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9 Months

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Hiding within these four walls,
Wondering if these structures can cast out the questions and concerns:
I keep my thoughts to myself.
Depression along side of suppression, indifference and apathy swamp my being;
Those that reach out are rejected,
Those that care are turned away.

My mind is my sole companion,
And only he can know the secrets of my heart.
The sorrow and pain entertain him as days swiftly glide away,
Never to return again—wasted.
Yet with those deranged thoughts comes a peace of silence,
Voices are quieted and the faces disappear.

I find relief in this rejection,
The numbness kisses me softly and keeps me warm at night.
Content with this state of being, a marriage has been made,
Can I find the strength to make an annulment or is this my happy ever after?
My white knight imprisons me within my own cadaver,
This must be love, because I’m falling hard for it.