My Struggle

I don’t know what else I have to say; it all seems to stay the same. There’s a mess in mind and it all seems to be a play another reason I should just say that I should stay; away.

Is it wrong that I struggle more, at the thought of losing you, then losing them? The people I called family in every single way. It pains me that this is the place that I find my pain, with every moment still the same.

Listening to voices in my head, and you left them all insane, broke their barriers within my brain. No longer do they have a say. All thirteen broken and framed for the murders of my true names.

And now I am a vessel with no directions, to find my own way back in. My heart an empty room, the door the only thing to see. I like to play it pretend like my words are all new from within.

But I keep just reading them off the door that leads far; deepened. All warnings of what awaits and the demons that were released with these self-proclaimed sins.

And I will note all the moments and words, that make up this rope, I feel around my throat. It tightens closed, and I must climb so my throat doesn’t close.

Swing back and forth like a pendulum in time, the snap of my neck the gunshot to start the race that I won’t win but was made so I can understand why I’m the sin.

This struggle is the new me pressuring my time. Telling it to rewind the dial in my watch so I can continue to live in a past that never would last against the new ways the world pulls me down, and I’m buried deep within myself.

I’m beginning to believe that my grave was already dug, and it rests in my mind and coincides with this broken tide.

Is it wrong that I struggle more at the thought of losing you, then losing them?

My heart and my mind, the spirit within.

Listening to these voices, they’re telling me sins. I can feel the dirt as they bury me within. And I’m thinking I’m forgetting how to read these words again. The struggle it’s all from within. Everything hurts, and I’m sorry I couldn’t be different.

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