

## Vertigo

### War from a Harlots Mouth

The walls are closing in.  
The curtains drop,  
I've locked the door.

I'm standing with my back against the wall.  
These walls have eyes.  
I must not..fall!

In vertigo I stumble,  
in confusion i tremble.  
I must not fall!

These walls have eyes,  
& you are breathing into my ears.  
I am swathed in your stale scent.

These walls have eyes,  
& they are breathing into my ears.  
I am swathed, I must not fall!

The lightbulb is glaring at me  
with a peircing glow.  
I can't escape it's cone.  
In the mirror's sight, glass-eyed!

Still, I can feel your eyes,  
peircing into the back of my pencil neck.  
Are you even there?