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## My Closet

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## My Closet

Anthony Labson

Like the phantom of the opera  
I was a misunderstood monster.  
Not scared in the face by fire  
But with a body of excess fat.

The demons kept hurting my soul,  
They tortured me with insults.  
Boys through stuff at me  
Girls called me a freak.

I fought back with hatred and fists.  
Boys lost teeth and girls lost hair.  
My life was becoming a sad fable.  
Dante would run in fear of my inferno.

So I ran into my closet and dreamt  
In such a small hot space.  
I lived in a new world with sunlight and cool breezes.  
But the breeze was just hanging clothes  
running across my face.

Silence.  
That was my greatest ally to focus on my dreams.  
There was nobody else that could distract me  
When I was in that closet.

The price for paradise was cheap.  
My heart and my sanity  
I had no use for those things anyway.  
I wasn't happy when I had them.

Time went by fast when I was in the closet  
And slow when I was out.  
For 6 long hours I'd be in hell.  
I would cut off my right arm  
To hear that final ring.

For years I was in my closet.  
Pray to God for mercy.

Finally my parents found me  
And dragged me out of my closet.  
My parents were scared  
To see their baby boy look so cold.  
They couldn't understand this boy who is so sweet  
Look so unwell and so angry.  
I would try to get back in my closet.  
My parents would kept me out,  
Kicking and swinging.

Later I was placed into a mental center.  
I felt like a wounded animal backed into a corner.  
Scared, confused and ready to fight to the death.  
The doctors looked at me with such pity.

I would say, "Go to hell.  
How could you blame me for what I've done?  
If you've lived my life you would understand.  
For some people, dreams are better than reality."

I met others who had my problem  
Who had scars of their own  
And were outcasts of society for different reasons.  
Some cut their arms, some loved too much by their parents,  
There was even one a boy who wanted to be 6 feet under.

Even though they opened their arms to me  
I pushed them away.  
My anger made me numb from the heart down  
I was the boy with a permanent frown.

But something happened one night.  
Somebody got their wish.  
That boy was going 6 feet under  
Because he purposely drowned in his toilet.

When I saw him covered in sheets  
I realized where my anger was going to take me.  
So I decided that it was time for me to go home.  
I told the doctors everything they wanted to know  
I met their requirements and became healthy again.

After months of treatment  
I was allowed to leave.  
I moved away from my demons and my torture.  
I now have a new home and a new closet.

But I don't use it,  
I put all my clothes in drawers  
and boxes in the garage.  
Now I feel the warmth of a real sun  
And feel the smooth breeze on my face.

I still have my anger  
But I keep it under control.  
I have friends now and a girlfriend.  
Will it last, I really don't know.

But now when I wake up in the morning  
And I look at my life today.  
I can actually see that my prayer was answered.  
I am free from my torment and my closet  
I have been granted my mercy.