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A VENDETTA

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The listlessness of a sombre evening draws me into its vortex of indolence.

My thoughts wage a war in my cerebrum.

They are always in a fury.

Waging destruction like the Titanomachy.

This ennui is gradually scavenging on to my aplomb

Deriding at my paranoia.

My heart thumps heavily

My body trundles under the weight of colossal anxiety.

I close my eyes and try for a quick nap

There is a stampede in my chest .

Like the fear of being alone in an unknown city,

Like a nomad in perpetual search of a home.

The fear spreads like a penumbra

Gripping me with its tremulous claws.

I wake up disheveled.

Try to put together myself with a Herculean travail.

My eyes are puffed from insomnia

My fingers tremble.

It has been a decade now.

Surviving with bipolar is nothing less than a vendetta against myself.

My inner David fights this combat every day

Trying to win over this Goliath named anxiety.



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