

# Trauma, ...Bloodshot Eyes

Something emerges from my back  
Trying to humanize my feelings  
Doing its best to help me out  
Of the chasm of negative emotions  
Whoever it is  
It seems to modify  
Remove imperfectly working elements  
Burst fetters binding the soul  
Jealousy tangles hair like a mouth  
Envy twists fingers  
Anger in clenched fists  
Hatred in bloodshot eyes  
Anger in clenched fists  
Hatred in bloodshot eyes  
I gave vent to fatal impulses  
On account of which I suffer now  
So many burnt bridges around  
Almost improbable to step forwards  
I can observe a slow change  
I am not anxious to punish the guilty  
I don't hold the blind in contempt  
I shake off the infected skin  
Anger in clenched fists  
Hatred in bloodshot eyes  
Anger in clenched fists  
Hatred in bloodshot eyes