



zero hour.

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Zero Hour.

the fan came to a halt
the loudest noise in the room
was now my beating heart
it spread over my thoughts like
a blanket put over dirty clothes in the
laundry cart
something pricked
but I couldn't pinpoint what
maybe it was the silence
screaming at my heart to stop.

Zero Hour.

i kept drawing lines
seamless, endless lines
i'd finish a page and move on to another
the same pattern, the same steps
once with my right, then with my left
repeatedly
this is how i outline my days
stuck in a vicious cycle of nothingness
every little progress i made
went back to zero on the score board
every time the sun rose
i was tired
i had become nothing.

Zero Hour.

it was loud out there
eerie how easily
i got irritated
clinking of spoons,
people talking over each other
someone clearing their throat in another room
the laughter from the tv show
“it’s alright, pretend you’re fine”
but the voice in my head
was dysaudicant as hell
so i cover my ears and scream
for a while
then rush inside where
silence lingers and everything is alright.

Zero Hour.

half full or kissing the brim i consider
as i pour tea thought the sieve
i stop at 3/4th
neither it is
'let's fall in love for the night'
plays on the speaker as
i pick up the faded blue cup
my fifth cup,
my favorite one
i have a funky infatuation
with pretty teacups
it stuns me, the forms, colors, frames
but how they all function the same
i sip hot tea
as the world is motionless.

Dearest pain,

I have loved you for a while now. You are an intricate part of my life. So willingly, deeply entangled into my days. I cannot bear to live without you though most say you only cause me trouble now and then. It is quite funny how you're such a loyal friend. You stay. I have gotten used to your presence; your absence seems appalling. Leave and I promise you will be loved.

Yours sincerely,
Me.

Zero Hour.

Smoke.

she was all black.

her words were like running
a lit cigar on my skin.

Ashes.

she was dark.

looking into her eyes was like having
a laser sword pass through me.

Dust.

she was brutal

her presence hurt, as if i had stabbed
myself in the heart a hundred times.

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