

## The End Has No End

i wish i was a social butterfly  
instead, i have two broken wings  
or the commencement of their  
lifeless existence  
shriveling silently in the delicate  
walls within my cocoon  
untouched by the pull of the wind  
weary and already dead  
yet it is difficult to remain in place  
and not stagger among the  
borders of illusions  
a result of my limited mobility  
i subvert into the solace  
of my own paradoxical delusions  
a prisoner to a dreamlike state  
an addiction to wandering  
oblivious to actuality  
it seems i have developed an  
intimate relationship with

my mind and its counterparts

and less of the realism

laying before me