

Shadows on the Wall

CANDICE STANFIELD

Dragged down by the undertow
Washed up into a whirlpool
I start to suffocate thinking of you
A smack from the salt water that enters
my wounds
I can breathe you in around me
There's no one there anymore
I don't dream I only think
I've counted the ceiling tiles too many
times over you
Yet I keep my mouth shut
I lie to my heart with my head
I clasp the words with my hands
I drink my only friends
Choke on their words
I can feel the poison you injected
I can't think for myself
Another lash of salt whips my cuts
I can't tell you what I feel
I'm too protected by my pain
To compensate I try replacements
Water is filling up my lungs
Your words drain my breath

I'd take away your sick blanket
Replace it with a light to protect
I only set you up to make you happy
If the glove fits then why not wear it
I cannot do the things I used to
I've had them ripped from me once
Why wouldn't they do it again?
I can feel the world fading now
My fight and breath are slowly leaving me
I can't feel the salty spikes anymore
I've become too used to its piercing
Panic stricken is nature's device
The colors melt from the sky
Vast empty surroundings
The shore no longer exists
I can see your lips
They don't move or call out
I can see your hands
They don't hold or reach for me
Giving up the fight I let my destiny
take me
Slipped from the fingers of existence
I have become one with the sea