

Pillow Talk

I Declare War

She screams bloody murder.
It's in one ear and out the other.
You become oblivious to this.
As she starts I draw a blank.
My mind reads blank.
I find my bliss.
I see vibrant colors.
I do not speak.
I draw blank.
I hear no voices.
Red, blue, green.
Slow breathing.

Is this nirvana?
I find bliss in this.
Eyes wide so she thinks I am taking it in.
I hear, feel, see nothing human.
Red, blue, green.
Slow breathing.
There is no reason to take this.
No reason to live like this.
Slowly moving the pillow over your face.
Watching the life drain from your body.
Red, blue, green.
Slow breathing.
Is this nirvana?
I find bliss in this.