### Cabin Fever

there are no reference points

here-

which is, apparently

a place.

I can find myself

in a twisted border

dividing blank

from blank

with blank

but neon-blank

bite at yourself for long enough

and the paint chips off, leaving the chemicals to glow naked

## (i am going to scream)

To move in a void,

- 1. you choose a direction,
- 2. walk until you find a wall
- 3. hit it hard enough
- 4. to bounce off
- 5. and find another

but this requires blood

of any color

but the clear mucus

leaking out of my eyes

tinting my vision a dappled grey

making my step uncertain

of what looks good

and what does not

## (I am going to scream.)

# 0

points of reference
no light pinpricks in the distance
showing that there could be distance
no signs saying,
Right Turn Ahead
just blank
no pens that I could be certain really exist
and only clear mucus to fill them
the comfort is stifling

conversation ranges from dinner to the state of the newspaper all pale and shiny in the glow

(lamgoingtoscream)

blobs,
floating in oily essence
mutate and eat one another
pure pain through the still blank body just fusing lines with the still blank bed
What if the people I sold my soul to were lying,
and everyone was right,
it's a scam,
I should go live in South America for a year,
drink Starbucks coffee,
and "work on my positive self talk"
Well then I'd be screwed.

(I am going to scream)

Stuck on a lifeboat I am not worried about survival (physically)
I am worried about running out of things to think because my mind is carnivorous sucking the juices from a subject completely before moving on to the next moments pass and with nothing new to do
I cannibalize myself and stare pounding on blank, blank walls

### (I am going to scream)

I'm not afraid of insanity; per se, when it does happen, it's there before I have time to react