Haze

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Another poem. A bad day in the life of me.

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Haze

Abandoned
Lost without a word
A shadow amongst a sea of faces.
I died a long time ago,
There's nothing left of me,
Nothing but ashes
And the scars on my skin.
Nothing but tears,
Nothing
In my mind I feel the fog,
I try to crawl away,
Everyday I try
Every moment
But I keep being pulled back.
I feel my soul is shattered,
Scattered in pieces on the ground
And everyday I have a choice,
To pick up the pieces,
And begin where I left off.

Or leave them

And fall deeper into a dream.

A dream of darkness and isolation.

A dream where my loved ones leave me.

A dream that completely destroys my Being.

The strange thing is,

This sounds more like a nightmare.