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Hospital

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Hospital

Michael B. Duff

Fog surrounds an ominous sepulcher,
as the sun sinks into everlasting obscurity.
I know I shall have a dreadful day.
Many enter its doors without warning like helpless ants.
Before long there is a time of mourning.
I must go for reasons too well known.
It will not help or cure my sorrow!
To wait until tomorrow.
So tall is the building that stands before me,
A dungeon that never sleeps.
Souls rise up from its myriad eyes.
A noun so high with stature and power over me.
Forced helplessly into its jaws of seclusion,
I am engulfed and trapped within a second.
My heart pounding faster than any speed,
as that familiar scent of disinfectant fills my lungs.
This is the place of my birth.
Oh please don't let them take me from this earth!

II

A nurse takes me down a hall.
To a room cold and lonely.
Am I free no more?
A prisoner of war.
She hands me a drug that tastes bitter but sweet,
I drink it and soon feel weak.
Will it numb my wits with its falsehood,
making me feel good?

III

Control now lies in foreign hands?
Is my soul no longer mine?
Will I soon travel through an uncharted realm,
like a helpless feather floats on the wind?
What if I shall not return?
Locked shall I be in a white tomb?
"OUCH!" Has the needle bit my skin?
spitting out its white venom?
For whom shall I ask now?
Is the venom almost here?
Will it numb my senses?
Will the mirror above me extract my soul?
Where shall I be locked?

Fadeout

Is my soul no longer mine?
Will I soon travel through an uncharted realm,
like a helpless feather floats on the wind?