

"Senses" by Luna

I am in a pit.

I cannot see.  
I cannot hear.  
I cannot smell.  
I cannot taste.  
I cannot feel.

I cannot think.  
I decide  
I cannot be.

And yet I sense it.

I sense a rope made of snakes being lowered down to me.  
I dig deeper.

I sense a rope made of thorns being lowered down to me.  
I dig deeper.

I sense a rope made of knives being lowered down to me.  
I dig deeper.

No rope lowers.  
I stop.  
I wait.  
I begin to think.

*I sense a rope being lowered down to me.*  
I peek open my eyes.

I see a rope made of snakes which are not snakes,  
but of family.  
I taste fresh apple pie.

I see a rope made of thorns which are not thorns,  
but of friends.  
I smell a summer campfire.

I see a rope made of knives which are not knives,  
but of medicine.  
I hear encouragement.

The ropes begin to braid.

I feel safe.

I begin to climb.