

To Crawl Under One's Skin

Neurosis

Isolated so long, blighted by the first frost.
Longing for the warmth of human touch.
Through this wall of ice I can see you.

Callous only outside, from the kicking
And the beating down.
Please rip them from my body, please!

Glacier growing larger.
Mirror growing darker.
Do you see the blue?

My forefront of consciousness.
Has been ignored.
The healing touch of time has abandoned me.
Abandoned me!

The longing brings me near, but the fear
Keeps me inches/worlds away.

Reaching through the ice at last.
But you feel the frost and run.
Run from me back to the secure.
(You didn't belong here anyway)

And I'm left still, still longing
Still cold
So cold.