

Insomniac Thought No. 37

If my body is so beautiful,
Is it capable of writing a poem?

My curiosity causes me to put the paper
through my body,
Through the mass of organs that work
together to keep me alive.
It goes through rather well.

I close my eyes thinking
Of the menagerie of beauty,
Every part of me that is loved:
My locks of hair will paint
A field of flowers,
My curves will be an ocean
For all to wade in,
My mouth will be a warm,
Autumn evening under the stars,
My beautiful essence will
Be drawn out for the world.

But expectations are never met.
I seem to have missed.
The paper went through my soul.

It is a dark mass of jumbled thoughts.
Of all of my guilt, hatred, lies;
My demons smiling back at me.

The unconscious spewed onto a page,
Dripping a horrendous substance,
Having a stench that burns my nose.

I examine the dark thoughts,
A rush of memories hit me,
Knocking me out of my chair.
I am pinned down by the
Repressed memories.

“Do you remember me?” It snickers,
Spitting as it speaks.
I am balled up on the floor,
Cringing each time it opens
Its crooked mouth.

It beats me down until I am forced
To beg for mercy.
But it isn't satisfied, it has one more
memory it wishes to share.

It tells me of a little girl whose
Innocence was murdered.
In graphic detail, it shares every tear shed,
How she was victimized,
How she was gave up and
Allowed him to take her,
How she was changed,
How she was forced to grow up.

Before it leaves me, it whispers
Something foul in my ear.
With its words, it strikes me a final time,
And I curl up in the fetal position.

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As I stare at the blank page before me,
I force myself to kill the only source of light,
I whisper to myself, “I really need sleep”.