

Grief, Coma

your mind is deadened
from all the shit
you pump into your veins
no you lie in a hospital bed
your life rendered insane

nothing left of your former self
nothing left but a vegetable

struggle to resurface
from this comatose state
you are beyond help
you will not rehabilitate

lost in the
debts of unconsciousness
you cannot come to terms
you are just a mere soul
beyond the point of no return

facial features are contorted
limbs mangled and deformed
drooling, pissing, shit yourself
a sight of horror and despair

family weep by your side
they pray and pray for you return
no one answers mournful prayers
and no one ever will