

At the end of the raging ball of light's tether
The stars shine and the moon lights up the skies
Yet it all still feels like delirium,
Am I Awake or Asleep,
Is it day or is it night?
Is it merely another day, in the face of pain
and dare I ask if duality has any remorse?

Here in this moment, cold and unmoving.
An insignificant creature of the abyss,
Lays bound and tortured within,
the dark dreary dungeon of "Name".
As she looks at the world from behind bars,
Thoughts and dreams about escape,
fade through the halls of the dungeon, and
tunnels become her only vision.

Screaming, Screaming
She brings this moment into action, escapes
And holds onto hope – a flashlight that glistens to
the remembrance of friends, family and what It means
to be alive.