

Ice Cream, Smokes, Commas, Lost Youth and This

A constellation bleeds from textured walls
that try in vain to plead against remorse
for some small sense of Free Will I have lost.
My demons take! They're pleased in agony
that bends my mind and suffocates; they do
enjoy escape attempts in vain and know
the grip they hold. Choice *has* become a new
control my demons have adopted well.

It really is not choice at all – not mine –
it hides, or mounts this wall as stuffed black birds
though long-dead and hoarding dust, stuck mocking
a Hope which wants some sense of being free
in life-less-life. What hope is there to fight
for freedom all but lost when Death has claimed
Volition in the cracking paint of my
Façade? What help is there to set me loose?

But constellations hear no prayers and day
will close again in fear, as do each hour –
injured, mind pierced by hand of minute –
resolve worn thin and dwindling hope that now
I'll win this abstract fight – by day's vain end
I mourn the loss: control of self (*insane!*).
And hopeless I give in. And demons win.
Addiction paves my solo funeral march.