

Back to Life

I remember a house of light perched on a wave
On that island which was moving through time
Through childhood, through adulthood, through life and through death

I remember my nights of terror
Lying awake
Thought of a walk to the ocean
Thought of never returning
Thought of the ocean as a blanket that could wrap me
That could devour me
That could swallow me whole

I remember thinking this place would be my last
The last on this earth plane

I remember wondering how I would ever get out of this darkness
This blackest black horror

I remember thinking that somehow all of this was part of it
Part of my path
To clean up my life
To set it straight for once
To center it for once
To right it for once

I remember looking in the mirror and not knowing the image of me
My darkness had filled every part of me
The life left me
For that time I was someone else
In that gorgeous house of light, I did not recognize my own ghost

Nicole Strafaci

Nicole Strafaci is a spoken word artist, a writer, a performer, and a mixed media collage artist. She has participated in several writers blogs including 30 stories in 30 days and Karma Free Writing. She has performed her spoken word pieces at Beyond Baroque in Venice, at Esalen Institute in Big Sur, and at several poetry readings around Los Angeles. She is currently working on her first one woman show which will be performed in Los Angeles in the spring of 2014.

