

Who'd ever though it could happen here?
The florescent bathroom tile reflecting light
cutting through the mirror like the sun she'll never see
Already fighting to survive

it's a brave new world.

Standing in solitary
No one's here.
Four walls crushing
Blanket white suffocates

Awoken from a dream,
How much was real?
picking apart reality from fiction.

Everything's changed.
Ties of family broken
Abandonment
it's wrong, gone.
What remains is hunger.

Attack,
Violence.

it's instinctual
just a part of

a brave new world.

Sizzling heat from a former friend
passion she cannot return from another
Comfort
but it's fleeting
Horror
of which she feeds

Unnatural, insecure
nothing rhymes
there is no sync

Standing in front
it speaks

'breathe'

as eyes go black

She mimics and chokes on spite
but the fury passes
relinquishing the air
Safe for now

In her Brave New World.