

"Dreaming Everyday About This Helps"
(D.E.A.T.H.)

I fear that I treat my life as a death... but it's one
in which... I can never grieve...

So I fight off the thought of my every breath as being
Cursed... & I anticipate the day of my demise because
This will be... when my self-hatred leaves...

Because it blows me away... like the falling of Autumn
Leaves...

So God PLEASE... guide my stumbling steps... because if
I sit & think about my self... there will be... no reprieve.
D.E.A.T.H... this is the saddest of all of my human
Frailties...

This compounds unrequited love... [&] undivided shrugs from
Society about my innocence... so in a sense... it makes
sense... for these thoughts to violently assail me.

My own thoughts fail me... Because I think the anguish
Sets me off, adrift... on memory bliss...

Plus I am left with the impression that my very ex-
istence is about as trustworthy... as an enemy's kiss.

So viciously I exist... the pain screams...

It's making the shame seem...

Inescapable... so my heart is now maimed... & set ablaze
By the fire... in my dreams.

So I am sorry... that I didn't keep this to myself...
But at least... I know of no one else...

To really believe in D.E.A.T.H... because Dreaming Everyday
About This... Helps.

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