

My Fear

Written by 6J

My fear is formed from
unknown mystery hidden
in plain sight,
unsettling my soul like anxiety
gnawing within,
essence of a tortured mind
pleading for eternal liberation.

I face it
as darkness descends
bringing a chill that creeps,
as premonitions pulsate
paralysing my whole being,
trembling precariously above argumentative clouds.

My fear can
haunt me while I sail through my unconscious,
blackening my controlled memories
made from my conscious,
substituting my ambition
for a hollow void.

If I conquer my fear,
even fear itself would be proud.