

Ataraxia Calls

My child
of severed
reality
do you not
see?

She twirls
her hair
in circles
as she has
always done
in deep thought

All the panic
intense fear
and numbness
that you let
guide you
all the distaste
self inflicted
destruction
that you let
fuel you
has led you
astray
it is so easily done
so easy
to regret

She twirls
her hair
in circles
as she has
always done
when pensive

You finally
see
don't you?

Ataraxia
calls to you
at your lowest
ebb
and wishes
to alleviate
your fear
of death

In deep thought
she lowers her head
and lets a ringlet
fall freely
down her face

Strange how vision
fails you
at the pinnacle
of rebirth
when the soul
pushes
the heart to accept

You finally
see
don't you?

Yes
I daily live
with a fear
of death
and acceptance
can no longer
deny it

Then severed
you are
no more
for it is no flaw
to be afraid

Come...
walk with me
into illusion
there is less pain
that way

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