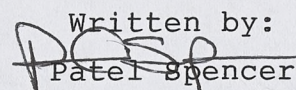


DROWNING IN MY SKIN

Drowning, fighting for attention -
The more I fought, the weaker I became-
Overwhelming, the weight of the pressure-
Superior, the power of the opposition-
The deeper I fell into my habitual development-
Darkness, my eyes adapted-
Coldness, my heart became-
Eternal suffocation-
I should of did what I didn't, didn't what I did,
I SHOULD BE DEAD!...but I didn't...die-
Perhaps I did...Did I???

Death is not only defined as the execution or extinction of life. Death lives in the lack of profound purpose. You can surely contain death as your life endures. I have committed many negative actions that I shouldn't have, which gave birth to deadly consequences. I have also refused to commit actions that I should have, which also gave birth to deadly consequences. In the end, death conquered my internal nature and nothing, but the illusion of life, existed. Forever was the suffocation of failure. Prosperity was the stranger to the concept of success. My life became that customary behavior. The expectation and acceptance of pain and struggle. My heart transformed to the coldness which conquered. My eyes became familiar to that darkness, alienating any light that was. I became one with the negative perception in which I created. The hate that I formed, the power of my trials and tribulations, the power of defiance was superior. The pressure of temptation, the weight of greed, crushed my humbled understanding. At first, I fought to prevail, to overcome the battle within. I lost due to the lack of knowing. I lost due to the lack of profound purpose. I had nothing to fight for. I am confined in this ocean of life, DROWNING IN MY SKIN.

Written by:

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