—Drop

Always holding on, always getting heavier with what’s inside you, always on the verge of falling. Not knowing where you will land, if anyone will fall with you. If you’re lucky, doing it all over again. (Whose thoughts are these? Why do they exist? Things usually work out. Perhaps sometimes they don’t.)

You wouldn’t think clouds were mostly dust unless you were up here—as I am. I’ve sensed them from bellow. They aren’t what they are down there up here. Up here you don’t even know you’re in a cloud. Only that where you are is dust, and that the dust is not as wet as some not-dust, nor as dry as other not-dust. But when the sky gets dark (as now) that’s when you know. You can find out a lot about someone from what they think of the dark. Darkness is imminence. Darkness is change.

We all know what will happen. I know what will happen and still remain anxious. (It can be hard to distinguish between the weight of anticipation and the weight of your body). But they seem fine—we seem fine. *Seem? Are? Who’s to say?* I get heavier, and I hold on. Heavier, and hold on. Just clinging to dust.

Around me is what I’ve seen in my mind countless times, and what my fate will be. Tiny drops of water, pouring down from dust. It’s dark, but I can still see the sun. Up here is not what it’s like down there. I must concede, it’s not as dark when you are the darkness. Not quite. And so we fall. Or they fall. Not me, not yet. I hold on. I hold on, but I’m sinking. I’m holding on to dust. I’m holding on to dust with nothing but my own tension.

I can’t tell what’s below me, but I can sense there’s some space between the dust up here, and the not-dust down there. I feel the dust rubbing up me, but really I know I’m rubbing down it. It’s the feeling of air, wind, but inside me. There’s no question of when to let go. Eventually you just do. I just do—join the rest. All and more. All and ever. All and plummeting through the sky, ever down. Raindrops around me. Too many to know who I am. Everything accelerating, blending together, life refracted through this new mode of being that is falling. Still, we’re all here. The only difference between now and then is dust. How to tell this feeling that is unfeelable to all the not-rain?

*—Don’t be afraid*

*—One day, back to the dust*

*—Evaporation, Condensation, Precipitation, Reinhydration. And we rise again. Amen.*

Maybe this is language. Maybe just thoughts. Who knows and how? Perhaps we, perhaps not.

There’s no sense of doom, for what is fear? What is to fear? What is to fear is there is no dust (or there is, but wrong time, wrong circumstances). When there’s no dust, there’s not-dust. Maybe hard, maybe soft. Maybe chew you up, maybe spit you out. Maybe giveth, maybe taketh.

*—Fear?*

*—Destiny. Amen. Dust to dust.*

Life is life. Sometimes you don’t want to do again what you don’t want to do now. Just live and relive in dust. Dust is death and dust is life. Not-dust is death, and not-dust is here. Drip, drop, death (pile). I’m gone, yet not dead. I’ve landed on not-dust. An almost-familiar, yet unknown not-dust. A black, velvety not-dust that is very not-dust, for dust does not curve, does not let you slide down. A moment for grasping onto the taut edge of not-dust. One more chance to not let go that is really just one more chance to do just that. The promise of forever in a second. Fate is above, next to, below. I haven’t gotten any lighter. So I must let go because I haven’t learned how to. Letting go is getting lighter. I haven’t, so I must. (I know this, though I don’t know it yet.)

Falling, another moment of recognition. Fleeting. Another on its own cycle, a same-different cycle, recognizable because so much of it is in me. So much of me is in it. And we recognize us. So I will see us up in the dust, though suddenly this me lays flat on the final plane of the not-dust below where the only direction is up. Up where I still recognize this other. How to describe this recognition?

—

A hum, a vibration. Hmmmm humm, hm-hm-hum. *Rain, rain, go away*

—

But these are not our thoughts, not my thoughts, and so it is impossible. There is no more I. We. Much heavier now, getting heavier still. This not-dust demands not letting go, just a piling on.

Then (how much later, I know not), heat. From down here, the dust in the sky are clouds. No longer dark. The heat is light. And the light is light (and the dark is heavy). And the light is life (and the heavy is death). From the void, to self, always shifting—We, I. I rise, we rise. Warmer, lighter. And lighter, until I’m no longer water. Reinvaporization. Transcending—but maybe just ascending—the not-dust until the dust. Tension. Cling.

Life is holding on, always getting heavier with what’s inside you, always on the verge of falling. Not knowing where you will land, or if anyone will fall with you. And, if you’re lucky, doing it all over again. (I don’t know whose thoughts these are, or why they exist. Things usually work out. Perhaps sometimes they don’t.)

*—Will we fall?*

It’s bright and light. Not everywhere, but here. It’s different, but the same.

*—Eventually.*

Tension.

*— Evaporation, Condensation, Precipitation, Reinhydration. And we rise again. Destiny. Dust. Amen.*

Cling. Drop.