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Darkness

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Darkness

Mackenzie Pollock

The Darkness swirls and presses on every inch of your mind
All-encompassing sounds, scratching and ringing, screaming to be heard
The self-deprecating words looping around and around
Useless, Freak, Pathetic, Weak, Useless, Freak, Pathetic, Weak
They spin, twisting, turning, leaking out and coating everything you do

So you put on a mask
One with the brightest smile and the easiest laugh
A mask that projects color to cover the Darkness behind it
You fake the light
Because Darkness fears the light

You start the tasks
The clicking of pens, The tapping of feet, The pulling of hair
Repetitive tasks to try and replace the repetitive words
Anything to pretend you don't feel the Darkness building
It never works

The thoughts start
'They're late, maybe they were in an accident?'
You hear a crack as a line forms in the mask
'That group is laughing, it must be at me, what did I do wrong?'
A piece flakes off, the first chip in the mask.

Thoughts connect, each creating a chip or crack in your perfect mask
The more thoughts, the more cracks
The more cracks, the more thoughts
The cracks twisting and turning creating beautiful spiderwebs of
negativity
Until it shatters

The pieces falling away as the Darkness surges
Each piece embedding in your skin, causing rips and tears where more
Darkness seeps out
It slithers out enveloping you in its cocoon of madness
All you see is black, all you hear is scratching
Wanting anything or anyone to make it stop

You may force it back once more
Maybe build a new mask
But it will always be there
Waiting for you to break once more
To swallow you up, to suffocate you

In total Darkness