DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE Poem: ANARCHY IN MY HEAD, by Iyanuoluwa Fesobi

I can’t write
Nothing feels right
Can’t tell left from right
Don’t know if I’ll be alright
I see no light
Even when it’s bright
My head feels light
And I’m a sorry sight
The only thing I feel is fright
The only thing I see is night
Never been one to need a knight
But this rite of passage feels so tight

On my soul is a blight
No one knows my plight
Thoughts are floating like a kite
My mind is the white night
I’ve lost my might to fight
I’m falling from a dangerous height
In my soul is a turmoil not so slight.
If you measured my thoughts in bytes,
A terabyte would be the smallest to cite
So where’s the grim reaper and his skythe?
Come, smight me! let me see the light
Cus I’ve given my widow’s mite.



Author: poetryfest

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