

THE DESPAIR

By: Emely Mancia

I look at me and see nothing
Nothing but hollow eyes filled with despair
I try to find my voice, any voice
But can only hear that small whisper that seems to
speak in tongues that
no one cares
They say be strong, be fearless
But I can see the isolation nearing, the castration
gearing
A corpse left for them to play
All feelings being ripped away
An identity stolen and abhorred
Nightmares playing like a broken record
Yet I see a tiny glimmer of light
In hopes that it might make it all right