

AIRLOCK

Crying for mercy but I am not hurt.
Locking the door but I am not safe.
It wants to get me, beyond the metal door.
Beyond the airlock, space voids embrace.

The pipes are creaking. Or do they truly?
No heart to see for sure
Adrift.
 Floating.
 Endless.
Or will it end?

I cannot tell what I believe
And what is real
Nor Faux
Oh what pity is there
On the skeptic who wishes for home
On the lost child searching the uncanny
On the astronaut trapped amongst pipes
The pipes that creak.

Do I hear them whispering? Or is he screaming?
But space cannot tell lies.
Space does not have the power to break my bones,
And yet it still burns cold.
And yet it still wishes to clasp my breath.
And trap it in a capsule
And even when I sleep I hear the dull thuds
Wondering if they are getting closer
The cold void echoes.

Oh it echoes - Unknown.