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Static

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Static

Kathryn Allen

I don't know what to think anymore.
It's all like a jumbled dream;
Traumatic distortions:
Proportions of size, sound,
Emotion
Become jumbled,
Crumbling into the nothing
Which is something
That comes back to haunt me.
It fades as it brightens and
I can't make out
The graying winds that
Embody my nightmares.
They limit my expression,
My perception,
Myself.
Who am I?
Who am I to ask?
Stupid questions
Get stupid answers.
The haunting nightmares
Are my only companion
As I crumble
And fade
And merge
Into the static that becomes me.