

# Lost

By Tyler Walton

Lost in a darkened wood  
Placed there by those  
around me  
Because of who I am  
Dark voices fill my mind  
*"You are wrong and now  
you're gone"*  
Words of the ignorant  
break through my flesh  
Puncture my soul  
My emotions pouring  
through the wounds  
I'm losing who I am  
I can't remember who I  
was  
Only who they have made  
me to become  
Wrong  
Slowly staggering through  
the substances of insanity  
In this darkened wood the  
cold rain is now falling  
But my skin is so numb  
My mind is so lost in the  
emptiness  
Which permeates my every  
thought  
So the coldness I do not  
feel  
Because I no longer feel  
things that are real  
Only the fake reality that  
they have placed me in  
  
The storm pours harder  
I see words in the wood  
Words of hate  
Words of pain  
They circle around me in  
the storm  
But I can't feel the rain  
My mind to far insane

Liquids warm to my throat  
Pills from the pocket of my  
coat  
Smoke inside my lungs  
Flesh scarred from the  
needles resting in the  
leaves  
I am lost  
Because I am wrong  
The words take form  
Little demons now stand  
With claws and knives for  
hands  
They stab into my skin  
And rip apart my flesh  
I try to run  
Staggering through the  
substance  
But they are fast  
They have ropes  
I am bound by the demons  
By the words  
Lying in the cold wet  
leaves  
Soggy and sticking to my  
back  
Rain pouring onto my  
chest  
The wind chilling my skin  
Because they have stripped  
me of my clothes  
I am naked for all to see  
But no one is here to see  
  
The demons are screaming  
They cut through my flesh  
Tearing away at who I am  
I resist  
I fight, "Not my soul,"  
But they are strong

They tear through my heart  
And find the soul within  
They break it apart  
Into tiny little pieces of  
who I was  
Nothing is left  
The substance didn't save  
me  
The demons unbind me  
Silent tears never heard  
Fall from my cheeks  
I peel the wet leaves off of  
my body  
Leaving me cold and slimy  
Chills run up my spine  
I look down at the soul  
That once was mine  
Nothing is left  
They have torn me apart  
So the demons hand me a  
gun  
And I pull the trigger  
Sweet metal through my  
heart.



**Self Portrait**  
By: Anna West