

Relapse

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

I can feel myself begin to lose control.
My thoughts can no longer be reasoned; they become deranged.
The hemispheres of my mind are the layout of the battlefield.
Magnificent wars are fought between the reality of what is and the possibility of what
isn't.

But the war only reaches a stalemate; resulting in substantial tension.

Beneath the rubble of the great war, lies shattered pieces of the past.
Glimpses of these artifacts cause frantic panic as the realization sinks in.
What was is now fragmented; broken beyond repair.
It shall remain beneath the particles of pain and despair.
Covered in the debris of lost cause.

Wounded civil souls will attempt to repair; but the fractured glass will slice their frail
hands.

A great defeat for all within; but look.
A ray of gold hope will shimmer down, liberating the damaged spirits.
Pulling them upward towards the sky of ambition.
That is until the mountainous clouds release a downpour of apathy.

The flood waters come; violently thrashing through each little town.
Ripping apart the remains of the battlegrounds; until.
Until there was nothing.
Nothing but the natural landscape; a blank slate.
Emptiness at it's finest.

Now my thoughts become simple and dull.
They lack colors, vibrations, and wavelengths of toll.
I've witnessed a tragedy set in my very own imagination; but I'm numb to the result.
For all I can see, all I can feel; is the terrain of vacancy.
So I rest my eyes and drift away; dreaming of the pearly gates of escape.

