

UTD

Self Description.

By Uvian T. Dul ✓

That which sees  
what is not real;  
my eyes betray my mind (or the other way around...)  
and show joy and longing for what  
could have been.

Rather... what will never be  
unless I sleep with daisies  
for eternity.

Mine burns with the intensity  
of lava  
and that lava is spiked with  
loathing arrogance.

My emotions are turning against me.  
Hiding behind bars, chains, and a mask...  
I crawl towards that Eden, inside,  
its embrace keeping me down with insecurities.

Life behind the safe  
of which was molded with parental hands...  
Worlds of which I know so much about  
and yet what I can see is not over here.

Am I insane?

Should I be locked up - don't. Answer. That.

To be what the world needs,  
is all the difference I will take.

Names will never name me.

I will choose my own.

Eden's Hold me no more protectively...  
but will you listen this time?