

## Then Sometimes It Gets Worse

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Then sometimes it gets worse,  
it gets to a level  
that consumes every process  
of sub and other consciences...  
Compromising visible sanity  
and the frivolous nature.  
Brush it off with a half smile -no dimple-  
and gaze  
Into the nothingness of your heart  
Empty, cold and black,  
the blackest darkness expanding  
over and over  
until you just can't... tell  
Don't feel like explaining  
Thoughts that never made sense to you  
Because in that moment  
you realize there is nothing deeper  
Skin to skin  
Eyes on eyes  
You're fine you're moving on...  
Moving on to what?  
The cyclone of thoughts necessary  
For surviving the shallowness of the environment  
Babble on! Tell them what you think is worthwhile  
Well it's never worth it  
Nothing is.