

Doctor Doctor

So how have you been?
Asks my monthly shrink.
And I smile a sick smile,
While I stop and think.

I respond with a laugh,
A sarcastic laugh.
It's been a hell of a year,
And we're not even past the half.

The demons inside
Continue to thrive,
On the pain that grows
Deep in my sides.

The darkness engulfs me
And swallows me whole,
As I pry at the coffin
That contains my soul.

The anger consumes me
And devours my pride,
As it licks its stained lips
While I vainly run and hide.

But my demons are tenacious,
They continue to fight,
To win the hallowed ground
Where I defend my falling might.

And they see I am weary,
My will a ragged waif
Trying to protect my battered soul,
From the continuing strafe

By the demons I hold so dear
And protect from within.
So, you tell me, doctor,
How have I been?