

*Misanthropic Daydream*

I used to think

I hated people

I used to think a lot of things before

the sky opened up and swallowed everything beautiful

And placed it behind panes of glass

Each passing second heavy and swollen from an eternity of nothing

Collecting like sap on my brow

Memories of swimming through crowds

A part of a greater whole

Sitting on a park bench with a stranger I will never see again

And just sharing in our beautiful calamity

No words spoken but nothing left unsaid

That was being human

The ghost that sits in my chair murmurs

Now I am something else

I fear it is something worse.

This quiet has deafened me

My heart has grown sickly and pale

And inside my head is a poltergeist.

Yet

I can hear the humming of machine hearts behind wooden doors

They yearn as I yearn

To know and to be known

To once again walk the grand avenue of our collective fate

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I hated people.