

Scribed Asylum

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-NOTE-

All Poems Are Based On True Events

Insane Refuge

Stricken

Closed into the confines of my room

Screams radiate throughout the hallway on the other side of my door

Violently echoing with extreme sonic

Blood curdling....

Smells of stagnant urine and pus arising from the floor up

Singeing my nostrils with every inhale I choose to take

Stinging by the gust

Lungs consumed with charred clusters of dust and hunger

Starving from the bottom of my stomach of common pleasures of world

Restricting my mind from owned bodily controls

Eliminating connection between my conscience and others....

Lingering emotions of suicide and disgust shroud my thoughts from all that is sustainable

Severed from trust, slaughtered by emotion, killed by certainty

The assurance of death

The confirmed truth of a near grim experience covers my soul

Wrapping it within rusted barbed wire and tight infected nylons

Bloodying the beating muscles strapped in my chest

Retreating breath

Fading gasps

Evaporating life...

Transitioning from easily handled placing

To the barred solitude of unfamiliarity

Constructing a barrier between serene and sanity

My being, my position, my world

I...am losing

For now and forever do I feel trapped

Stationed here

In this place

In this spot

I remain

In

The Mental Maelstrom.

Nightly Recollections

Sleepless era
The prohibition of rest
For though....
Restlessness is not on my side
Nor is it against me
For it is always there.
Cuddled up in the darkened abyss of night
Silently waiting in the corner of my quarters
Motionless
Watching me by the second
Just wondering towards what I will decide to do next
Will I end my life?
Will I so choose to corrode my reasoning with temperaments?
To what will be my proceedings?
For scrutiny is its specialty.
It's duty is not to attack
Not to deceive
Not to consume
Not to breathe
But....
To see.
Recording all of my actions by the quality and meaning
For it hoards them.
Puts them into a mental album of twisted realities where it recollects on each
specific accounts that had been carried out by my own conscious decisions
Restlessness does not care to whether I sleep or not
It does not experience pain, sadness, or corruption
Those
Do not concern it.
What it doesn't do, are the things that inevitably frighten me.
For the time spent and the time regretted spent in the holdings of higher help
The supervision of individuals who wish to revise your regular self
To contradict your odious actions and implant greater means into your mind
That
I can bear.
It does not worry me.
For there is a time and place for everything
A spot where all can fit right
And so.....
There just happens to be a time unique such as one.
A moment within the passing of day where all good is restrained

**Where all rescue is mutilated
Where all hope is lost....
Mental downfall is not inflicted by events that develop in light
For the true chaos, the true insanity
Is what happens in what we all call.....the night.**

Satanic Control

**Solitude
Sealed silently
Concreted walls figured at every corner
Blocking all vision from the chamber on
Light is set at a minimal
Only a single candle has been placed
Flame is steadily dousing
Shivered flows of air burst from crevices
Swamping the ground in cooled consumption
My skin bumps
Blistering my surface in frosted chill
Blackening the tone of my flesh
Ridding the existence of comfort
The toppling of faith has ignited
Sparking the fuse of defined fate
Predicting my final
Surprised end
Evident sentence
Feelings do not derive from enclosure
But from something else
From a choice of driven consent
A place aligned for specific purpose
An area of silence
An area of mystery
An area of unknown
My mind.**

Confirmed Exploitation

**Waiting
Impatiently apprehensive
To an almost
Unstable rate
Sweat dripping from edges of face
Pouring from every pore
Drenched in perspiration
Unknowingly petrified
Bewildered.....
To what reason was I brought here?
Why do I sit soundlessly in this chair?
Am I under questioning?
What have I done to receive this obscure detainment?
Running speculations
Thwarting my thoughts at quickened heed
Overwhelming me at all angles
No matter the reason
No matter the cause
No matter the meaning
I just simply pause
Dumbfounded.
For a sudden displacement has occurred
Duo individuals have strolled through entrance
Separated by a space
Staring down unto me
Aggressively.
Perked brows with dull expression
Seriously fixed
Unmovable from position
Grabbing my arms
Struggle
Is not possible
Grip is too sturdy
For it is
Unbreakable.
Dragging me lifelessly
Down blank hall
Nothing more
Than freezing floor
Colorless tiles
Bland ceiling
Barricaded doors
Isolated.
For as they strut further**

