

# Salem, Maquerade In Claustrophobia

the pounding walls of fear  
beating, pulsing in my head  
rising and descending  
like ritual panic

my entire being becomes  
engulfed, encircled  
in a never ending maze  
of sound and sight

lungs exhale the vacuum  
the nothingness of the unknown  
inhaling the fear that forever flows  
pulsing, beating, rushing from my heart

no escape, petrified, paralyzed  
pulses of blood beat harder within  
the black outer skin of a grotesque charade  
masquerade in airless cell  
the prison of the mind, a blackened shell