

Lost and ProFound written by Michael Manjeet Singh. Feb. 2021

Literal torture inflicted upon my mental health
No longer am I young, it ain't my sense of wealth.
Each minute is an awfully cruel, emotional drain
Falling into dark pits, losing ground fast, without any gain.
How can I rehabilitate, improve, and be changed
When your psychosis is to isolate me and make me deranged?
You separated me from the pack, now I'm a recluse
Hear that sound? Rollin' around my screws are now loose.
This duress adversely warps my mind
Stressin' in solitary (SHU, ASU). Its effects are far from kind.
Efforts to use coping skills become a major complication
Nullified because of neverending cortisol, distress of subjugation.
This solo situation - prompted by a ruse - is fully forced
I hear hella voices and counting yet from reality I'm divorced.
Forced solitude makes me feel so hollow and empty inside
It's cemetery-silent, feels like a graveyard, like I've died.
I'm locked in here - all alone, causing me to truly, seriously suffer
From intimate connection to life, there's no greater buffer.
Being socially lonely has a permanent and deadly impact
It feels like your entire soul has been fatally attacked.
The mental Black Hole exacerbates the mind's pain
I don't know how to deal with this eradicated brain.
They told fabrications to put me inside, all lies!
Since I'm falsely accused, should I inflict real pain evoking tears from my eyes?
This scenario is well known to drive many men critically insane
I am strong and will thrive until I can no longer feign,
I feel like I'm at the end of my rope
What else can I hold onto to give me some hope?
Prison is dark already; this deconstruction of brain only makes it more.
How long before they open this pit from the depths of Hell's door?
When will this cavity fully engulf and swallow me?
I want to feel as if I'm part of something bigger, don't you see?
Focus fiercely because light always comes after the dark
All you need is synapse wire with a small inner spark.
You have to come back - circle of life - like a boomerang
Gotta fight hard, grit your teeth, and show your fang.
In my mind's eye this is the solitary (SHU, ASU) segregation effect
My face is a facade so my emotions you can't read or detect.
Physically I am fine and safe and sound
But still, the loneliness in my heart and mind is quite profound.