

Claustrophobia

Serart

Loosing sight of the eternal garden can be devastating at best.
What drives me insane are the catastrophic perplexities of those
closed souls
With whom I have drunk from the pure fountain of harmony.
As long as there is a maze the mouse will prevail.
But when enclosed and quartered my health will fail.
The enigmatic loss of vision and its accompanying diverse avenues
of existence cause this lockdown-hysteria.
If one can only get a glimpse of the freeing sun, driving down
the freeway, looking solely up;
One could sidestep some of the unnecessary yet not dramatic emotional
incumbrances and overtones associated with casual emotive
calamities, whose necessities generally come from the need to
shift focus from the victim to the envictor.
An overload of climatic pressure couldn't.
Claustrophobia of space within.