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A Cathartic Crisis: I Am Temporary, Creating Immortal Words

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A Cathartic Crisis: I Am Temporary, Creating Immortal Words

I cannot write.

And my mind

is as empty

as this hole

inside of my soul.

I have got to erase these chills

inside of my bones;

I am tired of being cold--

but winter is my favorite season,

and I hate how my mind

stops working sometimes,

yet it still remembers to haunt me

with all these

thoughts.

I want to write,

but I cannot

because every time I do

my hands shake,

they go numb.

They are fault lines and I, the earthquake,

and-- if you travel a few miles up

you will find the definition of disaster.

and every time my pencil

hits the sheet of paper,

I hear nothing, I'm still numb

and I run

and hide from nothing,

nothing at all--

much like the night sky if it were on fire.

For God's sake, trust me,

I want to write,

but it seems my mind
is tied
to my hands, behind my back
and now there are red drops on my paper,
do not worry-
I think that is only
the ink
from the vein
inside of my pen,
but I do not use red inked pens.
I do not use red inked pens, I do not use red inked pens,
I do not believe in
writing in such a color that matches my blood,
it will just remind me that there is some
uselessly pumping within me,
it is the only reason I'm still only reason I'm still living.
And I cannot stand my writing.
I do not believe in writing
about such things
that do not torture my blood.