

The Loop

By Kaffe

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Time turns around and wakes you up
There you are, covered in dark, dark euphoria
Your question is
"Crawl to my alcove or silently linger to the end of the eyelid?"
After the irrigating but before the bloom it comes
Resets the countdown, but not the damage
And there you stand, wondering what made this twist
The irony is by now well-known to you
This irony has fazed you times many enough
And the aspects of that irony has brought you to bluster
That does not give you any relief though
So now, damaged, you wait
And you count down
Again

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