**Halt
Has come to pass
Stopped at metallic portal
Locked shut
For one steps
One stays
Key has been drawn
Hole has been joined
Patrol commenced
New found territory.
Accustomed land is anonymous
Introductions seemed to be subsided
Only distinction is welcomed
Personal structure is shaken
Gurney is met
Reclined back
Flattened on platform
Preventive devices are implied
Two upon wrists
Two upon ankles
One across ribs
All
Are tightened
Constricting me to my position
Unable to flee
For now
Delimitation
Is now declared as my main acquaintance
As I remain mute
Soundings of drills and saws are activated
Ringing my eardrums rapidly
Stunning my senses
Brighten vision is established
Above lights are flipped
Blindness stated accessible
Shadowing my sight with razors
Approaching closer
Closer.....
Operation
Has begun.**

Cerebral Articulation

**Never have they ceased
Always talking
Always telling
Always commanding
The voices never stop.
They ask me to do things
Things that gain them
But
Hurt me.
They say it is for the greater good
They say if I comply
They won't....
If I just listen to their demands
If I were to just hear them out
They will deal.
Yet, they threaten.
They warn me
They say if I am to disobey them
If I are to disappoint them
If I are to shame them
They will make me do it.....
Forcing me
To carry out
A deed
One
Final
Deed
For if I am to complete their task
If I are to harness all aspects
If I are to delude others
Fool others
And
Succeed
They will set me free.
For on the hour of action
The moment of castigation
The second of suffering
Was
Able.
Duty was met.
Their calling was conjured
Their message was sent
Their appetite was
Satisfied**

**I stood
Anticipating Release
Permanent
Release
From them
I asked for my pardon
Begged for acquittal
Question
Was
Submitted
They whispered.
“Servility not concluded, abundance still required”
Murmurs die out.....
They tricked me!
They lied to me!
They deceived me!
They eluded me!
No!
This cannot be!
I did what they said!
I followed what they ordered!
I killed....
I killed my own....
My own blood....
I had....
Tortured.
Butchered.
Crushed.
Massacred.
My mother....
Whisper returns.
“You must do something else for us....”
“Yes!”
“You must complete yet another act....”
“For us....”
Laughing.
I shouted
“To what more should I do?!”
“To what end will be your appeasement!”
“To what....will be....you’re...fulfillment”
Echo approached.
“Obtain your termination....”
Voice retreats.
I spotted their directive**

**To what I would do next
I had
No control
No adjustment
No
Accommodation
For the next event
The next decision
The coming
Choice
Was not
My own
My end
My grim journey
Had been
Accomplished
For even in death.....
Awareness.....
Never.....
Rests.**

Skeptical Resemblance

**Reflection
Spectral imagery of personal stature
Hellishly illuminating the barren
Destructive characteristics
Of a prevalent pictorial
Poisoning fixture
Is saluted with peculiar euphoria
Perceiving all obtuse pigments
With dull rapture
Centralizing the mentality
For prosecuted emotional pendants
Oppressing needs for freed bondage
With familiarized region
For skeletal translucence
Is therefore
Criticized
Disgrace
Is lifted into conscience
With effortless triumph
As the remarkable disgust
Of past phenomenon's
Tread further into memory
On unfounded ground
Moving about rudely
Prowling like an infantile
With no such respect
Dishonoring all morals
That interconnects reasoning
To a faithful hope
Of brushing all burdens
From compulsion
Towards continuously
Repeating repetitions
Of offenses committed
In particular arena
That of which includes
No compatible relations
For the finale
Of finalized explanation
Coinciding with prominent appeals
Shocks all
That is made dear
A future....
Liveliness....**

**Is
Restricted.
Prejudice
Accusations
Are only
Held
Accountable.
All else....
Discarded.....**

Véritable Rêve

The slumbering of two young
Quietly snoring
Resting peacefully under the moon
Lying flat on double bed
Sheets are wrapped
Pillows are fluffed
Spread
Is tucked in
Injections of cordiality
Flowering the environment
Bordering sleep
Bordering wake
Only valid
Until sharp wake
For that
Had befallen.
Unraveling the erupting jolt
Riveting my thoughts will rivalry
Unveiling
My vision
Apprehensively attentive towards surroundings
Intently viewing my around area
Eyes were only met
With
My roommate
Bed was dirtied
Sheets were rippled
Down by his ankles
Torn from being pressed into the sides of the bed
And pushed downward towards his feet
As I focused more upon his upper body
I noticed his pillows had been distorted
Compressed fully by the outline of his head
Facial skin was crunched
Only pain masked his expression
Excreting massively by the each passing moment
Running down his cheeks like small brooks
Begging by his temples and flowing down to his chin
Hands were slightly shaking
Involuntarily flinching
His fingers

