

## The Obvious

Reality doesn't smack, it pierces:  
a needle pushing through folds of brain  
like breaking blackberry skin, a familiar rip  
as flesh makes way for metal. No one  
told me it would act as an antenna  
picking up the buzzing of a voice you don't want  
to hear. No one told me that getting older meant walking  
past convenient cliffs on the road back home,  
and that most adults spend their nights  
licking their wounds alone.

But even ghosts have a forever home. And we know gravity will  
never fail us, even when choices  
hang like nooses in our empty tombs.  
The more empty we are, the higher we bounce  
up. When the world you're surrounded by  
becomes oatmeal, eat in fistfuls until you are sick,  
full of sludge, but can hear a faint *I'm proud*.  
It will come from the wet fire pit of ideas you don't bother to believe  
anymore. But it isn't charity, it's competence, it's an assignment;  
it is ripping out the needle, and living with the gaps.

