

Rotten Thoughts

My head is full of rotten things.
Stained peels and sickly sweet rotting fruit,
their flesh browned from exposure and
bruised further by the hands
that pick them from the branch
of my frontal cortex.

They sit me in a sterile room.
Open their grinning maws and I see tunnels of pink
that fluctuate with every word uttered.
They call it a cure, drone on and on
with hissing syllables that
writhe in my brain.

Whisk me up instead.
Blend every aspect of myself into
a pink mucus of a milkshake to
observe. I am but the center
of this freakshow.

My head is full of sick things.
Shadows that coil and snap,
whose harsh whispers send me
fitfully away into a land of viscous
oil, filling my blackened lungs.

They pumped me full of numerous drugs,
designed to rid me of all these haunting thoughts
but I feel my brain fill with soggy cotton,
hazy and ticklish in a way
that has me slurring like a drunk.

Down the rabbit hole I go.
With a voice in my head
that's not my own.