

I am thrown away, unbelieved.

My condition worsens with each day.

Locked in asylum, choking on the

20th century dust that lines my

cold, dead cell. Not fed enough,

dehydration drains my essence.

I feel my consciousness slip as I

descend into the ice, frozen in

place, paralyzed under the

crushing weight of their

carelessness. I cannot think

cannot act cannot eat

cannot drink cannot live

cannot function cannot

I drift into nothing.

My paralysis is lifted by

the crackling rush of

electrolytes through my

veins, jacked in by needle

and tube to life itself.

Resuscitated, breathing in
the air I know, yet
liberation is a fallacy here
as it was there. From one
asylum to another, tied
unforgivingly to the curse
of my system, unto eternity.

My freedom is tainted
and it always will be.