

The Dissociation of Isolation

The world
has become withered
& I feel myself
faltering as well.
Numbness infiltrates me
as numbers rise
and we
 begin
 to
 fall

At home,
I sit,
nose pressed to glass
watching as the world wilts away
& I am left
feeling helpless
 & distant
 & restless.

Each time I leave
my temporary prison,
I wear cloth
tight across my face,
hoping this invisible creature
won't sneak in
& steal away with
 my essence.

Or worse,
cling to me silently,
only to slither to another
when it sees fit,
mercilessly destroying many
it its wake.
The world has
 become
 exhausting.

I no longer want to see
people fading away
& those above privileged enough
to choose not to help.
I just want
this nightmare
 to dissolve.