

04

AN ENDLESS PROCESS

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I woke up on a warm day of June,
With my cracked eyes and dark circles,
As all my nightmares covered me
With a black curtain of illusions,
Of fleeting moments and minutes.

I shrieked, I shivered,
As I found myself
Sitting on the wooden chair—
Stiff as a stone,
Metamorphosed like Kafka's Gregor.



I was waiting to receive a sound
From the outside world;
In place of sound, a rain of blood
Gushed out of my eyes,
Making rivulets on my cheeks.

From the yellow wallpaper of my room,
A vulture was coming out
To devour me—

I crawled,
I crawled to get out of the chair,
To open the door,
To embrace the new light.

And I did.
I did notice
The slow erasure of dark circles
From my eyes and from my soul.



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