

Angst

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Vanished the person that used to be
A hollow husk stands in stead,
Reflecting into a mirror so deep
Vacant eyes... hungry... unfed.
Through abysmal thoughts flicker
A life that was perceived;
The open vast emptiness
Derides all that to please.
Following on a path
A path with no end, no purpose,
Fleeting moments do craft;
Fullness that may never be known, forget surplus.
Concentrating on the little and small,
When did that become a habit?
Of one that dreamt big and tall;
Now just stagnant.
Forwards towards nothing
Same day replayed time for time,
The angst within restlessness brings,
Not a flicker, not a flutter ... I stare at a steady dull line.