

Eleanor Mcevoy

"Horror Vacui"

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Horror Vacui

A kind of birth reclaims it's
Kingdom in this body.
A class of fuel that runs inside
Like an engine. Certainly...
It's getting nervous... time's the
Most important thing.
And every day... there's a list
That must be made.
Oh! Almost unreal, I let my fear
Waste all my time, consuming
My life.
Anxiously, no time for
Waiting or for nothing.
Suddenly, in every moment,
Something must be done.
Hyperactive... always busy,
Endlessly. Leisureless... it keeps in
Me a fear of emptiness.
... of emptiness.
Oh! Almost unreal, I let my fear
Waste all my time, consuming
My life.

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