

## Rapture

# "The Great Distance"

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a noise quieter than a dying breath  
mirrors on the blank side of the paper  
a need to control this suicide  
something i'll never quite understand

what would heal these holes  
marks left by the feeding needle  
tonight the bullets turn into keys  
and we escape

this was the day of losing control  
a sea of silence where i go  
stuck somewhere between a blink and a tear  
and the great distance

maybe it was just a ghost of a voice  
i thought i once heard  
maybe nothing of the like  
maybe it was a memory  
i thought i saw creeping by  
maybe nothing

"Better to die, and to sleep  
The never waking sleep, than linger on,  
And dare to live, when the soul's life is gone."  
[Sophocles (496BC-406-5BC)]

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