

Untitled

By Steven Kotopoulos

How long has it been since I've fallen in here,
this gaping chasm that muffles my screams?
It grows ever larger and feeds off my fear,
while it slowly dissolves my hopes and dreams.

It seems that no matter how far I can climb,
just one slip and I'm back in the pit where I started.
I'm starting to think it's a waste of my time,
and I feel like this place has left me fainthearted.

I start hearing whispers, they're subtle at first,
they tell me escaping this place can't be done.
I keep telling myself I won't be coerced,
but these maddening whispers have only begun.

They gnaw at my mind, I can barely relax,
the whispers have turned into screams in my head.
How long can I stand these ceaseless attacks,
before my will to go on has been torn to shreds?

One thing is certain, I need to break free
and escape from this torment once and for all.
But how can I climb when I barely can see?
The path laid before me I can only crawl.

I'm climbing so slowly it feels like forever,
every part of me aches and wants to give in.
But each time I move forward in my endeavor,
The whispers turn ever more quiet within.

Nearing the end now, the light shining through,
I look round and see what the darkness was hiding.
So many others, the same goal to pursue,
and those at the top, in whom they're confiding.

I've never been truly alone in this place,
only blind to the help that's always been there.
If I just reach out my hand, I can find grace
to help me escape from this pit of despair.

If you've found this note, it means I've survived
that abyss of darkness and fear unending.
I only hope this will serve as a guide
for your journey along the path ascending.