

Catharsis: Standing at the Edge of Despair,  
but Continuing to Live On

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Softly brushed by the hollow breeze below,  
I take a long breath and pause at the edge,  
Standing, staring at the deep, spiralling abyss.

My heart flutters, and my breath slows, anticipating.  
I could fall and fall and fall...  
To sleep, to the ground; into madness, into love.

I could let the darkness consume my mind  
In a countless number of ways.  
But as I wait by the edge for something to push me,  
The soft, golden glow behind me never fades.

If I close my eyes, it remains.  
The scent of dry, autumn leaves caught in the wind,  
The sweet sound of laughter echoed through my mind.  
Even if I feel nothing, I can't escape the light.

It waits there, as though it were an old friend,  
Waiting for when I turn and fall back to it  
As I always have until now.

For a catharsis that arrives in neither day nor night,  
I cease breathing altogether.  
But the beating of my heart never stops.  
And my eyes, though blind, remain ever open.