

BLACK HOLE

Somewhere along the line, I turned inward.
The sun no longer shone – rather, it shone on me.
And the more I looked, the less I saw.

Ideas – the very fuel which feeds life’s engines – dried up.
I knew less.
Spoke less.
Wrote less.
Did less.
Thought less.

Intellectual life shrunk.
Then spiritual.
Then emotional.
And I became smaller.
Increasingly smaller.
Like a celestial body
 Caving in on itself,
 Eventually,
 Becoming a black hole,
 From which nothing,
 In proximity,
 Ever escapes.