Freezing Process

Quicksand

Taken to the brink of something.
Something, but we can't know what.
To wait, to want, it's so bad, and,
Try something, and moving to slow,
To get where you want to go.
Looking for results,
You can't begin to find a way out
From the cold place you're in.
But it suits you, your condition.
Symptoms that keep you in,
Keep you from motion.
Until it's cold,
Slowing you down until you can't go
Taken by something,
But you can't hold on to it, you can't
It slips through your fingers,
Slips through your hand.
Because they're too cold,
Can't get a grip on what's in your sight.
It's like getting old.
It's like getting told to sit still.
But it suits you, your condition.
Symptoms that keep you in,
Keep you from motion.
Until it's cold,
Slowing you down until you can't go.
It's not me.
Is there something so wrong.
Process of depraving yourself,
Of peace of mind.

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