

In Here

Vaughn Washburn

Born in the dusk of Ragnorok,  
In asphyxiating darkness,  
Motivation doesn't move a muscle  
Here, among busy blind mice.

They peer at me as if I were  
Some monstrosity, a by-product,  
Gagging at the sour sight  
of their own defecation.

They gnaw away at awareness.  
I sit here and watch they scurry  
Through the bitter breeze of coke smoke,  
To pick the wings off another angel.

Bound here by the frailty of flesh,  
Trapped behind a madman's glare,  
My skull is but a furnace here,  
A bed of spiders for my brain.

The pain is here, is the emptiness,  
In pleasure's ugly absence,  
It tingles like a severed limb,  
Like purity's teasing giggle.

Here in the throes of depression,  
Gravity's crushing hydraulics,  
Reality seems sick somehow,  
Only boredom and bullshit.

Repeatedly raped by the senses,  
Apathy awakens some imposter,  
To guide me through this whimsical  
                                dream,  
Here, my scars become my beauty mark.