

Maze

The urge is always there.

Right in the back of your fucking head.

It's an insidious disease,

Slithering its way into your consciousness

Only in times most convenient.

It screams at you and tells you that it wants you right where you are

Reminding you that you're

Weak,

Pathetic,

And, most importantly,

Alone.

It doesn't give you a moment's peace.

The visitor that has made itself too comfortable

In a home that is not its own.

You look around,

Searching for someone,

Anyone who can hear the screams.

"Why is no one helping me?"

"Can't they hear?"

"Someone please,

Help me."

But the voice leans into your ear and screams only loud enough for you to hear.

You fucked it up the first time

How could you even fuck that up?

You're pathetic.

Try it again.

Try it again.

Do it right this time.

Do it again.

To feel

Better put

A bullet

In your fucking skull.

Thoughts become disjointed

Allowing the voice more space.

Giving it a way to stitch itself to every thought.

Not a thought will cross your mind

Without having the urge.

You won't even know why

You'll just want to

Die.

And so you do.

You think something so permanent could somehow be so beautiful,

So peaceful.

That there's a certain grace to beating God at His own game,

A dignity allotted only to the truly strong.

But that isn't you at all.

Blade against skin shows you how weak you truly are.

Makes you rethink

How you are.

You're thinking and thinking and thinking

But you've been trapped in the maze of your own mind

Sealed, without a way out.

So you do the only thing you can

And you make your own way out.

All the while, you were too busy

Thinking

To see

The exit.