

## Journey into Thorazine

There is a locked room  
Where I cannot go.  
Secrets kept hidden  
Inside their abode.  
Filled with madness,  
Shrouded in lies,  
Spoken in whispers,  
"Come visit," they cry.

A dirty dark secret  
Ashamed to be shared.  
"Elbows off table."  
"Sit straight in your chair."  
Close all the curtains,  
Don't let them see,  
The depth of insanity,  
Which grows within me.

Inside a locked room  
That I cannot leave.

Demon to Demon

It's you,  
Creating monsters again.  
Where there are none.

My mind?  
It does it too.  
Just not in technicolor.

Torment yourself?  
Of course you do.  
It is their nourishment.

My demons?  
Sadistic? Not really.  
Their more the reclusive type.

Fight them?  
You can try.  
They do fight back.

Me fight?  
It's not worth it.  
The scars and all.

Crazy you?  
Perhaps.  
You talk to monsters.

Me crazy?  
Crazy is subjective.  
I talk to monsters too.

## The Composition of Stability

Today I exist in reality.  
I hold tight to this fragile gift.  
It slips quickly through my fingertips.  
I am gone in an instant.  
In a familiar domain.  
Where I can trust no one.  
Afflicted by creatures and demons,  
Intent on capturing my reason.  
I cower at their presence.

Today is a truce.  
As they bide their time,  
I hear them breathe and snort,  
There is an echo of laughter.  
Balanced precariously on the edge,  
Their hot breath singes my sanity.

Today I will not let go.  
I will clench my fist,  
Hold tight to what I cherish.  
I will sit beside you for a while.  
I will see you smile.

*Sanctuary*

*Rest in a moment of peace.  
Hold close to all you treasure.  
Do not give in to their power.*

*I give protection to your soul.  
Take the tranquility I offer.  
My arms will give respite.*

*I put your demons to rest.  
I have lulled them to sleep,  
For a time.*