

Sensory Deprivation

Misery Index

Anachronisms piling high on memories decayed, 300 days have passed again and here I am, nothing's changed,
Burning time, the specters of a past life lived,
Another year, to wallow in the bitterness of loss,
Recast into this languid mold,
Back to a state of Thermidor,
Entranced by the reminiscence haunt,
But what could have been, now is gone,
The detritus of days long past lie shipwrecked 'cross my ocean floor,
Where laughing ghosts echo of halcyon days I knew before,
Demons breeding demons in my head,
Is this how the book of life ends?
Dead drunk, dejected and unsung?
Left with no purpose but to grieve?
And far are the cosmos that twist and unwind,
A left-handed path into the black,
As youth dissolves quickly and tensions divide,
I stand frozen on that day I left,
A circumnavigation course, adrift, lost and compromised,
Navigating mental seas, balkanized, 28, 23, 17, and 33, each era brands its stigma scar,
The stare of Medusa, the death in my eyes,
Numbing reflections, from senses deprived...