Lightly lifting upward
The implication of a current dream state was likely.
The only motion was the swinging light above us both
I do not remember it pivoting like that when I have dozed off into the night
It was stationary
But
It did not trouble me
Not one bit
For I simply proceeded to scrutinize my roommate further with more precise
observations
So, I continued.
Signs of a nightmare that may have been concocting
Frightening his wits from remaining calm
To twisting out of control into madness
What caused this transient horror?
I do not know....
It is far from being understood by my perception
To what I do know is that products were powerful enough
So powerful in fact
To impact me even in during my siesta
For though it seemed greatly interesting to me
The weight of my optics loathed me
Dropping back towards the realm of chimera
As I travel deeper
Deeper
And deeper
Into my shadowed delusions
My nocturnal pleasures
Are converted
Into
Alarming terror
I visualize myself
Propped against the nearest wall in my bunker
Seated
Shocked by my watch
Mouth pried open
Teeth spread apart by thin gap
Pensively astounded
For the scene before me....
A man.....
Tied at the neck.....
By a noose....
Hung....
By the overhead bright....

Casually moving....
Back....
And forth....
Back.....
And forth....
Life drifted from attainability
Banned from reach
For this man
Had abruptly overtook
His end.
This sight struck me woozy like
Blurring my ken
Loading cranial pressure upon the top of my skull
Driving me
To loose
Conscience.....
I swiftly then awoke.
I was lying still
Under my covers
Silent, but alert
It was all a dream.
Nothing of the sort occurred
Nothing such of that chattered my world with daunting experiences
Composure was restored
Silence persisted
After
Change was placed
I stretched out my arms
I yawned with extremity
Then as I shifted to my left
I softly situated myself in the direction of my roommate
Wait.....
He's not here.
Where did he go?
For as I forcibly sat upward
I was faced....
Faced with a mark that would forever yet stay
Burrowed
In my retrospect
I had formulated a connection
Amidst
My own facsimile
And
Actuality

**The man in my night bared hallucination
Was not just some figment of my imagination
It genuinely was
Ensued...**

Immutable Offense

**Encouraging me to forget
To relinquish all bonds towards my previous world
To relieve all burdens
All awareness
All perceptions
All pity
All sentiments
All....
Regrets
This
Is a mental aspiration in which is
Uneasily difficult
A task destined for complete oblivion
Complete
Annihilation
For the forced obligation
To wipe memory clean
Of all sins committed
Towards innocent existence
Is considered
In my opinion
Highly
Imaginative
They will still try
Rejected or not
They will
Still try
Trying to dig a deep enough hole within the base of my brain
To bury a philosophical tactic in which
I could fall back upon every time I needed it
Every time I would experience such distress
I would be able to gracefully land
For all they want is for me to be happy again
They want me to take love into my heart
They want me to let go.
To let go of....
The death....
Of....
My parents.....
Father and Mother
Both gone from my life
Both ridden from earth
Both spiritually disconnected from their land bound presences
Both**

Dead....
A remembrance of the worst phase of my childhood
Never could it be cleansed from my soul
For this event
This
Formidable calamity
Is more known to others than it is to myself
No matter how many attempts may be composed
Fabricated
In the most
Comprehensible
Way
Manageable
It won't cure me.
For it is irrefutable
To clear such a
Heinous reminiscence
From my bearings
When I myself
Was the one
Who made it
Possible.....

Forlorn Anxiety

**Solidified trust of a repeatable rapport
Secretively concealing kept matters
Into the handing of another grasp
Horribly hiding all sorrow
Stuffing the storage to its full capacity
Devising productive advantages
To barricade slipped ignorance
Imprisoning every last item
Collectively hoarding them into blackened cell
Setting the scene for unheard of escape
Erasing all articulate traits
Destroying all detailed dominance
Eliminating all identifiers
Noticeable to the average citizen
For there are such people that are astray
Seekers
Who consciously are seeking
Waiting for the moment in which execution can be accessed
When innocent alliances can be overruled
When calmed lies can be exposed
When everything that has been hidden
Can be revealed
Once
Again
For you can never be safe against these members
You will be
Under danger at all times
For no matter what you may try
No matter what precautions you may take
You will always be
Defenseless
Meekly susceptible towards each attack
For when it comes to the concealment of secrets
There is but one that in which
Cannot be kept
No rational individual can consistently cloak
The active attempts
Of befuddled suicide.....**

