

Quicksand, Freezing Process

Taken to the brink of something.
Something, but we can't know what.
To wait, to want, it's so bad, and,
try something, and,
moving to slow,
to get where you want to go.
Looking for results,
you can't begin, to,
find a way out from the cold,
place you're in.

But it suits you,
your condition.
Symptoms that keep you in,
keep you from motion.
Until it's cold,
slowing you down,
until you can't go.

Taken by something,
but you can't hold on to it,
you can't.
It slips through your fingers,
slips through your hand.
Because they're too cold,
can't get a grip,
on what's in your sight.
It's like getting old.
It's like getting told, to, sit, still.

But it suits you,
your condition.
Symptoms that keep you in,
keep you from motion.
Until it's cold,
slowing you down,
until you can't go.

It's not me.
Is there something,
so wrong.
Process of depraving yourself,
of peace of mind.