

# Antiescapism

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I did \*try\* to write something positive, but it slipped slightly.



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There's a restless, screaming anguish in the soul  
That hammers to a regular rhythm on the cuffs  
A message stuck in a constant repetition  
Wash clean the grime from your dirty bluffs  
Which are pennies down the drain  
The body curls and scabs in pain  
The skin grated by stabbing shame  
Flaking over a rusty sheet  
That does not reach raw feet  
A baldness encased in fur  
And bloodbags past their date  
A bloating to stretch like taffy  
Shredding like abandoned splinters  
Compressed into an unearthly state  
Lines form on crusty entrails  
Disembodied organs play musical chairs  
Around the spine's chopping board  
The persistent groping for an off-switch  
Becomes the agonisingly regular itch

To plague the gored

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