

Mercury Rising

The noise is deafening. With screams and cries and bangs and crashes. The louder I scream and cry and bang and crash, the louder it gets. Reflected like an echo from the abyss of empathy where needs go to die, save the needs of those who shout loudest and longest and louder and longer.

The silence is deafening. The screams and the cries and the bangs and the crashes leave a vacancy to be filled with the echoes falling into the abyss. The dropped pin punctuates the battleground, and the settling of dust brings a bitter-sweet silence.

Too much of a good thing is exactly that. The saturation point creeps its slow creep, ever onward, ever upwards, mercury rising. The idea that less is more and more is less becomes the safety valve and the bringer of peace. It's not that I don't love you. And it's not that I don't love them. It's just that I need a break.

-Dale Hardy