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Margaret Adams

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White-Painted Walls

Margaret Adams

The eyes are protruding.
Through the dull plaster among the wall.
Dry, Bleak, Disoriented,
As if its life is a painful sore.
Wishing to torment my mind
To insanity that disillusion my time.
I escape this room
In hopes to save my life-
Only to find six more hallways
Plastered in horrid white.
Painted walls that reflect its only light.
Going on in what seems like forever.
No where to go
But in the company of a streaming nightmare.
I feel like a psychopath
Seeking a departure.
That is how the asylum is full
Because of dreaded white painted walls
That suffocate the air of every breath,
When will this torment end?
And capture the color within my soul.