

RIPTIDE BY MATTHEW WINCHESTER SMITH

Disheveled lost amongst shadows.
In darkness and the tyranny of the sea I ramble.
Immersed in the grand finally of a heroically tragic drug induced musical.
Deep within my roots, in between cracks and below it all lurches a zombie-like shape
shifting shell of myself.
Crippled by fear and the unknown
cannibalizing thoughts infect the unconsciousness.
Realities glitch in a cataclysmic ceremony.
Efficient with its objective
devastating in its wake.
Souls are irreversibly eroded from years of inevitability and years of scumming to its
reanimation.

I have lost my marbles during Never Never Lands Last Supper trance, impaired, and
indebted to a malevolent snake charmers demonic sort of aquatic Lully-bye.
Spiraling through its bottomless rabbit hole,
crushed by the impervious iceberg of sobriety's ice age.

Glaring at flagrant track marks of my identity,
riptide banishes me to the black waters torture rack.
Lifeless along side the irreparable, breaking bad on Jericho Road.

Internalizing the greatest fear, dead is the man who doesn't jump on take off.

As I reach for and summon angels to face the light within my venial sins
a tidal wave of Biblical consequence mobilizes.
Relinquishing my body to a labyrinth of open water and its unrelenting creatures. Thrown
into an epic and vast nothingness of a constructed nightmare.
My soul extradited, sucked even deeper to a beyond place, a place that the physical can not
go.
Into a dictatorship new dimensions of darkness, even beyond this black hole and the
Hefflumps and Woosels of my waking life.

The ritual begins, riptide executes the exorcism.
To purge then cleanse my soul of the unspeakable self destruction friendship, and my last
true link to evil.
Thrashing, convulsing, touched by a higher power... the expulsion of that link is complete.

A water logger cork of a body is conveyed to the sanctity of shore.
Inner workings of self and the good left behind are herald at the speed of light,
back to the vessel that burdens by Fibonacci sequence.
Herald to an unobtainable future that has now become the present.

Various eyes burst open with light and air rushes into by lungs for the first time, thrust into
a reality divorced from my life vehicle driven by fear.
To feel the Earth beneath my feet and the peace that comes with a journey complete, I know
I am home.
Never to forget who I am today is through my penitence of you and to you.
Empowered to proudly move on in spite of you.