
Panic

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In the roots of agony
You see a ray of light
Which you chase anxiously
So thin but bright

But every second that passes
It seems harder to reach
A growing cluster of dark masses
Is closing every breach

Drowned in failure and misery
You lean on a wall
Then fall on the ground, shivery
For help you call and drawl

Your voice echoes vanishing
In the pure nothingness
The scenario is ravishing
As you succumb to your illness

(An eternity goes on . . .)

Suddenly you open your eyes
Leaving the entrails of the mind
Sun is majestic on the skies
“How could I be so blind?” Ω