

The Process

by irishredlass

Have you ever felt hollow?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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THE PROCESS

Putting pen to paper there are no feelings.

I can write yet, no feelings do I feel.

Simply, words ripped from the heart.

A heart whose beating...

I do not feel.

It is not mine.

Tears I do not cry,

Pain I cannot feel,

Flows from my pen rain from the sky.

If not for others...

My world would be cold.

Not blood but,

Ice flows from my veins.

In callous detachment,

Their pain is my craft.

A world I cannot feel expressed in ink.

It takes but a moment,

My mind is my link.

All I do is... think