

Amaranthine Trampler "The Box"

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Your existence is mine to thank
For every sincere emotion I know
And your apathy makes it all the more gripping
The four walls of aspiration have closed in
My movement has been limited
I can no longer close my eyes
Once in a while you come and feed me
Through the slats
You let the light in
You gave me some cerulean pictures of yourself
I resisted the desire to cut my wrists with the sharp
edges
Strange how I should find it such a struggle
After all, you gave me plenty of preperation
I often dream of escape
To find you in the physical world
But then I envisage you smothered in humanity
And I swallow the proverbial key

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