

Drop by Drop

by Mehmet Kerem Türkcan

Drop by drop, that's how life slips away.

Things that are not anything anymore continue to happen, devouring days of our misery, forcing us to stare at the ever-open gaze of the fixed sun. We prison ourselves in sinking caves, staring at the rain that wastes what is left of our noble hearts. Our hollow souls, filled with remnants of the past, come to greet our arrogance, continuing to haunt us in these rotten graves. They say our presumptions foretold our eternal fall, and yet, nobody knows how or why.

What is light and what is darkness? Both are one and the same, once you get used to our reality, without colors and without others. None of us are ready to accept death; we give everything to live, but they say it is not lives that we live. Perhaps we are not needed anymore, perhaps we aren't really anything anymore. How do we feel pain then; why do we strive to exist? They say it is because of the nature of the things. But nature does not exist anymore. We have prevailed; we are nature.

Hate, fear, despair; they were the last to fall. The consequences were as expected. The surface of our world is plague and hopelessness. Below is Above, as Above is Below, and both are the lands of the tortured. Shadeless dreams talked to us once, explaining their rules and expectations. But we no longer even see them; perhaps only a tranquil soul can find them. They believe Dreams have died within the gardens, their wooden walls covered with the dark gray of the forgotten red. I disagree; I wish to believe that they just got angry and left. But there is hope in anger, an anger that feeds and shakes and eventually rips the earth out, forever changing the course of the things to come. I strive for hope.

Shall we confess to the mortality of the mind? Should we accept the bargain, and into our lifeless vessels return? But how can Death promise radiance, his cloak black, his face that of a liar's, his eyes after a mad queen in a game of chess? "Beneath the dome the tormented should stay." He had said – or was it the Dream that begged for this obedience? It does not matter to anyone anymore, it seems – Dream is Death, and Death is our silent scream. We are afraid of the rain; we do not want it to end - we want emptiness to cover the frameless Skies.

Are they cold yet? The frail bodies we have abandoned during this pale battle for power and justice – has time passed for them too? But why does it matter and why should it matter, when there are more important things to consider to thrive to survive...