

Have you ever played chess against yourself?

There's a weird pestering feeling
that everything that occurs in the world:
every event and every person,
is really just you,
simply pretending to be someone or something else.

Its very easy to let that feeling
wash over you in an epiphany
and truly feel the hums of the abyss,
that lurks inside you.
This is all make-believe, all a performance—

like a symphony or these
awkward conversations when
intimacy still carries its novelty.

I am alone,
and the Sun is gone;
all that remains
is the painfully melodramatic snow,

and the faint whispers of a life beyond these walls
that keep the warmth in, and allow me
to play chess against myself.

How many pools of despair must I wade through
before I reach the shore of happiness?