

Poem

The inner workings of my mind

They say a man with no dreams,
Is like a film with no theme.
Void of meaning, lacklustre and dry,
Like a seagull that can't fly.

I stagger through life,
With nothing but strife.
Feelings of sorrow and pain,
Fall relentlessly like a Monsoon rain.

No more powerful evil can I find,
Than to be imprisoned within my own mind.
The rare sober moment with feeling so awkward,
How many more drinks until I am slaughtered.

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