

In this economy

I don't want to have a body anymore.
No nerves spreading themselves out
like fire, no brain burning hot
with too many thoughts. I want no more
of that heavy limb feeling
that weighs me down,
that ties me to this bed
and holds me in place.

My existence has become a delicate
and careful balancing act, always sending
me to fall to one side or another,
always having me climb up to try again.

I'm tired and I'm in need.
In need of being nothing.
Feeling nothing.
Existing nowhere.
Not like an erasure,
but a pause.
A moment to take a breath.

In the end it is all very simple.
I just don't want to anything,
the missing word here is intentional.
But I have come to learn
that wanting nothing is apparently
too much to ask for
in this economy.