



Medusa Love

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1

The voices that I hear
In my head
I suppress
Through the day —
At night,
The voices engage, and
Disengage in conversations.
They seem
Not to discuss
But argue.
Repeated names
Entangled
In snake-locks
Overpower
Even the dark night.

2

The approaching mist
Suffocates,
Long before it engulfs
The imagination,
And anticipation
Moves the unwanted —

Thoughts crawl
Out of the crevices
Of the mind
The tiny worms
Turn into snakes
Poisoning self
Before others