The walls are closing in. The curtains drop, I've locked the door. I'm standing with my back against the wall. These walls have eyes. I must not..fall! In vertigo I stumble, in confusion i tremble. I must not fall! These walls have eyes, & you are breathing into my ears. I am swathed in your stale scent. These walls have eyes, & they are breathing into my ears. I am swathed, I must not fall! The lightbulb is glaring at me with a peircing glow. I can't escape it's cone. In the mirror's sight, glass-eyed! Still, I can feel your eyes, peircing into the back of my pencil neck.

Are you even there?