

Livid Dread

Aphotic

Indignantly I nefariously take the path again
But the question I ask is will I detour at the same place again
Same place
Will erase
Pull & heap my trailing past regret
I struggle to the end
Never think twice & never fret
I will never bend
Nor will I mend
Now setting my sights on the parabola
My paradox within
Livid with dread I move slowly ahead
The battle is tied
But it is I who always win