Faida Inutile

**Conniving cults of juvenile jackals
Scratching, scraping, slobbering, snarling
Calling and crying while crudely craving
Fluffy fresh flesh of frantic fiends
Ghastly grabbing and gulping the good and the greater
Sloppily sawing sensual seasoned steaks
Brashly biting the brawny bulging bones
Slowly sucking them to their softened centers
Merely missing any remaining meat
Proudly passing the pungent paved pickets
Carefully counting every crawling crumb
Lousily left for it to be later on licked
Still smartly savoring the unused slop
Purposely picked for their feeble foes
Dominantly disgracing their diminutive directives
Immaturely insisting interesting interactions
Brutally between brutes of both of the bands
Wanting wails and whines to be witnessed
Aggressively altering animal arguments
Antagonizing any and all that are able
Ravenously recruiting ready recruits
Impassively investigating irritable initiatives
Preparing the pending plans for founded frontals
Diving and digging deep and deeper ditches
Designing defenses for damaging destruction
Actively anticipating any acquired additions
Specifically set for all and awaiting enemies
In which are also anticipating the same or the similar
For it is a terrible tie against one side to the other
For both are stocked
Both are supplied
Both are blocked
Both have pride
Declaring it as
Exceptionally unpredictable
Only to descriptively describe it as a definite destiny
That the
Bold
Becoming
Battle
Is to be
Passed as planned
Severing all seconds of seduction
Painting only bloody banners to shade the skies**

**Over a pointless fundamental fight
Having mingled meanings of molded mischief
Making mandatory mentioning
As worthless as the controversy that it began with**

Methodical Glory

Having the irrefutable evidence of false acceptance
Having permissible proof of a systematic cover up
Discovering the dramatizing design of a plausible premise
Contradicting all scribed statements
Reevaluating all original records
Checking and rechecking
All
Of the
Above
Not one thing has gone unquestioned
Not one thing has passed by without content
Not one
Has made it past the optical range of the law
A political operation in which has never yet failed
In which has never yet collapsed upon itself
In which has never been bribed
Scrutinized
Cheated
Framed
Or
Reformed
Fail-safe
It has been made
For in this situation
There is no such thing as independent justice
There is no such thing as civilized correction
There is no such thing as easy conclusions
Nothing
Such as this
Can be
Carefully
And
Calmly
Compromised
For all detail
That may have any clues
Meanings
Or
Characteristics of any type of solution
That is to be transferred to the court
All has to pass through a system
Above the system
An organization
Of criminals

**Who have caused this reconfiguration
From the beginning
Absent from their inspection
Could cause
Constitutional
Carnage
For
In that sense
All
And
Any
Accusations
Or
Speculations
About crimes
Committed
By
The actual authorization
Of the
Institutional aids
Will be
Wiped clean
No matter
What
The complaints concerned
No matter
What
The charge had been charging
No matter what....
The system....
Will always....
Win....**

Hovered Housing

**Documenting the difference of deceptive divinity
Condensing the similarity of conceivable continuity
Flaunting fluorescent ligatures of paranormal inference
Flabbergasting all humor and petty prominence
Causing uncouth to reform back into being couth
Testing transient tracks of purified sentiments
Faking foreign ventures of mandatory incentives
Insisting constant harm towards harrow harassment
Reversing the evolution of fogged amphibians
That scale unscrupulously unto all other structures
Building sustainable entailment's for further attempts
Destined towards discovering grand foundations
That privately holds all visualized secrets
Containing codes of the exact findings found
By the members who have been symbolized correctly
Unto the idealistic faces of perspiring animations
That in which liquidate down to a diminutive form
Commandingly equaling the branded resemblance
Prescribing the necessities required to generate
Truthful consents for future idled leaderships
That painstakingly awaits proper retrieval
Among weighted acquainted antidotes
Definitely dictated purposely for nothing other
Than the formulate demolition of the bigger and better
That are stationed informatively along the borders
In which are reviewed periodically on regular basis
Proving the theoretical proposition of improvement
Suggested specifically for the set projection
Assigning it annually to clarify the rehabilitation
Medically
Not only to mentally reset a manual override
But to maintain obtainable fixtures and endeavors
Of customary armed protections
That has been vitally issued
For additional addictions
Other
Than your own**

