We share our humanity ...

by emica *Monday, Feb 1 2010, 9:22pm* international / prose/poetry / literature

(a passing anguish of the heart)

Quarantined

A hollow abyss of nothingness, a hell without a Satan.

Empty, numb and non-existent; is this what I have become?

A shell, a body, an object, my spirit has vacated;

My soul in Quarantine.

Loneliness is consuming/eating the vitality I once possessed in abundance.

How long is one able to survive without Love, or Passion? Mice and monkeys only live for 7 days when abandoned; humans 'live' a little longer!

Is it just me, or have others felt this way?

Words have their limit; no words could describe this utter desolation. Each day I feel myself drifting closer to oblivion; spinning in black space, farther and farther away.

I have cried oceans, now I am unable to shed a tear, my limbic system is dead.

This woman, this girl, stupefied, drugged on isolation, yearning for connection.

I don't know you anymore, yet I know you are there, somewhere.

Please come back!