

Non-Descript

Trapped everyday

In this average foray Non-descript, as always Average, ordinary

Songs on the radio like "One in a Million" Unique, important, on fire

The same faces on TV

The faces that made it

Yet here I am

In the graveyard of all the unknowns The nameless, the faceless

The ladder rungs

Only made to elevate

Only made to be stepped on

Can't keep my head above water Gulping down daily salt

Just another drop in the ocean One of a million drops

The crushing ocean, so soul sucking Can't change the tide

No matter how hard I fight

Still moleculed to my kind

I am so average

I am so non-descript

I am invisible

Among the other millions I am so unique

Just like all the others

Someone please

Hear my voice in the static See me in the blur

Save me from the grind Spare me the suffering

Of being me

Barred

Addiction, attraction, intoxication Coping mechanisms amiss Inside
wounds need inside RX

Alcohol, drugs, cigarettes & sex Many names but the same demon He
possesses, repossesses

You think he is giving
But his only job is to take
Take, and take, and take, and take

The goggles he gives The rush he provides The problems he solves Are
all lies

He exacerbates
He mutates
He takes, and takes, and takes, and takes He'll take it all

Friends, family, fun School, work, money Desire, sleep, dreams

He is a living devil Disguised as a savior
He is beautiful in the dark Where he drags you down Drowning you
quietly Destroying you silently

Down, down, down He makes you feel so Up, Up, Up
While he
Takes, takes, takes

Escape

Leper

Isolated, outcasted, ignored Rumors spread like an outbreak An
epidemic of lies
They infect me

That's what I am now Infected
This is what I am now Leper

There is no cure
I don't really want one anyway You avoid me
Criticize, backstab, slander

The leprosy has done me a favor It rid me of your community
You judge me
Laugh at me

Harass me

But the leprosy has blinded you For you see
You are the epidemic
You are the cancer

You are the reviled Not me

I may be isolated, outcasted Ignored, infected, rejected But I am true to
me
I embrace the leprosy

The irony
You gave me this gift Burned it into me as a curse But it set me free

How beautiful, how quiet How nice it is to be infected By leprosy
How peaceful it is to be
A leper

Scraps

These scraps you throw to me Like leftovers to a dog Dangled in front of
A starving animal

These scraps you provide Tiny shreds of you
I'm in a frenzy trying to get Even the smallest slice

These scraps entice me
Lure me close
I wish these scraps sustained me But they don't

Like a fish on a hook Trapped, torn, skewered Scraps in my stomach
Leash me to you