

POC

Fury rattles the brain schizophrenia

Psychiatry is a foreign language

Demons are whispering friends, angels a refuge

Masturbation relieves temporarily

Isolated for weeks that never end

The eye in the sky watches every move

Styrofoam trays come timely as I shed the pounds

My appearance turns barbaric as I drift into oblivion

Controlled by pharmaceuticals

Wrapped naked in a suicide vest

Silence drives me crazy

I scream and the guilt turns insane

Drowning in vomit, forgotten by those that condemned me

My soul shivers in madness

Just another day in the Protective Observation Cell

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