

## 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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