

*Quicksand*

it is as though  
I am in quicksand  
and the harder  
I fight  
the faster  
I sink

although  
this sand is not in some  
far off jungle  
but at home-  
in my heart

I am wading  
in my own self pity  
and my own grand  
disillusion  
as if it were  
quicksand

and when I try to  
cup my heart in my palm  
it crumbles like  
dried  
    crystalline  
        mud

Then I see  
a pretty girl on the street  
and she has thrown me  
a rope to help pull me  
out of that sand  
but I can never get a strong  
enough grip

and each time  
I fall back  
I fall a little deeper

it is up to my mouth now  
and I fear

if I don't do something  
I will be taken over completely

but I will not die  
only remain

like some kind  
of statue

the sculptor  
forever dooming his  
figurine  
by perfecting  
a grimace