

"The Omen"

By Marcos Gray

I have gotten to a point where I think that love...is dead...

And my arterial veins...are clearly viewed in disdain...so to stop the emotional Pains...I am thinking of painting this wretched prison cell's walls...blood red.

Or how about a slug instead...since this isolation makes it feel like I'm subjected To radiation poison...

Infecting my thoughts that my life is to be played like..."Grand Theft Auto..."

But no one wants to "play this station..." so in my head...there are these voices Telling me...that I have no choices.

That you can see...if you look on the inside of my mind...I fear what you may find Is a deluge of invisible tears...because I believe I exist pitifully here...& because Of the pain in my eyes...I'm essentially blind...

To compound my self-hatred...one of the most adorable women to walk the face of the Earth...is not mine...

So this increases the levels of self-hatred & the same deluge of tears...so now I'm externally crying...for my demise...because it's about time.

Because my skin burns like I was born...in the midst of an acidic rain storm... And the pain has always torn...me in half...so now I'm sad...because it seems like ...down the drain...my name is going...

As my body goes up in flames...so I say..."Good-bye cruel world..." & everybody Is knowing...

That with the exposure to said radiation...my entire body is now glowing...

And the simple fact...that I wasn't still born like I deserved to be...means...that My entire life...was...The Omen...

And I cannot hide it...because every single day...it's showing.