to my mother, three time zones away who listened to the inevitable and fed me with the words she felt would heal me over, like coarse bread. Words, brought on and given life to every spoken one that I don't say when my heart and my brain and my voice won't play nice and I'm stuck gasping and pacing, using magnetic refrigerator poetry to proclaim that I do not Worship beauty, whatever that means.

It's funny how the world persistently goes on, with or without my help, whether I'm suffering from the vertigo of it all or not. It's funny how little I knew you, when I felt like I could recreate you, in memories, in dreams and in the stories I tell myself about us. It's funny how when your told to look and to see, when your eyes are open and red, how hard it is trying not to see, just to roll over again and go back to sleep.

When I wake tomorrow, I will be new again, trying to breathe and to walk and learning to speak again, struggling and falling, and succeeding and running. I will be new again in the day's light,

**in the morning's strained light I will face it all again, life with some extra scar tissue, still red and raw, wanting to be healed.**

**Tonight though, another sleepless, dreaming night, my reflection in my window proving that I still exist, the stillness outside uninterrupted except for the sound of distant traffic heading into the city. Here in my little room, the sound of typing, of thinking, of bleeding into these words, the sound of healing starting and the sound of a piano, providing a setting for the fall of these spider-webs.**