

Cross the Line

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The sun shines above, out of reach, as is the sky, air and life.

Deep earth below, massive overhangs in every direction.

Tears flow upwards through ripples in the aquatic surroundings.

Concrete binds the feet, twine binds the hands.

Creatures flock about, streaming back and forth, lashing the skin.

The heart has ceased, lungs are useless.

The body sways through subtle currents.

Eyes are closed, coldness, then darkness.