

Patient

Panopticon

Alone.

Yet so many voices unceasingly chatter.
I awake behind window bars in a room so white.
Cold like melting frost in this summers night.

There is nothing that can hold my weight.
Nothing to slip around my neck to end this misery.
Not even the dignity of suicide is given to me.

Why can't you all be f**king silent?

So I can think... the blinding light and the sterile
smell comes over me.
Take this pill. Worship this god. Wear a smile. Lie to
the world.
Everything is alright.
No, you can't leave (Not until our pockets are full).

Scars run so deep.
A ghost of me is all you will see.
The burns from a rope I never tied.
The scars on wrists I never cut: Made by the life I
didn't want.

Healed by the life I would one day lead.
There is hope somewhere beneath all this death.
The final exhalation could be a newborn's first breath.
Somewhere in the final resting place of a rotten old
tree: Amanitas are growing.

This is where I will be.
A place where scars are beautiful.
Where sanity and insanity meet.
That is where I will be.