

## Endless

Falling hard yet lifting up  
Spiralling and free floating fast  
Arms wide reaching out to a false friend to an empty hand  
Free falling  
Turning, twisting, churning, no control  
Pulsating familiar sound  
Confusion and pressure fills the room  
Darkness all around  
Isolation captures me  
It's got me cornered and is starting me down  
Stiffened, frozen in this moment forever in memory  
I am not safe  
Buildings closing in  
No sight, only fear and feel  
Immense pressure in my head  
Deafening descent  
No ground, no end.

Doris Ward, April 2015