

The Me That Isn't

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Know idea if this is poem or if it's any good. This is poem about the Other in my head. To Susan I dedicate this to you, don't know what will happen with the Other, i might be go'n one day.



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When life offers no light how can we fight the darkness? No guidance, no caring mother to guide you through life, nothing. The other one throttles me taking over threatening my body, my soul. It blames me because it in its life didn't have the talents that i have, it became evil, obsessed with its self, ready to drag me into its world of hate want and darkness. We can kill it says to me, but first you have to kill yourself. My life is dull constant struggle to remain who I am, before Iâm taken to its world.

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