

A Poem of General Doom

There is a strangeness
that follows me
with pain
not far behind

it seems that
whenever she is near
the strangeness amplifies

and I always end up
in the foyer
of a hotel
on the top floor
sitting in a lonely
chair in the corner
scribbling on one
of the complimentary
room note pads
at 3 a.m.

how do I keep
ending up here?

it seems that all the time
in between these strange events
never happened at all
and I am forever
in this foyer
scribbling, scribbling, scribbling

and I am taken over
by a fear
that I will never
get out

there is nothing
frightening about
the chair I'm sitting in

I've become used to it,
it is now a vague sense

of general doom
that hangs over me

and the worst part of it all
is that I am holding the keys
to the door
but I am too chickenshit
to use them

I can let myself
out at any time

but I won't
because I say it's love

and I truly believe it is

its just that
I want to
see the other end of love
for a change

the end
of insurmountable
joy and contentment

the end
where I wish
no end

I do not know why
love hasn't stopped
and tipped its hat toward me

I do not know why
the room never changes
only gets smaller and smaller
each time I find myself
inside

I do not know why

