

A Torrent Of Ills

Esoteric

Avert my eyes to prevent the falling,
Some things should not be seen
And if I dare glance
The quickening travels swiftly,
To take leave of my senses

Excess in place of sleep
Cathartic,
Still, yet restless amidst this elucidation

The red mist contorts, distorts,
Blasting through my mind
Destroying all rational thought

Reflections of dissolution
A malevolent labyrinth
Spurious, blinding
Unforgiving reality

This fantastic chaos that contains everything the mind could imagine,
But mostly would not care to see

Merely breathing
Searching for that elusive purpose that drives us,
But we know not where

Time will eventually scrub me from existence
And I will never have known it