

Internity

By Helen Hill



Why does Internity cry out to me?
Why does it beckon me so?
To keep me away from the sharp edges of Externity?

Where am I to live? Who will I be?
Mixing Internity and Externity makes
This process is so hard to see.

The roads of the external world lead to places I have never been.
The roads of my internal world are all too familiar.

Internity is safe. Internity is dangerous.
I need not take risks in my internal existence;
In Internity love is eternal and untouchable,
And ultimately unfulfilling and empty.

This inner world is a fantasy; a vacancy.
There are no relationships without reality.

The wicked dance of my internal world struggles to undo itself,
And meld with the external world;
Removing the rough edges from Externity,
Taking away the all too smooth and time worn edges of Internity.

My Internity does not undo itself voluntarily.
Naked and stripped of its allure,
Internity has been my protector from a harsh and violent world
When no protectors were to be found.

As Internity and Externity clash,
As neither existence is no longer Black nor White,
As I find that Internity is not as safe it is seems,
Externity is not as scary as it once was deemed.

Will I survive? Will I thrive?
Just asking these questions seems to suggest I'm Alive.