

Vindsval

"I, Who Brought Forth Myself"

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In deceitful hours my thoughts are threatening me
Encoffined in my mind they choke my will
Entwining my inherent they change my brain
To the womb that incubates insanity

My inner voice: A screeching, scraping choir
Performing in a cranial theatre
The end of act sick's a rebirth,
A climax of feelings restrained
In contractious pain I give birth
To my sombre self, finally unleashed

Bewildered and numb I gaze at my corpus
Beholding a wry cavalcade of remains
At last I am victorious
Over me, who brought forth myself!

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