

Ghosting

A Life Once Lost

I am impatient and hard to please.
No sense of serenity
Habitual neurosis transcends into thoughts of suicide.
And when this body lay lifeless, don't patronize me by insisting this was all done because of you.
I am beyond redemption.
Even in death I will not speak.
I am beyond redemption.
Even in death I will not sleep.
With abandonment of trust and self.
Hope is void of longevity.
A shelter less recluse, I survive without reason.
I sacrifice myself to the lonely other.
For she will not rest until Death's arms embrace me.