

Mental Nomads

Atrox

I am the constant comings and goings of my selves.

Some of them settling within, some going on. Others sojourning indefinitely, tuning in, tuning out.

New attendants join - cynicism, misanthropy, indifference. Should I embrace them or have them exorcised?

Oh this inevitable madness. Let it come. Transmute it by enduring it.

Let sorrow in. It will leave eventually. Otherwise it will stay knocking on your door forevermore.

Are you possessed still? Yes? Then what about now? Possessed still? Are you addicted still? Yes? Then what about now? Addicted still?

My hour of sanity. The unpredictable.

I meant to lead you away from madness, but that's exactly what drove you out of your mind.

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