

Pain & Panic

A Life Once Lost

Tonight you are going to suffer and I will be the last glimpse
of anything you see.
Is pain real?
Do you believe in pain?
I want to walk away but I sit and watch you slowly fall in and
out of consciousness.
The pain.
The panic.
Grab your chest, feel your heart wanting to break through.
The throbbing grows and turns into a steady pound.
This is real; fear is real.
Do you believe in fear?
The leisure of my scolding action happens to leave a staggered
expression on your bloated face.
The impact leaves a scar.
Can you smell the concern; this rancid scent of horror?
I am always amazed how little I know you.