

ON SOLITARY

9/25/23

MY MIND WANDERS TO A PLACE SEEMINGLY SO FAR AWAY. I SEEK TO EMBRACE THE ANNOYANCE OF THOSE WHOSE RAGE HAS GONE BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF TEMPERANCE AND VIRTUE. ANY SOUND PERHAPS, SAVE FOR THE ERIE VOID OF SILENCE. HAS ONE EVER ARGUED THAT "PEACE AND QUIET," IS ~~NOT~~ RIDDLED WITH UNCERTAINTY. I ~~YEARN~~ THE PLEASURE OF INTERACTION, NO MATTER ITS SUBTLE EXISTENCE.

THERE IS A MASSIVE CLUMP OF CONECLINNESS WHICH SADDLES MY STRICKENED HEART. IN WHICH IT SEEMS THAT NOTHING EXISTENT IN THIS FERTILE WORLD CAN AID A BARREN SOUL, THAT IS EXHAUSTED AND QUIET REASONABLY NOW, SLIGHTLY INDIFFERENT TO THE AFFECT OF LOVE. HOW CAN ONE SO BEWILDERED IDENTIFY ITS AUTHENTICITY IS THERE EVEN A CARE BEYOND THESE WALLS WHICH BESIEGE ME. WHY HAS THE MINUTE WEIGHT OF THE WORD "HELLO," FELT SO MASSIVE THAT I CRAVE THE CADENCE IT RINGS. DESPERATELY NEEDING ITS ENGAGEMENT, TO AT THE VERY LEAST, BECOME PARTIAL TO THE UNSUBSTANTIATED FACT THAT "I," AM A HUMAN-BEING. IN WHICH, IF THIS IS SO, DESERVING OF ALL ASPECTS OF HUMANITY, AND HUMAN DECENCY.

THESE WALLS DON'T TALK, EVEN WHEN I SPEAK TOO LOUDLY. SOME GUARDS WON'T TALK, ^{IT IS} EVEN WHEN MY SPEECH IS VOID OF EQUALITY. IN FACT, ^{IT IS} PEPPERED WITH THE DOTTED SPECKS OF INFERIORITY. HOW COULD DOCCILE NOT INFRINGE UPON THE IMPOSING SHELL OF SELF-ABSORBED. HOPE ~~FORAGES~~ STILL, DECEPTIVELY, AMONGST LIFE'S EXPECTATIONS. SO I REACH. IT MOSTLY MANAGES TO EVADE. THE RAZORBLADE HAS YET TO BE SO ECLUSIVE. A **SOLITARY** SLICE ACROSS THE THROAT. IT'S WHATS NEEDNT BE A SOLUTION. WHATS NEEDED TO FEEL ALIVE. THOUGH, DEATH SHARES THE IRONY. SIX STICHES AND A TUBE OF GLUE HAS HELP YET ARRIVED?

Craig Booth →

IF I'M PUBLISHED PLEASE NOTIFY ME.

THANK YOU !