

We share our humanity ...

by emica *Monday, Feb 1 2010, 9:22pm*

international / poetry / post

(a passing anguish of the heart)

Quarantined

A hollow abyss of nothingness,
a hell without a Satan.

Empty, numb and non-existent;
is this what I have become?

A shell, a body, an object,
my spirit has vacated;

My soul in Quarantine.

Loneliness is consuming/eating the vitality I
once possessed in abundance.

How long is one able to survive without Love, or Passion?
Mice and monkeys only live for 7 days when abandoned;
humans 'live' a little longer!

Is it just me, or have others felt this way?

Words have their limit; no words could describe this utter desolation.
Each day I feel myself drifting closer to oblivion;
spinning in black space, farther and farther away.

I have cried oceans, now I am unable to shed a tear,
my limbic system is dead.

This woman, this girl, stupefied, drugged on isolation,
yearning for connection.

I don't know you anymore, yet I know you are there, somewhere.

Please come back!

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1813.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-53.html>