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Untitled

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The faces of rage form in the carpet
Glaring at me
With their twisted grins
And dark flashing eyes
And they reach up to embrace their demons
Their demons
Which hide inside of me
Their frigid hands stretch out
Clawing at the air
Searching for the source of their pain and longing
They enter me and I succumb
Fearful of their wishes
The icy fingers close one by one around my heart
And I feel the frozen palms against my swollen flesh
Their grip tightening
Creating a deadly ache in my chest
And the demons silently abandon my crying heart
And flee to my bleeding head
Where they collide with my chaotic thoughts
The icy hands come after them
And seize my mind
And I am locked in an eternal tug-of-war
Who will overcome?
My hidden demons
Or my frigid rage?
I open my unwavering eyes
And raise my rotting head
And I watch as the fingers
Silently
Take control
They race through my veins and rape my blood
And freeze what once was me
Stealing the key
Ice grows on the rope that once was my sanity
And the rope falls quickly from my weakened hold
And my power over me becomes less
As I lose the war
Now all that remains
Is a frozen corpse which they call me
Am I to forever walk the streets with these frigid claws
Squeezing my soul
Holding the demons with which they formed?

Or can I win back the key
And unlock me from the ice
That has become my untimely prison?

--Kate McNamara
Untitled

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