

Glimpses into Insanity

her eyes were stars once
now they're black holes
empty, devoid of the light of a lost innocence
a spark of hope snuffed out by a dark reality
her skin is pale as snow, bloodless as bone, fragile as the paper she writes on
but her heart and soul are black as ink
she is broken
she is corrupted
her paper is her cry for help and her best friend
she has no one else to turn to
she is tearing at the seams
her mind is a muddle of swirling ink and fragments of shattered dreams
her heart is a prison for her forbidden emotions
her soul is a repository for memories of her eternal agonies
over and over her broken spirit screams *help me, help me, help me*
a mantra of madness, a song of sorrow, a prayer of pain
she wants someone, anyone, to extend a helping hand
she is lost in a labyrinth of her own thoughts and feelings
her ink-stained fingers search in the air for something but always grasp at nothing
her very being is in turmoil
and if anyone were to notice her
would they extend a helping hand
and if they reached out to her and took her hand into theirs
would some of the ancient light return to those black hole eyes of hers
and if the light should embrace her once more
would she find her freedom and break free of the shackles binding her to the shadows
would she find her wings and take flight into an endless sky of possibilities
would she find
herself
again