

A sickly affair

Glasgow, February 2019

My head hurts, still I do not feel the pushing pain,
I shake my arms out, slow at first, then quick, then slow again,
A pain still resides here, in the shadows, but a noise,
The broken shards of what was once are strewn across the floor like toys,
My sentences refuse to finish, they cannot comprehend what they have become,
I slide towards the floor, like blood spatter on the wall and down my glass of rum.

I feel numb, although numb seems to describe too much,
There isn't really anything I can say, nothing to describe as such,
What it is that this *thing*, this *vile creation* seems to be,
It is impasse, but more boring and less to see,
It is the chains clanking and heavy, stealing away from us the free.

It bears many names, none which lighten its load,
It's the Mr Jekyll that strikes the prince, the second half of the toad,
And though I search for further words, I cannot make them stick,
This thing that makes us all shudder, the infect, the big sick.
It's the crusaders swinging fast, slashes delivered in the holy name,
We've felt its siblings, they came and went,
All very terrible but not quite the same,
The black this, the terrible that, all things unto us attack,
For this game has only one gold winner, he smiles in the corner as would any old sinner,
I smell his breath, I hear his songs,
I look at the embodiment of all the cancerous wrongs.