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Oblivion from Afar

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Like looking across a night sea.
Like a black hole's gravity.
It is an abyss to which I am pulled.
Yet I stand at a distance, looking in.
Is it filled with good or with sin?
An empty hole or filled with treasure?
I have no tools to measure
the depth of her soul.
It cannot be taken,
Only given,
spilled like a jar.
For now, I observe her Oblivion from Afar.

Oblivion from Afar
Kyle Boltson