
The Hole

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There is a hole in my bedroom:
a black void which no light
can ever seem to cross or touch.

If I lose something in the hole,
I don't even get the pleasure
of watching it fall away.
The second it crosses the barrier
of that black chasm,
it's like it simply no longer exists.

There's no great meaning or beast
living inside of this hole.
It just exists,
and I am simply
documenting that fact.

The void has set itself
in the back corner of my room.

At first, I hadn't noticed it,
because it rested behind my bed.
I simply thought that I couldn't
keep track of my belongings—
until the corner of my bed frame
began to tilt.

When I pulled the frame out,
every inch that had crossed
this mysterious event horizon
was gone.

There was no sign
that it had been cut or damaged,
just a perfectly clean, ovate,
smooth piece of metal.
I moved all my belongings
to the other side of the room.
Since then, all I've been able
to bring myself to do
is experiment with the void.



I've thrown so many items inside—
even a rat, once—
just to see what would happen.
I should feel guilty;
but, instead,
I feel... envious.

I want to cross that line,
but I know I have to do it
all in one trip
or I will just lose myself,
piece by piece.

I know this for certain
because I've already
lost one finger.
There was no pain,
no feeling at all.
It was just there
and then it wasn't—
like everything else.

I must stop writing.
I have a decision
I need to make. Ω