By: Mistress of Word Play

I have looked into the part of you, which others never see, pushed back the barbs and indifference, the contempt you hold for me.





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I have beheld the other person; you've learned to hide him well, in the self-inflicted prison, that place where demons dwell.

Poor, tortured, distorted soul, where from came your affliction? You allow the nightmare to own you, with such a firm conviction.

There are times I see the fear, your temper and face cannot mask. I would try my friend to help you. All you have to do is but ask.

Could I but exorcise the terror, push you back into the light, perhaps the darkness would recede, and you could win the fight.

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