

Elevator In My Head

By John Mark Green

There's an elevator
in my head,
and a grimy button
below the rest.
Its light flickers,
sickly yellow.
Tempting.
[Calling](#).
"Push me."
"Do it!"
Sometimes I jab,
with finger stab,
and down I go
down
down,
down so low.
Subterranean in my heart.
Where mountain roots
and dark things are.
It's dank and damp,
old memories slithering
around my ankles.
[I feel the coldness](#)
[in my bones](#).
Even though I see the glow
of the elevator's parted door,
I wonder sometimes,
if it should close,
would I be trapped here?
Alone in the dark.
Forever.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [I Wrote This](#)

[For You](#) .

#LOSTINTHOUGHT