

All in my mind

I walk along the pavement, the traffic passing by
Slipstream winds sweep through my hair and dust stings in my eye
I watch the passing wheels as my mind looks for relief
And fight the urge to throw myself to the wheels and beneath

I reach my destination, my broken car outside
Hasn't been moved for over a month, my frustration can't be denied
But the engine it runs so smoothly and the fuel tank's full and deep
I could easily find a hosepipe and send myself to sleep

I leave the world behind me as I enter through my door
And face the scene I must have seen a million times before
The bin is overflowing, there's week old washing in the sink
A bottle of bleach on top of the fridge and I really need a drink

I make myself a coffee and take it through into the room
The curtains haven't been opened in this hole of doom and gloom
With my free hand I whip them apart, securing them with thick rope ties
Hanging like nooses from the wall, looped in my neck size

I slump down on the sofa, and look round for my pills
Prescribed to keep me on a plain devoid of thrills and spills
I pop one from its blister, from a packet of twenty four
Swallow it down with a swig of hot coffee, I want to take so many more
I run myself a bath, with foamy bubbles on the surface
Hoping that relaxation can show my mind, life's worth it
But laying in the water with the bubbles lapping around my chin
I fight the urge to slide myself bellow and breathe the water in

Standing in my bedroom, wrapped in a towel and soaking wet
Could wet fingers on the light switch help my mind to forget?
Forget that every memory leaves me longing to be dead
At least there's no way of causing harm when I'm tucked up in my bed

By Lee Haigh