Reality of Hell

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This fight has become a personal war
I struggle to shatter that image...
  Crawling back like an unwanted friend,
  It grabs and chases me through this
  Never-ending maze of afflictions
  I am caught with trembling fear,
  A wall suddenly confines me
  I am left with the agony of my mind.

Soothing and reassuring is your voice
Somehow I find comfort, I know this place well.
Your wings hold me to your heart.
I long for those lips to embrace mine,
It is just the way I remember...
Passionate, loving, gentle, perfect.

My eye squirms at the girlish body in the midst.
She appears slyly as a shimmering, shadow figure.
The light shows cold flesh.
Suddenly, I hear a ringing laugh and you disappear.
A whirlwind of endless repetition,
Constant mental tortures operate this night.

Dawn approaches with an annoying buzz.
I am weakened by this cold sweat,
I find myself surrounded by sheets and pillows.
I am torn between reality and imagination.
Can I accept this experience as a nightmare,
When I felt such a definite feeling of desolation?

The air is thick and I find it impossible to move.
I must face the day before me
With a knife lodged in my back.
The walls are caving in and my escape becomes narrower.
I barely survive yet I manage to find air to breathe.
I am alone but you are in love
I am afraid but you are secure
I am hurt but you are healed
I remember but you forget.