

Misery

Fuck the Facts

I dropped. I devoted myself, blindly, for one's life. A well-aware choice, knowing this free fall was right. I dropped. I sacrificed everything at stake, my own wellness. I fell apart. Broken and weak, I held, and stood still, ripping through my fragile ground. And I held, knowing I was losing the most of me. When everything is gray and your guts scream misery. When you can't handle looking at others. You can't deal with their happiness. It's so dark here. I barely recognize my own substance. These blood-red eyes, this grim expression that can't be my own. I lost track. Time is holding me in this confused state, playing a silly game. Has it been weeks? The clock, has been stopping its course between minutes. Stretching every moment to make it last, to make it hurt. I devoted myself, blindly, for one's life. I lay down waiting for my body to lose consciousness. These endless days, these permanent nights steal all my heart, steal all my soul. I'm burning within. I haven't seen the sun in days. I crawl around this odd place that has no silence, that never sleeps. In this place that never leaves your mind at peace. The fragility, my existence. Trusting my own lies; believing it will all be fine. It's so dark in here. I haven't left my bed in days. Curled up, cold, in a shut in. I entered a slumber, a deep sleep. Can I hang in until tomorrow ?