

What I've Become

The air in here
is clean and calm...
it sickens me,
I lie down
I feel the cool
of the metallic surface
on my back.

My body
taken apart
packing it
for the fortunate.

My mind
its fading.
My thoughts
are groggy
out of fear
or is it anger.

My future
is dead,
along with
my dreams.

I'm half way gone,
like I've always been.
I'll reflect on my life,
But I guess I can't really,
I haven't ever had one.