



The rowers.

I watch their muscles tear, the blood leak out of their seared skin.
Against every fiber of my being, I am so desperate to join them.

As I raise my hands to blindly grope for a break in the impossibly smooth surface,
I gasp and choke on a deadly atmosphere.

They worship structure to ignore the depthless hole devouring Truth.
Void of a leader, the concept of direction is irretrievably lost.
The embers of their pride festers, the onset of their pain agonizingly slow.

Fools say traveling in circles is praiseworthy in itself.
I've observed them for eternity
and comparing their shameful stagnancy to the mere idea of such a glorious thing as
progress
would be a horrific insult.

My arms drop. I hold my breath and close my eyes. I give myself up and fall.
The Truth catches me and holds me, weightless and suspended above the rowers.

At first, I'm not sure what to feel. Where is the bottom?
A faint voice begins singing. I remain deaf until it's filling me up, milk and honey.
Unaware of my tears, opaque and warm on my trembling skin,
I am overwhelmed by the tremendous strength of the voice's emotion.

Completely broken, and yet forever grateful.
I marvel at the beauty of this paradox, playing with the idea of rebirth until I'm lifted.
Gently with an astonishing force, rapid and adamant, I am sent forward.
The black surface of the rowers' boat rushes up at me and I smile, raising my hands.
Now with a different desperation, one rooted in permanence.

Progress is not so far away, after all.

