

Mirrors of Mistakes

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A description of one mans personal hell. Realated to my once hatred for mirrors.

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Mirrors of Mistakes

In a room full of mirrors,
It's all I can do to stay sane,
The same face,
The same man,
Surrounding me,
I can't believe it is really me,
When did my face begin to show,
Such dissapointment,
Such discust,
So much anger and pain,
It's unbareable,
I have tried to break free,
Tried to escape this hell,
I have shattered thousands of mirrors,
But as one breaks,
Two more appear in its absence,
My blood soked hand throbs,
Pain coursing through my whole arm,
But it is nothing compared to my heart,
The pain coursing through my heart and soul,
It's unfathomable,
And the screams,
The voices I hear,
Constantly her cries,
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His screams,
Bottles shattering,
I hear his words of anger,
All about me,
It is my fault he is angry,
My mistakes she pays for,
It is because of me she cries herself to sleep,
I try to scream but nothing escapes my mouth,
I can say nothing,
Only listen to what I have brought,
And so I listen,
To her cries,
Only wishing I could atone for all I have done,
I hear his voice as well,
The disappointment apparent in his tone,
His voice telling me I am nothing,
That I shame him with my actions,
That I am dead to him,
He secretly wishes I had never been,
I never sleep,
Time has no hold on this place,
I have an eternity to suffer,
To suffer in this hell,
No less than what I deserve,
So I accept my punishment,
But still I must ask,

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Why is she punished for my weakness.

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