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The Orb

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The Orb

In the midst of plainness, bleakness
Absence of joyfulness, hopefulness
The only viable option for activity
To lie in a simple bed
And stare up at a fluorescent light
With nothing but my thoughts to entertain and torment
So is the life of a psychiatric hospital stay
Within the heightened scrutiny wing
Of us seemingly helpless, shoeless souls

Out of the barrenness of my Spartan surroundings
A thing of mysterious beauty emerged
From the quite ordinary light
Stationed directly above my reclined body
A mystical shape-shifting orb of powerful luminosity
Complete in Technicolor and translucent quality
Dangled and danced among the background
Of a basic incandescent glow

Slowly, effortlessly, the hypnotic radiance
Of many shades and cosmic colors
Descended, growing closer to me
Me, transfixed, unblinking, mesmerized by the orb
How long my spellbound encounter lasted
Cannot be known

The descent continued in a strangely meticulous manner
And the ethereal phenomenon made its final transfiguration
Into that of a crystalline apple
A biblical apple, I intuitively reasoned
Of knowledge, transcendence, and wisdom
Simply reach up, touch it
And all I would ever dream of knowing or being would be mine
Yet at a heavy spiritual toll

This monumental temptation hovered precariously above
The enticing, alluring orb sat, within reach, for moments on end
Unable to look away but resolved to resist
Ultimately prevailing over the apple's seduction
An internal sense of triumph prevailed
Just another night behind these locked hospital doors

Matt McNichols