Dig

I want to dig myself into the earth of writing and never come out,  
construct a cave of words, sturdy enough to hold the ceiling  
and hide away.   
I want to delve into the darkness that lies below each of us  
and forget all the noise.  
I want to find the earth’s beating heart  
and let it cradle me,   
a rhythm I can rock to and with it,  
fall asleep.   
Lungs full of dust, I won’t come up for air.   
I’ll eat the dirt  
and scrape away at the hard soil.   
Grit under my nails, gathered in the cracks of my hands.  
I want to dig so deep I suffocate under all these pages.