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Awake

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Awake

i am the third person, now
i am also one
my brain folds inward
 and cringes from the feel of its own skin
 pulsing and smooth like a dolphin's
it refuses to believe

a hysterical laugh to glaze over the fear

a label: absurdity
pin it down
i feel i could almost
 keep it from squirming away
 from wiggling into my subconscious
from eating out my sanity

an all-you-can-eat reality buffet

i have broken my brain
open and filterless
i see too much
 and am torn apart, unhinged
 with no lines to separate
the real from the imagined

a fragmented mind incapable of sleep

-A. Fair '96