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Extreme Paranoia

James L. Rhodes

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Extreme Paranoia

First Place Poetry James L. Rhodes

There's a man
In a van
Across the street.
He's watching
My every move
Through his
X-ray headlights.

There's a bomb
Inside my phone.
It's set to explode
When I say hello.

There are gremlins
Inside my pen.
Twisting my thoughts
Into words which
Show my insecurity.

There is an android
Who delivers my mail,
And my milkman dusts
My empty bottles so
He can obtain my fingerprints
For his personal files.

Stay away from me.
I want to be alone.

There's a guy
At the drugstore
Who injects my
Cigarettes with
Faint traces
Of arsenic.

He watches me
Slowly wither away
Through the hole
In the bottom of my sink.
I poke at his unblinking
Eye with my toothbrush.

My walls are laced with
Radioactive fibers.
I sleep with the lights on,
Because I cannot rest
In the eerie green glow.

There is an animal
Slowly creeping its way
Through the center
Of my brain.
It whispers obscenities
Into my left ear,
Which burns as if it
Will simply snap off.

And the guy in the
Van watches me intently
As I suck on my thumb,
And stare into the
Contaminated stillness
That has invaded my home.

Stay away from me.
I want to be alone.