

# Poppy Elliott

## like the ocean

like the ocean.

it fills my now senseless body.

like a colony of fierce red needles eroding me away.

happiness as likely as ice cream not melting  
in the heat of the summer sun.

survival as likely as the sun shining in hell.

my body is dragged to the floor and my  
surroundings switch into slow motion.

the screams as loud as the waves roaring.

from the devil's lair I see the gates of heaven open but I am slipping away.

falling ...

falling ...

falling ...

gone.

A poem about being inside a gas chamber.