

Living the way of Insanity

Grown men Swirl around me in laps trying to stay as healthy as a little walking and talking can supply. It always looks like a horrible rut being ground into the tile beneath rubber soled feet. Insanity is amongst these people for over and over nothing is changed or achieved yet over and over the men expect results the type that mocks ever change its very self.

Change here is rare and golden.

Few if any ever find it and I myself have searched and watched to see if a miracle could be in a place so so ugly and racist I feel it feeding on my very heart's love.

There are Vampires truly that feed upon difference and goodness for it shows how ugly and terrible one has become. I have to hide my love and my goodness and mute my very vibrations as to not cause a wave of any kind and drawn by strangulation from too many desperate men.

There are men who are poor with selfish or numb families that can't absorb the very idea of how much misery one can truly be amongst.

There is no mercy of drowning here, just constant flooding of ones soul and subjection of the heart from evil hands and cruel flood waters that immerse one continuously.

There is no joy to see, no vibrant spaces to push away the droning monotonous depression amongst bland white walls and hideous steel painted in plain painful colors. Needs are met rarely and only at the most core levels

Too basic is the care for a man in pain.

Too complex is the ways in which many can hurt a man.

This place is true to hell more so than the flame.

It is misery, suffering, and heartache all at once and never the same ~~and~~ day by day.

We never cease as too many plans and dirty schemes clash over what little riches there are amongst them.

There are a few who are loved and cared for.

There are more who would take strangers love for their own and steal others care into their dark hearts.

There are too many sides and this includes the hearts behind the stars of metal that represent all good but the heart is flesh it is not obdurate like the badge.

Thus friendly talk with those charged to serve often is ignored and ever reciprocated in vulgar disgust.

There is simply too much complex violent turmoil within the minds of many.

We are caged

We are scared of our future.

We are surrounded by misery and insanity yet we must thrive.

What fools we insane are forced to be.