## As I Feed the Flames of Hate

**Quo Vadis** 

A conspiratory silence fills my mind A hardly mentioned name Yet it permeates my every move. Power of will is hardly enough Accomplishing nothing but a delusionary Sense of completeness.

Pretense, my own parody
As played by me to humiliate no one
But myself.
This foolish game I play [My spirit] being subjected to ever new,
Devious plots by my mind Permanently scars my soul!
Etched in anguish, memories carved out in pain,
Struggling
To maintain my battedred sanity brings relief.
While rest is an eupherism for torture.

Denying myself the memories Only worsens the flood of emotion Drowning me every time As I struggle to maintain my composure.

It's asking to deny the reason for my existence Because I feel that somewhere, somehow, Our two paths will join at one point Through some spiritual, yet tangible bond Which so far had prevented all of my deceitful Attempts and insignifant conspiracies to Eradicate her from my heart.

Meanwhile I bludgeon pain into a manageable mold Encysted in layers of hate, permitting time to Pass as I maintain -Hidden behind impermeable walls Of my own bulsh\*t!!!