

Gloom

By C. Jernigan

A sneeze, an itch, a tiny pinch.

A stinky smell; its welcomed stench.

A stumble, a twist, a sudden fall.

Sneaking up on you. It beckons. It calls.

Not here to praise. Nor smile. Nor joyfully sing.

Only irritants will it bring.

Its subtle moves. Its quiet approach. Slowly, cautiously lures you in.

This is now, as then was when. Your new journey will begin.

Its embrace, now welcomed, grips you tight. As you follow its lead, it drains you slight.

Now crawl, now fumble. In darkness you reside.

Hear its lies, its deceit, distractions galore. All weapons of challenge you can't ignore.

You can yell. You can scream. You can even cry.

You can't run. You can't hide. Try, try, try.

Only here you're stay put until you decide.

Do you fall in defeat or welcome the truth?

Accept that you're special. Tend to your wounds. Raise your awareness.

Let go of the gloom.