

"Let Me Go"

I open my eyes to enter a nightmare... though I dream
In peace...

I SCREAM From the top of my lungs... then release a
Guttural cry like I've been skinned alive by a sadistic
Beast... we shall call it the streets.

Plus these streets scarred me...

Creating self-hatred & self-exterminating thoughts ~~marred~~ me, &
A guilty verdict evidently Feathered me... so this means
The life w/o parole sentence... actually tarred me.

The isolation by far... is the thing keeping these suicidal
Ideations... alive...

They have been with ^{me} longer than the sun has been before
My eyes...

So in all honesty... I am actually surprised... that ^{for} this
Long... I have survived

Though my lungs breathe... my heart has died... I am
The Walking Dead...

So the only way to be regurgitated by the beast that's
Fueled by hatred... & to whom I was fed...

Is a well placed serrated bullet... in the center of my head.
I can NEVER regret what I said... how do I regret...

What I feel...

Forced to overdose on a bitter pill called prison...

While simultaneously positing... that since I am not really
Living...

So I panic because the thought of self-extermination is Too
Real.

So eventually I will...

Drift into the "gentle good night"... but the time or the hour
We may never know...

So you can miss me when I'm gone... into the gentle good
Night... so you can learn how... from your memories... just to...
Let Marcos Go

(I'll be O.K.)

XI-XIII-XIV