

This is when panic and shock are given out in doses.  
There is nothing to admire.  
Absent from this present anxiety is liberation.  
Malice now exists inside my head.  
Crush and rebuild.  
Destroy and organize.  
I stand above, looking down on this devastation.  
Words form blindly to express my feelings, and these hands work  
to gather what is lost.  
Anxious thoughts.  
Torment now exists inside my head.