

## **Return to Everything**

I stand alone, dense mist surrounds me.  
moisture tickles the silk of my skin, like  
water against an umbrella, but  
instead of blocking, I embrace it.

the mist slides away, forming an igloo of mourning dew.  
blankets of color drape over my shoulders and brush the marble floor,  
like leaves of a weeping willow in a roman courtyard.

I should be alarmed. but  
all is calm  
serene,  
yet solemn.

my rainbow cloak weighs on my shoulders,  
fettered to marble, awaiting release from earth.  
my burden, relieved by a figure, shifting in the mist,  
always just out of view, hiding in periphery.  
eventually, only the heaviest remains.  
a black quilt, sandpaper to my silk.

finally, the figure emerges.  
their face familiar, shifting, loving.  
bleeding through my memory  
reaching for the black.  
relieving it from my shoulders,  
and I am weightless,  
drifting into the mist.

he watches my progress, a look of satisfaction, the job is complete.  
her wings unfold; black with ancient color like a raven.  
a complete contradiction to the blank white.  
they rise past me, deeper, into the mist.

I want them to come back, but they will not.  
they wait for me; it is my time to join them.  
I will never be alone again,  
oddly, comforting.

I cannot remember the circumstances,  
I know not my age, my past,  
my name even escapes me.  
but I am not upset, I understand, somehow.

and as simple as that,  
I am, once again, one with everything.