

Dreams in the Blog

5/6/13

Hell!!! Sentiments of frustration. No pity - at least not perceived - just scared shitless thinking that I've only got 2 years, 4 months, and a few days until I am made to leave the home I've adapted to over the last 21-plus years; and then, daily bouts of depression over the same smells, tastes, sights and sounds.

Feeling, what's that? I can touch the concrete walls; slide my hands across to cold steel; clutch the mirror, and stare at the reflection, fumbling and groping at the flesh, wondering if it's really me. It's been so long, since feeling anything meant the hair raising, tingling sensation that raised the possibility of something fathomable, beyond this frigid, impassioned, nothingness.

Then the silent screams - unadulterated, tumultuous, full of passionate desires and longings - arising from an almost suicidal center, are crushed before any sound is uttered. Crushed by the fears of what's out there?

What have I done? Where will I go, and what in God's name will I do?

I despise the misery I've grown accustomed to; and yet, look towards my dreams with anguish.

I have dreams, buried in the fog, glimmering in the distance, fading in and out. But, they are.