

Vertigo

War from a Harlots Mouth

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?