Apocryphal Statements

**Questioning the chaste
Angrily blaming them
Violating their vicinity
With accusative amiability
Decimating all deception
Defacing their rights
When verbally corrupted by consistent remarks
They are compellingly dragged through mud
Swallowing their own spit and cruor
Choking obnoxiously
Asphyxiated by each agonizing pant
Quickly aiming to regain eupepsia
For the enchaining bindings unto their bodies
Tightly increase
Resulting after each personalized notation made upon them
Arranging them precisely to a point of vulnerability
Just proper enough for the correct blitz to take effect
Annoyed do the people arraigning the accused
Flustered with painful opinions towards the accusations being executed
Spontaneously breaking into irrational states of trivial controversy
Just needing for the problem in which is causing them stress to be vanquished
immediately
Affecting each surrounding witness to this act in an assigned fashion of apparent
attention
This is not as understandable to the regular naked eye
It takes a keen sense to identify the exact reasoning behind these specific
allegations
For the people allegedly prosecuting this individual
Are representing themselves as the ones who have been annoyed
The ones who are not at fault
When in all reality
Who are the ones being massively immature and taking their precious time to
pursue such childish actions?
Who are the ones who are pathetically advancing further into the idea of falsely
implicating a situation when there was no situation to begin within at the start?
Now you tell me.....who is the true person being annoyed?**

Miscarried Meanings

**Teachings of devoted kindness
Interventions of care and concern
Always exerting an observant personality
No matter the cause
No matter the story
No matter
The cost.....
This lesson of learn can be expressed in any manor
It can be given to any individual of your choice
Any person in need of dire help
Help
In which is vitally important for them to receive
For it is the character's responsibility to endow this upon others
To share this belief with their full milieu
To put life into meaning
And meaning into life
To exchange the ever eclipsing ideals of generosity
The dispersed benevolence of the human anima
This is though
More extensive
Than you would expect
For the freedom layering this inkling is not as sturdy as you may suppose
The coverage of this ideological cargo is not too snug
Like
As in all things
There are areas of error
And for this particular concept
There is
Such error
For those who so wish to extend helping hands upon others
Cannot be acknowledged
If the mortal helping
Needs
Help them self**

Bleached Affinity

Friends

This was most uncommon within these walls

Social communication was extremely limited

To almost the bare minimum

Making basic conversation

Forbidden.....

Laughter

Viewed as absurd

Smiles

Seen as wicked

Talking

Observed as abusive

Even simple breaths

Were punished.....

Privileges of interaction were completely artificial

No such thing could coexist with these jurisdictions

The amount of faith contributed to achieving this longing

Was overall

Meager

An establishment of recovery and rehabilitation

A foundation where

Dreams, Goals, Pleasure

Should be regarded in a valued manor

Held, with mountainous appreciation

Are just spat upon

Distributing only abhorrence to the treatment of these individuals

Especially.....

Me.

For it is difficult to survive in such conditions

To make it through

Successfully

Is a very

Very

Farfetched vision

Clairvoyant improvement

Cannot be annexed

When the designated officials

That are supposed to be helping you

Instead offer

No help

At all

For stabilization of your own functionality

Is not attained by being alone

Not having any joy

**Not having any freedom
But
Having
Friendship.**

Mounted Assets

Intellectual capacity is to only what we perceive it to be
The comprehension of this intricate ability is not impossible to be understood
For the understandability of a human beings mind is unlimited
Only that a conclusive result to this apprehension can be very tricky
But yet
Can be so simply explained
Specifically
Like this
If you suggest negative verbal confrontation with another individual
They will respond in the exact behavior being expressed by you
Unto them
Expected reaction.
If you criticize a unique accomplishment made by another individual
They will counteract your statement with yet
Criticism about an aspect in your life
Expected reaction.
If you ask an individual to comfortably expose private information about them self
They will return your question with either a yes or a no
Now that
Is an example of a voluntary decision
Available to all mortals
As
Choice
All people are able to choose
All people are able to deny
All people are able to accept
All people
Everyone
Is able
To
Have
Authority
For the accessibility into the mind is never limited
It is only limited if you want it to be
Now it is up to you.
What choice will you end up making?

Final Revelation

**Intensifying dramatic trauma
Demoting feelings of feeling phobic
Clustering centralized signs of signature signatures
Prioritizing penance fuller and further than ever fast
Lasting longer and staying stronger
Far past the balancing sundown
For as I stare absent out the edge of façade
I finally since forever
View
The viewable
Finally
In the day of days
The hour of hours
The minute of minutes
The moment of moments
For the first time
In all of my time
I have spent
Or have wished to have spent
Living.....
I had moved over what was wrong.
To make it right.
I had given back.
To what was taken.
I
Saw
The light.
From there I knew
What I was meant to know
I felt what I was meant to feel
I learned
What I
Was
Meant
To learn
That
Self salvation
Was nearly here.**