

Where is the Light

My mood is black. I've lost all hope.
I've sunk into despair.
The tentacles of gloom grip tight
I must escape. But where

Am I to go? I've lost desire
To live or love or laugh.
I feel no pleasure, just dull pain.
I see my epitaph,

Yet it is blank. This endless gloom
From which I must escape
Yields no promise of afterlife.
I recognize no shape

Nor color, taste, passion, joy;
Just foul and acrid mood.
I cannot work, I cannot play
I lie in bed and brood.

Shall I end this worthless life?
Have I the motivation?
I guess I'll just maintain this state
Of endless dissipation.

—Mark M. Rasenick 12/7/99