

Opiate

it's kicking in
the opiate I take
to force a grin
and stop this ache

beneath my skin
I feel so fake
I can't begin
to so much as partake

of mortal sin
I can't seemingly shake
my identical twin
such a headache

I feel boxed in
wide awake
I work within
to try to break

habits I've forbidden
and striving to unmake
all the mistakes therein
and begin to forsake

my overgrown sheepskin
I'm stomping on the brake
to stop this maddening tailspin
poison in my intake

tugging at my linchpin
starting to flake
I belong in a loony bin
'cause I'm such a fruitcake

drowning in my chagrin
practically opaque
I'm dangerously thin
but I've spoken what I could spake