

Atrox

"Mental Nomads"

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I am the constant comings and goings of my selves.
Some of them settling within, some going on. Others
sojourning indefinitely, tuning in, tuning out.
New attendants join - cynicism, misanthropy,
indifference. Should I embrace them or have them
exorcised?
Oh this inevitable madness. Let it come. Transmute it
by enduring it.
Let sorrow in. It will leave eventually. Otherwise it will
stay knocking on your door forevermore.
Are you possessed still? Yes? Then what about now?
Possessed still? Are you addicted still? Yes? Then what
about now? Addicted still?
My hour of sanity. The unpredictable.
I meant to lead you away from madness, but that's
exactly what drove you out of your mind.

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