

# Spiritual Suicide

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

follow me and try not to get lost,  
just watch out for the endless clicking clocks.  
come to me and try to get closer,  
just excuse the pond of poison that will ruin your composure.  
let me into your world and try to open up,  
***just mind the delusion of the thing i call trust.***

i see you've become lost,  
trying to follow me through the paths of my despair.  
i notice you've become distant,  
trying to be an antidote of repair.  
i'm aware you've shut me out,  
***trying to diminish the feeling of self-doubt.***

we must demolish our subconscious,  
conquer its' own synopsis.  
***will this bring ourselves back to a solace?***

perhaps we shall discover our spiritual slumber,  
slip away into a peaceful dream of wonder.  
***will this bring ourselves back to a world free of blunders?***

imagine us on the shoreline of a lakeside,  
***speaking of our spiritual suicide.***

