Here I am remembering

If I ever showed reservation in my expression or held back that extra sentence for the sake of restraint, it was that I once believed in a point of no return—that is, that I believed there were such things as stretches wherein return was a viability, and that even if I never needed to return, there was safety in that I could.

Must I say it? All points are irredeemable. Relief is not certain. The return to home we see in narrative arc is no true return, but rather exposition of the internal flux by contrast of geography (or other qualities). So too the poet’s repetition—though it lulls its listener into a sense of aquatic bobbing, and a belief that returns to form and sound can retell some former truth, and that, further, the beauty in these repetitions expresses some greater constant and imperative of existence. But the beauty is only a longing, the sound a lapping wave.

The poem is reverberation ending. And nothing that will be will ever be the same.

For all the days I’ve been want to sleep and sleep and sleep

It is all the little dramas that bring me back to life

Certainty is only a relief against troubles rubbing wrong.

And as I get older, I reencounter all these old sayings, clichés, phrases I always felt clunky:

Don’t sweat the small stuff—and it’s all small. Fat and happy. Life’s not fair.

But instead of repulsion from the insult that such worn words being flung could touch on any part of my being, I’m ever more confronted with words I find relatable. There is immense comfort in saying.

It reminds me there can always be less loneliness in humanity. The world is sometimes not as cynical as a 20 year old boy hung up on making something of a name. There is something already shared in expression, and evidenced therein there is also shared experience.